THE BOOK OF ITAL

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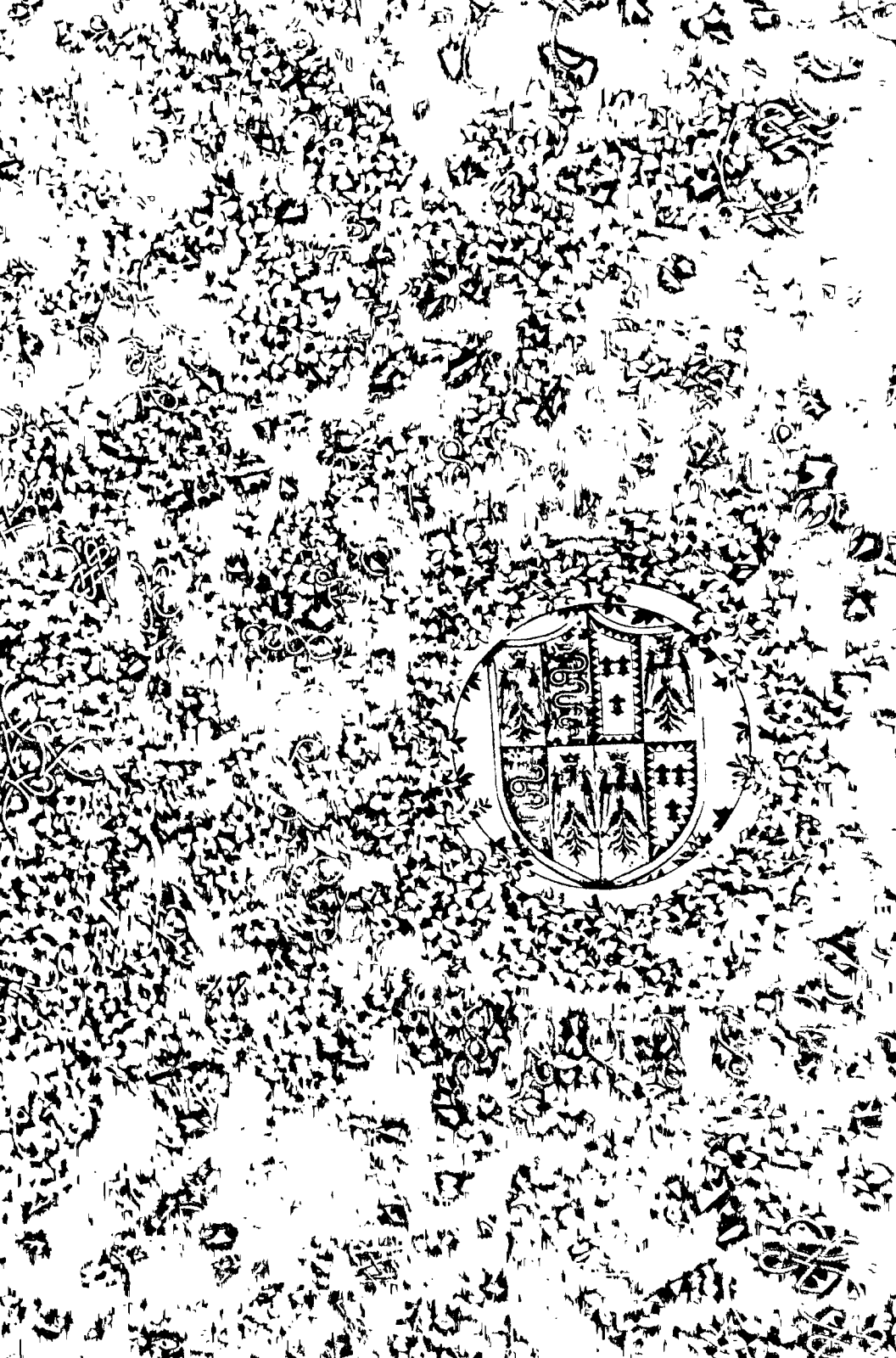

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

Royal Asiatic Society.

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THE BOOK OF ITALY

HEAD OF A NEAPOLITAN BOY

John S. Sargent, R.A.

HEAD OF A NEAPOLITAN BOY

THE BOOK OF ITALY

Under the Auspices of HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY. Edited by RAFFAELLO PICCOLI, D.Litt., Lecturer in Italian at the University of Cambridge. With an Introduction by VISCOUNT BRYCE

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PRO ITALIA

Committee in aid of the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom and of the Italian Red Cross

Under the patronage of

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PREFACE

THE chief aim of this book is to help the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom, and the Italian Red Cross, for which the Pro Italia Committee of London has already appealed in many forms, and with most encouraging results, to the unbounded generosity of the British public. But, by means of this new form of appeal, a further end is served, which though outside the scope of mere work of public assistance, is not outside that of *Caritas* in the widest meaning of the word.

If the present crisis, according to the most earnest hopes of our countries at war, is to produce some good for the world at large and promote the advancement of mankind, the main aspect of such a benefit from the war should surely be a closer intimacy, fostered by knowledge and understanding, among the nations which are now united by community of ideals and of sufferings. The first idea of *The Book of Italy* was therefore that of a symposium, at which British and Italian writers, artists, and musicians should meet, and interchange their gifts expressing the soul and mutual love of the two nations. But it soon appeared that insuperable difficulties, of a merely material order, would prevent us from making the Italian part of the book truly representative of modern Italian life and thought, while the quick and large response

that our appeal for contributions obtained in this country induced us to build it up in the fashion of a purely British home, where the few Italian contributors and the single French one should figure as passing guests, and the Editor fill the humble post of a master of the ceremonies.

The book, when thus conceived, if I rightly interpret the intentions of its contributors, bears witness to the fact that the knowledge and love of Italian things, traditional in this country since the time of Chaucer, through Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley, and warming the heart of every Italian with pride and gratitude, is as deep and widespread and heartfelt in the present generation as ever before. Such knowledge and love, together with our own ancient attachment to and admiration for the institutions and achievements of Great Britain, will give the strongest foundations to the new pact of alliance between the two peoples, and to what this pact, in which France and Russia join hands with us in the same indomitable spirit, means for the future of civilisation.

The heartiest thanks of the Pro Italia Committee and of the Editor are due to all who have generously helped towards the success of the enterprise; and first and foremost to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elena of Italy, who has consented that the book should appear under Her auspices, just as everything in Italy that makes the horrors of war less unbearable and kindles a flame of love in the very heart of Death is now under the auspices of this true "Donna d'Italia."

Our thanks are due also to the British and

Italian Cabinet Ministers for their significant messages; to the writers, artists, and musicians whose works appear in this book; to the Italian Ambassador, Marchese Imperiali, and to the Italian Consul, Marchese Faà di Bruno, who have assisted us by all the means in their power; to Count William de la Feld, whose association with me in the production of this book will remain among the dearest recollections of my life in this country; to Signor Enrico Canziani, who collected the greatest part of the illustrations, and supervised the work of reproduction; to Senatore Luca Beltrami, to whose kindness we owe the reproduction of Leonardo's Sala delle Assi, which adorns the end-paper; to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who came spontaneously to our help, and has brought to this noble undertaking all his valuable experience, his old love of Italy, and his just pride as a publisher; to Mr. W. H. Dircks and Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., who have greatly eased the task of the Editor by their eager and intelligent collaboration; and last, but not least, for all sort of help and advice, to my friends Jim Barnes, Edward J. Dent, Harold Monro, Antonio Cippico, and Arundel del Re.

RAFFAELLO PICCOLI.

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INTRODUCTION

SOMEONE has said that to every educated man Italy comes next in his affections to his own country: it is his second Fatherland. From Italy light first broke upon Europe after the long night of the Dark Ages. In Italy the eleventh century gave birth to the first universities and the first industrial republics. In Italy arose the first great poet of the modern world, the poet who gave to the mind of the Middle Ages its highest expression and yet was himself also universal, a poet speaking to and for all mankind by the depth of his thought and the splendour of his imagination, a poet who stands beside Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare as an undying force in the intellectual life of our race. In Italy the arts first revived, and during three centuries works were produced in painting and in sculpture which have never since been equalled.

We in Britain gladly acknowledge the special debt we owe to the poets and painters and architects of Italy from whom our own poets, painters, and architects have so often drawn inspiration. Every young Englishman who loves history and art makes Italy the goal of his first pilgrimage. Milton, Shelley, Byron, Browning are a few out of many of our famous writers who have lived in Italy or drawn their inspiration from it, and no small part of English literature has been devoted to the eluci-

dation of Italian antiquity and the history of Italian art.

Seventy years ago there was added to these old relations of admiration and affection which had united the two countries a new bond whose strength time has tested. It was that of sympathy with the Italian people in their efforts to secure political unity and liberty. In those days South Italy and Sicily lay prostrate under a domestic tyrant, and the greater part of North Italy was ruled by a harsh and oppressive foreign Power. In those days the heart of all that was best in Britain went out to the Italian patriots who were striving to set their country free. Palmerston and Gladstone, at that time opposed to one another in home politics, were both earnest supporters of the cause of Italian freedom. I am old enough to remember the passionate sympathy which was felt by British Liberals in 1848 and 1849 with the risings in Milan and Florence and Bologna, with the magnificent defences of Venice by Manin and of Rome by Garibaldi. The men of the *Risorgimento* were honoured in England as a noble band, valiant in the field, patient and dignified in exile, always faithful to their lofty ideals. Mazzini had found refuge in London. There I knew him—a great man and a great teacher, whose words and very look were full of inspiration. Aurelio Saffi had obtained a post as teacher in Oxford University, and some of us young men, ardent lovers of Italy, who were studying there in 1860, gathered funds which we entrusted to him to help to equip the famous Thousand whom he was then proceeding to

join at the call of Garibaldi. Garibaldi himself was the favourite hero of the British masses, and I vividly recall the reception they gave him in 1864 when he came to London. The enthusiasm which the people showed as they surged around the carriage that bore him along the streets, his clear blue eyes roving over the crowd, was such as had never before been shown at the welcome of any other visitor, and has never been shown with equal fervour since. When all Italy, except Rome and Venice, was set free in 1859–60, when the freedom of Venice followed in 1866 and that of Rome in 1870, the British people rejoiced with the Italians. Never since have we ceased to feel the warmest interest in the fortunes of the Italian kingdom and the sincerest respect for the gallant and loyal House of Savoy. Whatever changes might occur in the relations of the European Powers to one another, it was always felt that between Britain and Italy there could be nothing but friendship.

Now the armies of Britain and of Italy find themselves engaged in the same cause; and, while Italians read of the steady valour of British and French troops in the trenches of Northern France, we read of and admire the daring with which Italian Alpini have been scaling rocky pinnacles hitherto deemed inaccessible, and traversing fields of perpetual snow, to secure control of those passes whose possession by Austria threatened the safety of the Lombard and Venetian plains. British and Italian soldiers stand side by side with one another and with the soldiers of republican France, brothers in arms, comrades in a righteous cause.

What is it that has brought Italy into this strife? Partly her sympathy for, and her sense of duty to, those Italians who dwell in lands too long blighted by Hapsburg tyranny, lands where everything Italian was disparaged or persecuted. But there was also another cause. The heart of the Italian people has felt that great principles are involved in this war. They saw the Serbs, a small but valiant nation, exposed to an attack, twice before averted by the action of Italian statesmen, when they refused to surrender their independence to Austrian threats. They saw Belgium invaded because, in trying to preserve that neutrality which was the corner-stone of her national existence, she would not yield a passage to German troops. Still later, they read with indignation of the cruelties perpetrated by the invading army both in Belgium and in France. A thrill of horror ran through them when the news came of the drowning of eleven hundred innocent non-combatants on board the *Lusitania*, a crime then unheard of in war, but since many times repeated, and last against the Italian steamer *Ancona*. These things have made them realise that graver issues than even those which affect Italia Irredenta have come to be at stake. The interests of all mankind are involved when a great State openly avows its contempt for treaty obligations, and makes its military advantage the only measure of its international duty.

The Italian people and the British people are alike in setting up for themselves higher ideals than those of war and conquest. The civilisation they prize is one directed to peaceful ends by peaceful

means. Neither of them seeks to impose its own type upon other peoples. They desire a world in which nations, small as well as great, may live in friendship side by side, exchanging freely—and the more freely the better—the products of their industries, each developing its own gifts in its own way, each willing to learn and to teach, each holding fast to the belief that progress comes not by force, but by the accumulation of knowledge and the exercise of constructive thought. Both have hoped that the peace of Europe might be preserved. England was occupied with domestic reforms designed to benefit the masses of her people, and she was unwilling to believe that a great nation akin to her in blood, and whose many services to learning, literature, and science she admired, was meditating unprovoked assaults on her neighbours. Italy had long distrusted that unscrupulous dynastic selfishness and ingrained dislike of liberty which has characterised the house of Hapsburg ever since the days of the Emperor Ferdinand the Second, and she saw with alarm the grip which German finance was trying to tighten upon Italian commerce and industries. But Italy too had not thought of drawing the sword afresh. She had just emerged from a tedious and costly war, and desired to restore prosperity to the long-neglected regions of Africa for which she had accepted responsibility. It was not till the Austrian attack on Serbia and the German attack on Belgium had revealed the lawless and ruthless spirit that animated both these empires, and had shown that they aimed at nothing less than a military domination of Europe, that England and Italy felt

they must take up arms. Duty called them to defend Right against Might. All the best traditions of their past summoned them to the struggle on behalf of Freedom and Justice.

Freedom and Justice—these were the watchwords of the heroes of the *Risorgimento*, the noblest group of patriots that Europe had seen for two centuries. With these watchwords on their lips the soldiers of Italy go forth to battle. The spirit of these patriots burns in the soul of Italy, from the Alpine snows to the shores of that Sicily which Rome once saved from Carthage. It nerves the warrior's arm; it consecrates the sacrifices which every household in the nation is making, and is ready to go on making till victory is achieved. The great Italians of the past, however divided in their lives, would all be united now, could they return to watch this conflict, more terrible than any the world has ever seen before. Victor Emanuel and Cavour, Minghetti and Manin, Garibaldi and Mazzini, would all approve a war waged by the land they loved for Freedom and Humanity.

BRYCE.

MESSAGES

The admiration and affection which every Englishman feels for Italy have been quickened during the past six months in which our two Nations have been comrades in arms. No words of mine are necessary to express the value which we attach to this comradeship. It is a pledge of the community of ideas and aspirations to which our long and unclouded friendship bears witness, and from our northern island we once more salute our Ally, and pray that victory and glory may attend her arms.

H. H. ASQUITH.

Italy takes a foremost place among the lands from which the world has learnt the lessons of beauty and the arts of civilisation. In casting her sword into the scales she has proved true to herself and to her glorious traditions, and she renders surer and swifter the triumph of freedom, justice, and humanity, for which the peoples of the British Empire and their Allies are fighting.

E. GREY.

IL PRESIDENTE
DEL
CONSIGLIO DEI MINISTRI

Poichè alla nostra generazione
i fati assegnarono il compito
tremendo e sublime di tradurre
in atto l'ideale della grande
Italia che gli avi dal Risorgi-
mento ci videro come
premio, accettiamo questo compito
con animo virile, disposti a
dare alla Patria tutto noi stessi,
quello che siamo e quello
che abbiamo.

Salandra

(*Translation*)

Since to our generation Fate has assigned the tremendous and sublime task of accomplishing the ideal of a great Italy, which the heroes of the *Risorgimento* could not see achieved, let us accept this task with unconquerable resolution, and be prepared to give to our Mother Country the whole of ourselves —what we are, and what we have.

A. SALANDRA.

No nation followed with greater sympathy the struggle of Italy for unity and freedom than did the English people. Your heroes were our heroes, and we recognised in their work kindred thoughts and aims. Every Englishman must rejoice that at this hour, when the liberty of Europe is at stake, and the binding obligations both of international treaties and the moral law are trampled under foot by a military and despotic Government, Italy and England stand united in the cause of freedom and of law.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Nella storia del nostro risorgimento politico ora il nome di qualche Inglese si ricorda, ora qualche benefizio che dalla Inghilterra ci venne. Foscolo, primo ad aprire in tempi di servitù la desolata via degli esigli, trova a Londra decorosi sostegni alle necessità della vita e conforto di illustre amicizie; Mazzini, ne' giorni dell' apostolato preparatore, affetti ospitali che eromperanno più tardi in fervore di entusiasmi salutando in Garibaldi l'eroe della redenzione.

Col sospiro della speranza invocano il nostro rinnovamento civile i poeti: dalle finestre di Casa Guidi vola il canto di Elisabetta Browning, mentre Roberto afferma impresso nel proprio cuore con indelebili cifre il nome d'Italia: Italia! terra onde balzò più terribile e aleggiò verso più sublimi altezze il genio di Shelley, e che in un silenzioso angolo di Roma accolse e custodì le membra giovinette di Keats.

Auguri e voti: ajuteranno a tradurli in fausta realtà gli uomini di stato: Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone; e, minore nella fama non nello zelo cordiale, Sir James Hudson, l'amico e in giorni solenni il collaboratore di Camillo Cavour.

Questi vincoli sacri uniscono nelle pagine della storia già scritta i due popoli; la pagina nuova dirà le battaglie insieme combattute per la civiltà e la libertà del mondo e le comuni ardue ma sicure vittorie.

MARTINI.

ROMA, *ottobre* 1915.

(*Translation*)

Many a time in the history of our political resurrection an English name occurs, a service rendered to us by England is recorded. Foscolo, who first opened in the days of bondage the desolate path of exile, finds in London honourable means of subsistence and the comfort of distinguished friendships. Mazzini, the apostle, in the days of preparation, encounters love and hospitality that will later develop into the fervid enthusiasm which hailed in Garibaldi the hero of our redemption.

With yearnings of hope the poets invoke our civic renovation; the song of Elizabeth Browning rises from the windows of *Casa Guidi*, while Robert Browning asserts that the name of Italy is indelibly engraved in his heart: Italy, the land from which Shelley's genius rose more powerfully soaring towards loftier regions, and which received and treasured up in a silent corner of Rome the youthful remains of Keats.

Such the omens and wishes that were later to be happily fulfilled with the help of statesmen like Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and of one who, though not their equal in fame, nevertheless emulated them in cordiality and zeal: Sir James Hudson, the friend and, in momentous days, the coadjutor of Cavour.

Those sacred ties unite our two peoples in the pages of history which have already been written: the new page will tell of the battles fought side by side for the freedom and civilisation of the world, and of the arduous but unfailing common victories.

MARTINI.

ROME, *October* 1915.

DANTE AT THE TOMB OF POPE ANASTASIO
(*Inferno*, Canto XI)

Charles Ricketts

THE BOOK OF ITALY

LE SCUOLE DELLA DANTE ALIGHIERI IN LONDRA

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RECO fervidamente il bacio della Dante Alighieri al volume che serra nelle sue pagine il cuore di due popoli liberi e anelanti ad ogni gloria della civiltà.

La Dante ansiosamente, senza tregua, fidente sempre, sempre vigile e pronta, precorse questo giorno di redenzione italica, che è giorno di alleanza fra i paesi nostri.

Altri vacillavano e si smarrivano, noi perseverammo. Così si tenne accesa la lampada che a Ravenna risplende. Così vinse la difesa di quella lingua nostra che ebbe in Inghilterra, meglio che fra qualsivoglia altra gente di Europa, dotti cultori e graziose alunne.

Lo disse, il 20 Novembre 1860, Giuseppe Garibaldi alle donne inglesi: "Oh Albione! nelle vicissitudini inseparabili dalla razza umana, l'Italia ti considererà come sorella." Questa parentela non è stretta nè sciolta dall' opera dei Governi: dessa

è tale che si alimenta di idealità, avvince le anime, procede immutabile come il genio delle Nazioni.

Fu Dante in Inghilterra? Peregrinò egli da Parigi fra i Britanni, come Giovanni Boccaccio narrava? Guglielmo Gladstone, negli ultimi tempi ancora della sua vita, tornava ad asseverarlo con appassionata dottrina. Non si adducono certe le prove. Ma io spontaneamente ravviso Dante in Oxford a ricercarvi le memorie di Ruggero Bacone, pochi anni innanzi scomparso dopo i lunghi patimenti sofferti per la libertà della ragione umana: Ruggero Bacone diede al primo periodo del Medio Evo grande luce di scienza indagatrice ed ardita: l'Alighieri tutto il Medio Evo sublimemente illuminò, rispecchiò e chiuse.

Nel nome di Dante l'Italia raggiunge ora strenuamente "i termini suoi," e, più che mai, sorella dell' Inghilterra, insieme con essa combatte e mira all' avvenire.

Riuscì lo Shakespeare a ravvivare di così italiani colori le cronache nostre, penetrò il Macaulay così acutamente nel secolo, nel pensiero, nel voto nazionale di Macchiavelli, perchè è retaggio della gente britanna e della gente italiana una favilla di comune idealità.

Si additano mai agli alunni di codeste Scuole della Dante, che tanto giovano per l'intimità spirituale dei due popoli, le case dove Ugo Foscolo, ora solitario sconsolato e sdegnoso, ora incauto nelle consuetudini della vita, pensò, scrisse, vaticinò, s'illuse e sperò? In codeste case egli diede mente e cuore al poema immortale, se pure troppo immaginosamente lo interpretò. Da codeste case

uscirono le folgori della sua eloquenza, la verità dei suoi ammonimenti, le invocazioni ispiratrici per la redenzione dell' Italia, sospiro dell' anima sua, che, fino dalla prima giovinezza, s'era fatta tutta italiana nelle scuole italianissime della Dalmazia.

Conducete, conducete i fanciulli e le fanciulle delle nostre Scuole per le vie di codesta Città ed essi apprendano come in Londra, perfino nei vaganti e fortuiti convegni, si formò il primo ordito dell' Italia nuova.

In Londra Giuseppe Mazzini, con genio italiano e con genio inglese, mirabilmente usò la mente e la penna, e per l'Italia una invincibilmente operò, allietato dalla simpatia delle gentili amiche e degli incliti lettori, suffragato dal consenso di uomini eminenti, di uomini pari a quel Stansfeld che gettò il potere anzichè tradire l'amicizia dell' esule italiano.

Narrate ai nostri fanciulli e alle fanciulle nostre come l'ospitalità inglese fu gloriosa al Panizzi. Rammemorate Francesco Crispi che, traendo la vita a frusto a frusto, raccoglieva le testimonianze storiche e politiche per la rivendicazione italiana e pensava le audacie per unificare la patria, e della patria unificata antivedeva le prossime vittorie e le lontane, suggellando nei propositi suoi la perpetua amistà, che egli in ogni tempo affermò, tra Londra e Roma.

Fate risuonare nelle nostre Scuole i canti di Gabriele Rossetti e, fra la commozione vibrante degli alunni, rievocate la memoria di Colei che fu consorte dell' ammiraglio Graham Moore, e raccolse a salvamento il poeta unitario del 1821, scampan-

dolo dalla triste sorte che in Napoli gli sovrastava: onde costì egli confortò misticamente la sua musa ed ebbe cattedra nel Collegio del Re e frequenza ed applausi di ascoltatori: e fantasie dantesche: e poi generazioni celebri nei vagheggiamenti del l'arte.

Giovanni Ruffini, intanto, propagava la lingua italiana fra le alunne leggiadre e idealizzava il Dottor Antonio.

Ma nella storia ideale dei due popoli sorge eccelsa la figura di Vittorio Alfieri; di lui che ritemprò con rinnovato stampo l'anima italiana, di lui donde scaturirono i nuovi, generosi ardimenti: onorato negli insigni marmi di Santa Croce dalla Donna inglese "degnamente amata."

Tutta Europa aveva trascorsa Vittorio Alfieri come forsennato corridore, nulla incontrando che scuotesse il suo intelletto, nulla che svegliasse in lui i propositi onde poi tanto si elevò. Pervenne Vittorio Alfieri in Inghilterra; "le doti vere ed uniche di codesto fortunato e libero paese gli rapirono l'animo a bella prima," e sentì "gli effetti divini" dei suoi ordinamenti, della sua pubblica felicità; e allora intese la vocazione che lo fece immortale e che formò gli italiani del Risorgimento.

Se mi ricercaste di consiglio intorno ai ritratti da porsi nelle vostre Scuole, io vi esorterei ad appendere, prossimi a Dante, Vittorio Alfieri e Guglielmo Gladstone e, seguitando, Lord Byron e Giuseppe Mazzini.

Politicamente l'anima inglese fu sempre propizia alla risurrezione italiana, anche allora quando si oscurava il favore della Reggia e del Governo.

Forse dopo la caduta di Napoleone gli italiani fallirono non assecondando gli eccitamenti inglesi. Ma vero è che nel Congresso di Vienna Lord Castlereagh si adoperò pertinacemente ad incatenare l'Italia nella più dura e perversa soggezione sotto il dominio dell' Austria. Prevalse allora la politica estremamente superba ed acerba che Lord Rosebery così fieramente colpì ragionando di Napoleone. Contro quella politica non indugiò a levarsi l'eloquenza di Giorgio Canning: nella moderna Inghilterra i vieti pregiudizi presto trascorrono e il grido della libertà sempre si avanza dominatore.

Ci opprimeva la politica del Congresso di Vienna; ma poco stando Lord Byron poetava sfolgorante e innamorato in Italia: adoperava la propria arte a vantaggio delle aspirazioni italiane; scuoteva la fiamma onde divampò la letteratura del Guerrazzi a suscitare nelle nuove generazioni italiane un impetuoso, inestinguibile, mirabile ardore, e il canto del giovine Aroldo, rivolto all' Italia, raggiante di italiano entusiasmo, prorompeva dall' animo del poeta.

Di poi il genio dello Shelley predilesse egli pure la Musa dell' italianità.

Ma io dico che, accanto all' immagine di Dante, i nostri alunni debbono scorgere quella di Guglielmo Gladstone. Giova trasportarli ai cieli della Divina Commedia? Una stupenda scrittura di Guglielmo Gladstone porge ad essi le penne. Piace che si innoltrino dessi nel pensiero e nelle opere di Giacomo Leopardi? Una preclara scrittura di Guglielmo Gladstone vale ad erudirli. Deve diffondersi nelle aule della Dante la fama degli

scrittori che meglio illustrarono ai tempi nostri l'Italia? Quante pagine di Guglielmo Gladstone si addicono all' uopo luminosamente!

E noi che siamo vindici e propagatori della lingua italiana celebriamo nel Gladstone il maestro che meravigliosamente ne seppe ogni bellezza ed efficacemente ne volle allargare il culto costì, dove a lui quella lingua nostra già in tanto fiore allorchè Giuseppe Baretti la introduceva schietta, sciolta, arguta nelle aule dell' Accademia di Londra, pareva che dalla seconda metà del secolo scorso in poi volgesse a declinazione.

Per verità il Gladstone è uno dei principi della Società nostra, della Dante Alighieri. Annoveriamolo in essa con singolare riverenza.

Ma più e più altri ricordi di Guglielmo Gladstone debbono sempre ravvivarsi e glorificarsi. Egli abbattè nella coscienza del mondo civile l'empia tirannide di Napoli; egli spezzò le catene di Carlo Poerio, di Michele Pironti, di Luigi Settembrini, di Sigismondo Castromediano, dei patriotti aspramente tormentati nelle galere borboniche; egli nel 1859 oppose a viso aperto la vera anima inglese contro la politica che piegavasi verso l'Austria e incuorò, nel memorabile colloquio di Torino, il Conte di Cavour; egli nei primi eventi del Regno d'Italia si profferse fautore dei nostri diritti e campione delle opere nostre; egli volle ardentemente l'Italia una e sovrana in Roma e tale in Roma splendidamente la esaltò: e fino a tanto che i miracoli dell' eloquenza avranno lustro, emergeranno i discorsi che per l'Italia egli pronunziò (dal 1862 al 1864) in quella aula sacra alla libertà, dove le fortune d'Italia

ebbero auspici insigni, nella nobile schiera degli amici nostri, tratto tratto, il Palmerston, e, costantemente, John Russell, l'amico nostro efficace, il consorte della nostra salda ed alacre amica.

L'epopea popolare del nostro risorgimento si impersona in Giuseppe Garibaldi. Rappresentiamo, eleviamo nelle scuole della Dante in Londra l'eroe che segnalò " la condotta cavalleresca dell' Inghilterra in un momento di prova e di pericolo."

A me talenterebbe risuscitare in un quadro i giorni del 1864, quando Garibaldi percorse, come in trionfo, le vie affollate della magnifica Città, e tante, tante migliaia d'inglesi si accalcarono, intorno a lui, nel Palazzo di Cristallo, ad affrettare la liberazione di Venezia e di Roma, e un entusiasmo incomparabile inebriò i cuori che si votavano a lui, e dal Principe di Galles agli affaticati lavoratori tutti animò una festa mai più veduta, che fu festa memorabilmente italiana.

Ma un altro quadro io vorrei nelle Scuole della Dante in Londra. Effigiamo Garibaldi in mezzo ad una corona di donne inglesi, di quelle donne che egli salutò, " collaboratrici nelle opere di redenzione," di quelle donne " che lo seguirono ispiratrici da Marsala al Volturno." Ivi si avanzino le Duchesse di Sutherland e la cristianissima gli porga ancora, con favella di persuasione, il nuovo testamento; e Emma Roberts tenga l'una mano sul cuore che non mutò e dispieghi nell' altra le lettere ammonitrici nelle quali il giudizio sagace emulava la aperta sincerità; e Maria Seely ravvivi le rimembranze dell' ospitalità che nell' isola di Wight deliziò l'intrepido duce; e sia con esse Carolina

Phillipson ; e non manchi, no, Giulia Salis Schwabe che fu dalla sua prima giovinezza tutta inglese e manchesteriana ; ella, la risanatrice del ferito al Varignano, la propiziatrice di Caprera ; ella, che amò l'Italia nell' intimità di Riccardo Cobden, il messaggiero onde all' alba del nostro risorgimento si accordarono le speranze italiane nell' Italia divisa, il propagatore delle idee onde tanta esca provenne all' opera riformatrice dell' amico suo, il Conte di Cavour : ella, la Giulia Salis Schwabe, che lesse amorosamente nell' anima napoletana e donò—a benefizio di Napoli e in esempio all' Italia—l'Asilo froebeliano, testimonio della sua mente iniziatrice, pegno della sua missione educatrice.

Ma sento lo sprone che dal passato mi chiama all' avvenire. Sempre all' avvenire mirino le Scuole della Dante. La lingua che difendemmo nella Italia irredenta, l'Italia tutta redenta difenderà dovunque siano italiani ospiti fortunati o peregrini faticanti fuori della patria. Fatela risuonare la lingua nostra, con nobili accenti e con propositi generosi, in codesto paese dove tutto ciò che è nobile e generoso rifulge.

Avanti, avanti ! è la divisa dell' Italia nuova nel corso delle idee, nei prodigi del lavoro, nella elevazione dei lavoratori.

Tutto ciò che circonda in Inghilterra i figli nostri, è promessa di avanzamento civile.

Carlo Cattaneo affermò che " in Inghilterra il progresso dai tempi di Cesare ai nostri è moto accelerato con legge costante, tanto nelle cose materiali, quanto nelle morali."

In Inghilterra primamente si andò divulgando

a grado a grado il misterio del potere che altrove, per più secoli, rimase l'arcano dei pochi imperanti e si formò costì quel reggimento politico esemplare che sostituiva agli sbalzi delle rivoluzioni violente le durevoli conquiste delle evoluzioni riformatrici.

La riforma del 1832 inaugurò l'èra delle estese partecipazioni popolari alla sovranità politica. Il libero scambio non solamente operò come rinnovazione economica e sociale, ma si svolse eziandio come irradiazione di fede liberale e di senno fraterno fra tutte le genti.

Il classicismo della libertà si connaturò incredibilmente colle più ardite ricostituzioni sociali. Dove l'ordinamento della proprietà più si ammantava di privilegi, e più oggi si trasforma beneficamente.

Con simile spirito liberale e progressivo mosse gli andamenti suoi quel Piemonte, italico propugnatore, che il Conte Derby, nel 1859, anche in mezzo alle suggestioni austriache, salutava "glorioso." Camillo Cavour, che a quel Piemonte e all' Italia risorta segnò le vie, dichiarava nel Parlamento: " Dall' Inghilterra ho attinto la maggior parte delle cognizioni politiche che mi hanno guidato; venero l'Inghilterra come la rocca dove la libertà ha trovato e potrebbe ancora trovare rifugio inespugnabile; come ministro e come scrittore ho sempre prediletta l'alleanza coll' Inghilterra " (9 febbraio 1859).

Già Lord Clarendon aveva detto, nell' asserire l'alleanza col Piemonte per la guerra della Crimea: " Tutto ciò che vale a legare più strettamente i due paesi è accolto in Inghilterra come un sentimento che si approssima all' entusiasmo."

La presente alleanza condurrà l'Inghilterra e

l'Italia ad instaurare concordemente un novello ordine tra le Nazioni, mentre piglieranno atteggiamenti nuovi le finanze degli Stati, le legislazioni economiche e sociali, i rannodamenti commerciali.

Dalla guerra moderna il popolo inglese, "il cui suolo non fu mai calpestato da eserciti nemici," è tratto più addentro nelle vicende del consorzio internazionale.

L'Inghilterra insegnò nel mondo delle colonie quel reggimento liberale, la cui sapienza appieno si manifesta oggidì che le colonie inglesi partecipano unanimi e gagliarde ai cimenti per la madre patria.

Sarà l'Inghilterra, ne abbiamo altissima fede, nel mondo delle Nazioni indipendenti, sostenitrice potente del principio di nazionalità. Obliandolo ancora, male si ricomporrebbero gli Stati: al di fuori di esso non fu mai giusta alcuna pace, nè, al di fuori di esso, pace alcuna sarebbe duratura.

L'avvenire deve recare, a gloria della civiltà, a benefizio dell' umanità, la federazione delle libere Nazioni. Il pensiero popolare, che sale e vince, la acclama e la otterrà.

Ne sia questa formidabile guerra la preparazione feconda. Il trionfo del principio di nazionalità, la federazione delle libere Nazioni invocarono, precursori italici ed esuli sulla terra inglese, Giuseppe Mazzini e Francesco Crispi.

La loro idea non si spegne, la loro voce non tace fra la gente britanna e fra la gente italiana.

PAOLO BOSELLI.

ROMA, 20 *settembre* 1915.

FOR THE SCHOOLS OF THE "DANTE ALIGHIERI" SOCIETY IN LONDON

IT is with the warmest sympathy that in the name of the "Dante Alighieri" Society I hail this volume, which holds in its pages the heart of two free peoples, both equally fervent in their love of all the ideals of civilisation.

The "Dante Alighieri," ever confident, ever vigilant and in arms, eagerly anticipated this day of Italian redemption, this day of alliance between our two countries.

Others may have wavered or gone astray, but we persevered. We thus kept burning the light that shines forth from Ravenna, and succeeded in upholding our language in the unredeemed lands of Italy, that language which numbers in England, more than in any other country in Europe, so many proficient scholars and ardent lovers.

Garibaldi, addressing the women of England in November 1860, said: "O Britain, in all the vicissitudes inherent to the human race, Italy will look upon thee as her sister!" Such a natural bond Governments have no power either to tighten or loosen; it is rooted in ideals, it links together the very souls of nations, it perpetuates itself immutably.

Was Dante ever in England? Did he ever travel there from Paris, as we read in Boccaccio?

W. E. Gladstone, in the last days of his life, repeated the contention, adding to it the enthusiastic support of his deep learning. But there is no real evidence to prove it. However, I love to figure to myself Dante at Oxford in search of the relics of Roger Bacon, who only a few years earlier had died of his prolonged sufferings for the freedom of the human intellect. Roger Bacon gave to the first period of the Middle Ages the great light of his bold scientific investigations; Dante illuminated, mirrored, and enclosed in his sublime poem the whole of the Middle Ages.

In the name of Dantë, Italy is now striving for her own natural boundaries, "i termini suoi," and, England's sister now more than ever, she fights with her, aiming at the future.

If Shakespeare succeeded in reproducing our chronicles with colours so truly Italian, if Macaulay was able to penetrate so thoroughly the times, the mind, the national aspirations of Machiavelli, the reason is to be found in the genius of ideality, which is the common inheritance of the British and Italian peoples.

Are the pupils of the "Dante Alighieri" schools in London, which render such good service in fostering the spiritual intimacy between the two nations—are these pupils ever shown the houses in which Foscolo, at times a disconsolate, scornful voluntary recluse, at times reckless and extravagant, meditated, wrote, prophesied, dreamt, and hoped? It was there he gave his soul and heart to the study of the *Divine Comedy*, in the interpretation of which he may perhaps sometimes have given way

SAN GIMIGNANO

Andrew F. Affleck, R.E.

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to his fiery imagination. There, too, he composed his inspiring exhortations for the redemption of Italy, that most cherished of the aspirations of his soul from his earliest youth. May the pupils of our schools in their rambles through the great British metropolis also learn that in London was laid the first warp of the renovation of Italy. For it was in London that Mazzini, whose genius embodied the highest characteristics of the English and Italian minds, relentlessly worked for the attainment of his ideal of a unified Italy, comforted by the sympathy of devoted friends and followers, and encouraged by the support of eminent statesmen such as Mr. Stansfeld, who resigned his seat in the Cabinet rather than betray the friendship of the Italian exile.

May, again, the children in our schools learn how Sir Anthony Panizzi owed his fame to British hospitality, and how Crispi, the constant promoter of Anglo-Italian friendship, while going through the hardships of banishment, collected in England the historical and political evidence for the vindication of the rights of Italy, at the same time constantly preparing for resolute action of which he foresaw the future victories. Again, may they learn how Rossetti, who in 1821 had been saved from death in Naples through the devotion of an Englishwoman, found in London the necessary leisure for the continuation of his poetical and critical pursuits, and became the founder of a family of English poets and artists; finally, how Giovanni Ruffini helped to spread the knowledge of Italian and wrote his famous *Dottor Antonio*.

But the most important character in the history of the spiritual relations of the two countries is that of Vittorio Alfieri, who, after having aimlessly wandered over the whole of Europe, went to England, where he was "immediately struck by the genuine and rare qualities of that free and happy country." His admiration for her public institutions was the main source of those elevated doctrines which contributed so much to form the political conscience of the Italians of the *Risorgimento*.

If I were asked what portraits should adorn the walls of the "Dante Alighieri" schools, I would strongly advise, next to Dante's, those of Vittorio Alfieri, Lord Byron, and then Gladstone and Mazzini. At a time when Italy was more than ever politically oppressed, in consequence of the decisions of the Congress of Vienna, Lord Byron, inspired by his ardent love for our country, kindled the flame which, through the writings of his devotee, F. D. Guerrazzi, contributed so much to raise and maintain the enthusiasm of the new Italian generations. The canto of *Childe Harold* consecrated to Italy is the most vivid document of the Italian feelings of the English poet, feelings shared by the genius of his contemporary P. B. Shelley.

And in addition to the portrait of Dante, I should like to set before the eyes of our pupils the image of William Ewart Gladstone. Nothing could better acquaint them with the soaring genius of the Divine Poet, or with the mind and works of Leopardi, or with the most eminent modern writers on Italy, than some of Gladstone's essays. We whose aim it is to uphold and diffuse the Italian tongue, we

honour in Gladstone the scholar marvellously versed in all its beauties, who successfully spread the study of our language in England, where since the middle of the nineteenth century he seemed to think it was neglected. His name should therefore be prominent in our Society.

But many other considerations should induce us to revive and exalt the memory of Gladstone. In a scathing indictment he denounced to the civilised world the iniquitous tyranny of the Bourbons, tearing thus asunder the chains that tortured Poerio and other patriots in the dungeons of Naples. He openly opposed the Austrian leanings of the British Cabinet in 1859, and encouraged Count Cavour in the memorable interview at Turin. He was the champion of our rights and the defender of our achievements during the first years of the kingdom of Italy, and ardently wished a united Italy, her own mistress in Rome. His speeches in defence of Italy in the years 1862–64, uttered in that temple of Liberty in which the cause of our country had such eminent advocates as Lord Palmerston, and our still more valuable friend Lord John Russell, the husband of our staunch and active sympathiser, will live as long as miracles wrought by sheer eloquence are held in honour.

Garibaldi, in our people's mind, is the personification of the epic of the *Risorgimento*. Let us then depict in our schools in London the hero who drew attention to " the chivalrous action of England in a moment of difficulty and peril." I should also love to revive in a picture the days of 1864, when Garibaldi drove in triumph through the crowded streets

of London, and when thousands and thousands of British, thronging round him, from the Prince of Wales down to the humblest workman, enthusiastically hailed the future liberator of Venice and Rome.

But there is still another picture which I should like to see there, Garibaldi surrounded by the women of England, those women whom he greeted as " his associates in the work of redemption," and who " followed and inspired him from Marsala to the Volturno " : the Duchess of Sutherland presenting him with the New Testament, Emma Roberts, Mary Seely, his hostess in the Isle of Wight, Caroline Phillipson, and last, not least, Julia Salis Schwabe, an Englishwoman from her earliest youth, who nursed his wounds at the fort of Varignano and comforted him at Caprera. This last one was the friend of Richard Cobden, he himself a lover of Italy, whose tenets were adopted by Cavour in his work of reform.

But the memories of the past induce me to turn my eyes to the future. May the " Dante Alighieri " Schools always look to the future. The language we upheld in unredeemed Italy may our fully redeemed country always diffuse wherever Italians are to be found, and may this language ever convey noble and generous thoughts to that country where all that is noble and generous is specially revered.

Forward ! ever forward ! Such is the motto of New Italy, in its thoughts, in its deeds, in its social reforms. All that surrounds our children in England is a guarantee of civilisation and progress. Cattaneo said : " In England progress is since Cæsar's time the constant law in moral as well as in

material things." In England the mystery of power, which in other countries remained for many centuries the secret of the dominating few, belonged from the earliest times to the people, giving rise to that model of political institutions which substituted violence and revolution with the lasting conquests of evolution and reform. The Reform Bill in 1832 inaugurated the era of ampler participation by the people in political power. Free trade not only wrought an economical and social renovation, but developed into a manifestation of faith in liberty and mutual love among all peoples. The classical idea of freedom blended wonderfully with the boldest social innovations, and it was thus possible for the very country where landed property was more than elsewhere effectively protected by privilege, to reform its institutions with a view of extending their benefits to the community at large.

Similar to England in the spirit of freedom and progress was the kingdom of Piedmont, that citadel of Italian Unity to which Lord Derby in 1859, in spite of Austria's blandishments, applied the epithet of "glorious." Cavour, who was the leading spirit both of Piedmont and of New Italy in the decisive years of the *Risorgimento*, declared in Parliament: "From England I have derived the greatest part of that political knowledge which has always guided me; I worship England as the stronghold where freedom has found, and will always find, an impregnable refuge; as minister and political writer I have always cherished an alliance with England" (Feb. 9, 1859). And Lord Clarendon had already said, when announcing the alliance with

Piedmont for the Crimean War: "All that contributes to bind our countries more closely, England welcomes with a feeling akin to enthusiasm."

The present alliance will enable England and Italy to establish a new order among nations and to give novel features to their finances, their economical and social legislation, and their commercial intercourse. At the same time this war will bring the people of England, whose soil has never been trampled upon by an armed foe, into closer touch with the vicissitudes of international life.

England has taught the world the free government of colonies, and the wisdom of her system is now proved by the unanimous and gallant response of all the Overseas Dominions to the call of the Mother Country.

And England will always be, we have no doubt, amongst the independent nations of the world, the great upholder of the principle of nationality. If that principle were again ignored, no peace could be lasting. The future must bring to us for the glory of civilisation, and for the benefit of humanity, the Federation of Free Nations. Such is the will of all peoples, and they will make it prevail.

May this formidable war engender the triumph of the principle of nationality and the federation of free nations. Two Italian precursors, both exiles on British soil, Mazzini and Crispi, invoked those principles, and their idea will not die; the echo of their voices will ever ring in British and Italian hearts.

ROME, *September* 20, 1915. PAOLO BOSELLI.

Translated by "A Friend of Italy."

AVANTI, SAVOIA

G. CARDUCCI. CHARLES V. STANFORD

- van - ti, Sa - vo - ia ! A - van - ti, Sa -
f
- vo - - - - ia ! non an - che tut - ta de-sti la ban -
ff rall.
- die - - - ra al ven - - - to !
colla parte.
ff
ff
Evviva V.E.R.D.I.

MY MEMORIES OF ITALY, 1851–1915

In these days of Italy's great part in the World-War, I often recur in thought to my memories of the soldiers and patriots whom I saw, heard, and talked with in the *Risorgimento;* during the war and the agitations of 1859–60–61; when Italy, after fifty years of battles, struggles, and of martyrdom, was at last *made*—or let us say to-day—very nearly made. It is fifty-five years ago, but I remember, as if it were yesterday, Vittorio Emanuele II, Ricasoli, Farini, Minghetti, Carlo Poerio, Marchese Pepoli, Mamiani, and the Provisional Governments of the Duchies. I had correspondence with Count Cavour, I had long conversations with Mazzini, I saw Garibaldi in his red shirt at the head of his troop; I have heard him address a great meeting; and I was with him when widows brought their fatherless children for him to bless them, which he did as simply and as devoutly as any saint might have done.

As my thoughts go back over more than half a century to my own personal intercourse with the immortal Makers of Italy, I often ask myself to-day what would be the feelings, the hopes, and the counsels of these unforgotten patriots, martyrs, and heroes. My memories of them, how they looked, how they spoke, and how their inspirations worked may interest and hearten their successors to-day. I was bred up *Italianissimo*. In 1850, whilst a

student at Oxford, I read Dante with Count Aurelio Saffi of Forlì, who, with Mazzini, was one of the Triumvirs in the defence of Rome in 1849. Saffi introduced me to Mazzini in London, Campanella of Milan, Pianciani and other soldiers and exiled comrades. I subscribed to a Republican journal; and indeed sixty-five years ago I was as much in touch with the nationalist movement as if it were my own fatherland.

In 1851 I first passed under the ineffable radiance of the sky of Italy. I heard the native tongue of the people at home. In 1853 I travelled to Florence, where I had friends and introductions in the time of the Grand Duke and met the poet Browning, then residing in the city. When war broke out in 1859, I shared the enthusiasm of the Brownings; and after sundry appeals to the English Press, I resolved to see the work myself, and, armed with various introductions from the Liberal Press and Government of the day, I spent the autumn of 1859 in Turin, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence and Tuscany, Romagna, Bologna, Modena, Parma and Milan.

In each centre I was properly accredited to the provisional rulers, but I had also private and nationalist introductions; and having a perfectly free hand, I sent off my impressions to several English journals. In 1865 I spent the autumn in Rome in the days of Pio Nono and the French occupation, and I had various acquaintances in more than one party. In scores of later travels I have visited every part of Italy, from the Alpine passes to Brindisi and Syracuse. And I have had the advantage of know-

ing representative men of almost every school, or class, or profession in the peninsula. For sixty-five years I have been in correspondence or in intercourse with journalists, politicians, men of letters, and patriots of Italy. And I hold it important—such being the versatility and originality of the Italian genius—that to know Italy truly, one must be in touch with *all* the various parties, elements, ideas, *couches sociales* of that most complex nationality—must avoid all tendency to what is narrow, one-sided, or exclusive.

Now, I desire to bear witness that, in the Revival and Unity of Italy from 1849–1870 the hearts of liberal Englishmen were as deeply stirred in sympathy with the cause as if it had been their own country and future at stake. Only those behind the scenes ever knew how much Palmerston, Russell, Sir James Hudson, and Gladstone supported Cavour and Rattazzi. Only those in touch with the revolutionary enthusiasts knew the passionate admiration of unofficial, unorthodox, and adventurous Englishmen for Garibaldi, Mazzini, even for Orsini. Italy, under the consummate audacity of Cavour, had been our ally with France in the Crimea. But quite apart from that, and with our growing suspicion of the third Napoleon, the heart of true and living England was stirred by the character of Victor Emanuel II, of his generals and statesmen, by Cavour, La Marmora, d'Azeglio, Bixio, Cialdini, as well as by that of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the hot-heads of *La Giovane Italia*.

Nothing like it has been known in our insular and cold-blooded country since the wave of enthu-

siasm for the French uprising of 1789. When Garibaldi came to London in 1864, our people went mad over him. I shall never forget the scene in the streets. Nothing like it has ever been seen since. The Whig Ministers feared to let the republican hero go about the north. Dukes, soldiers, sailors, politicians, and people all joined in the excitement. He was welcomed as no foreign visitor has ever been welcomed before or since—as no Englishman in our age has ever been received. To see the Red Shirt, with the sweet, calm, unearthly look of the man, gently beaming on the roaring mob in Trafalgar Square, or, it may be, almost embraced by fine ladies and dandies in a ducal palace—this was like a vision of some being beyond this sublunary earth. When he entered the room where we stood to meet him, to me it seemed as if some historic hero, familiar to us in portraits, had stepped down from the frame, and returned to life. Our poets, Tennyson, the Brownings, orators like Gladstone, aristocrats like Sutherland, radicals, and revolutionists, felt in the hermit of Caprera something that was not so much a soldier and a man, but was rather the Soul of Italy. This sense of inspiration was shared by hardened politicians, by cultured society, and by passionate reformers. From 1848 to 1870 the cause of Italian Independence —of Italian Unity—represented to Englishmen of all schools and parties the cause of European peace and welfare. It happens that, during those middle years of the nineteenth century—the middle years of my own life—I was in touch with both sides of English opinion, both the parliamentary, minis-

ARCO D'ARAGONA, NAPLES

David Donald

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terial, and official world, and also with the Press, the leaders and the thinkers of the people, their hopes, their aspirations, and their passion for reform.

I will not believe that in the forty-five years since the kingdom was finally seated in Rome, the sympathy of Liberal England has grown cooler. We understood and have never resented the policy which drove Italy into the *Triplice*. We have never taken advantage of her adventures when she took lines of her own, with which we could have no interest and no sympathy. When she hesitated so long before she saw her hand free to join ours, we did nothing to increase her difficulties, nor to criticise her action. We respected her famous maxim, *l'Italia farà da sé;* and we did nothing to force her hand, for we were satisfied that she was not, and could not be, hostile, even if she were compelled by circumstances to be neutral. And now that she has joined the Three Allies, and is displaying her ancient valour and genius in so many a bloody field and amid such tremendous precipices, Englishmen welcome her achievements with all the pride they feel for their own sons, for French, Russians, and Serbs; for all who are battling with the secular enemy and oppressor of Italy—the historic *Tedesco*. We who during the year 1914 stood side by side with France in a grapple for life and death were too much absorbed by it to repeat all our ardent transports of 1860. But we feel the cause to be the same to-day. And we grasp the hand of every Italian hero to-day with the same honour that we felt for Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini.

I spent, as I say, the autumn of 1865 in Rome in the days of Pio Nono and the full reign of papal rule under the French bayonets. It is only we of the Old Guard who can fully realise the enormous changes that in fifty years have passed over the Eternal City—changes, material, æsthetic, poetic, political, and spiritual. I was then myself in my thirty-fifth year, and had spent my life as a publicist, a scholar, and an antiquarian, so that I must be now amongst the few living Englishmen who knew and studied Rome in the age of the Vatican dominion—Rome with the habits and débris of the Middle Ages untouched, with all the historic ruins, and the squalor, and the romance, and the devotional traditions of past ages undisturbed—Rome as it was seen by Byron, and Goethe, and Madame de Staël, and Hawthorne, and Ruskin, and Browning —aye, and by the travellers, the poets, the painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as it was painted by Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, and Piranesi.

I am myself a staunch modernist, a Nationalist, a confident believer in the future of Italian civilisation, and in the proud resurrection and splendour of the Eternal City. But I am weak enough to feel a passing sigh of regret as I recall the Rome of fifty years ago, its *Campo Vaccino*, with all its fountains and its shady trees, and its mysterious mounds and the confused débris of two thousand years. Market was held, stalls of rural produce were set up, the white bullocks lay grazing at rest, wild herdsmen from the Campagna tended their cattle and their wagons on the plain of the Forum,

some fifty feet above the *Via Sacra*, and the temples and altars now excavated and open to view. The Capitol and the Palatine and Esquiline lay as they had done since Orsinis and Colonnas had ceased to fight and make fortresses of the tombs of their ancestors. The altars of the Martyrs still stood in the festooned circle of the Colosseum, as yet unopened to the ghastly chambers underground.

The Pope in his glory and the Cardinals and Prelates in all their picturesque pomp were seen in the streets, in the myriad churches and chapels, and in the summer palaces for *villeggiatura* in the lonely hillsides around. Monks, mendicants, and models hung about every street corner; the city was barely lit and ill-guarded at night; outside the ancient walls not a single modern building existed, the Campagna was a dream of the Old World—a vast mausoleum—a revelation of the Fabii, the Scipios, the Cæsars. I once told a Cardinal-Archbishop that at times I felt at Rome more truly conservative than the Sacred College. In my hall at home I have hung a collection of Pianesi's wonderful engravings to remind me of what I saw fifty years ago. And I never pass them without feeling what a cost has been paid for the brilliant and aspiring city we see to-day—the new capital of United Italy—destined, we trust, to another two thousand years of glory—yet to come in after ages.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE PRESCIENCE OF COUNT CAVOUR

In response to the request to write some pages for *The Book of Italy*, I am sure that nothing I could offer would be of so much interest and value as a few passages culled here and there from the speeches and letters of the greatest Italian statesman, Count Cavour, which reveal both his life-long sympathy and admiration for England, and also his extraordinary clear-sightedness. In 1855 he pointed out that England had begun all her wars with forces not in proportion to her real strength: "The history of all the wars in which England has taken part shows us that at the outset she had the worst of it, but the disasters suffered, the reverses encountered, instead of disheartening her, had the effect of inciting her to greater efforts and greater sacrifices, and while her adversaries, after having had some successes, began to lose courage and exhaust their forces, with the progress of the war she went on gaining in strength and in the means of attack. This is what happened in the great war of the French Revolution. In 1792 and in 1793 the English only met with defeats; their means were small in comparison with the other Allies, but the other Allies wore themselves out, instead of which the English developed their forces more and more the longer the war lasted, and they reached such

a point that in 1814, if I am not mistaken, they had four hundred thousand men in their pay. What happened to them in Europe has happened to them several times in India. Almost all the first undertakings attempted there by the English turned out badly; it was only after a thorough mishap that the East India Company sent forth sufficient means to carry out the proposed plan. Everyone remembers, perhaps, the expedition to Cabul, attempted in 1839, which resulted in the destruction of an entire *corps d'armée*. Out of fourteen or fifteen thousand men only four officers, I think, returned home." (A voice: "Only one man, who was a doctor.") "Well, after this great disaster, which is almost without a parallel, many people prophesied the destruction of the English power in India, thinking that its last hour had rung. But far from this prediction being fulfilled, the year after, the English returned to Cabul with more than twice the number of men; and what happened in the last century in the wars of the French revolution, what has happened now at Cabul, will, I believe, also happen in the Crimea. I am therefore convinced that we may hope to find our Allies on the field of battle stronger and more powerful than they ever were before."

On another occasion Cavour said: "The English people have many great virtues, among which patriotism is pre-eminent. The Englishman judges every question from a national standpoint, and when he judges that the interest of England is at stake, all other considerations lose their weight." Again, "When her interests are involved in a

cause, England promotes and sustains it with a tenacity and an energy which till now no other people has known how to equal." As early as 1837, Cavour wrote: "I have entire faith in the good sense of the English people, and in the energy of the ruling classes." And twenty years later he declared that he was not one of those who believed England not to be in a condition to make war; a belief which in 1914 contributed more than anything else to the outbreak of the European conflagration. Cavour knew better: "I believe, on the contrary," he said, "that if there arose a cause with which her national interests and her *amour propre* were bound up, she would be ready to support it, sword in hand, with more fire and vigour than she has ever displayed."

This deep and acute observer remarked that "British patriotism begins to transform itself, and to become less exclusive and egotistical; it no longer holds that English prosperity depends on diminishing that of other states, but seeks, rather, to establish international bonds founded on humanity and justice."

In one of his great speeches in the old Chamber of Deputies at Turin, the cradle of Italian liberties, where a few, though I fear too few, Englishmen have gone to look with reverence at the seat so long occupied by the maker of Italy *as we see her now*, Cavour made a profession of faith with regard to England which it is certain he would repeat, were he living, without altering a word:

"No one in this Chamber attaches more importance to the opinions of English statesmen than I

do. From my youth upwards I have been used to respect that country as being the source of the greater part of the political knowledge which has guided my career ; I value and respect England as one of the first Powers of the world ; I venerate her as the rock on which liberty has found, and may find again, an impregnable refuge. In so far as it was possible, I have always preferred an alliance with England to any other."

It has to be remembered that Cavour did not pronounce these words, and others like them, before an audience of naturally-approving Englishmen. He did make one speech in England—it was his "maiden speech"—and being a very young man, and never a very ready speaker, he was a good deal embarrassed when called upon to deliver it. I think it was at a dinner of the Royal Geographical Society. But his speeches in the Sardinian Chamber were meant entirely for his own countrymen ; certainly he never imagined that extracts from them would be given in an English *Book of Italy* in the year 1916, though it would have surprised him little to find the Italy of his making ranged on the side of England and her brave Allies—indeed, it would have surprised him infinitely *not* to have found her there ! But Cavour's speeches were meant for his own countrymen alone, and they were meant not to obtain applause—he cared nothing for that—but to convince. I will not say that any among his hearers disliked England—was there ever an Italian who did so ?—but a large number disliked and mistrusted English statesmen, and the ideal of a constitutional monarchy on the British pattern,

with its lack of romance, its concessions to human imperfections, failed to satisfy the dreamers of sublime dreams. These last placed their hopes elsewhere, and looked for help and for an example, not to England, whose free institutions formed the great bulwark against revolution, but to the countries which were then plunging one after the other into the revolutionary vortex towards which their despotic governments drove them. I speak of the autumn of 1848, and of a memorable sitting in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, to which Senator F. Ruffini, the greatest Italian authority now on Cavour, has lately dedicated an interesting study. The Radicals in the Chamber hoped in the risings at Vienna and in the assistance which was to be expected from the noble Hungarian nation, from the Slavs of Bohemia and Croatia—lastly from "liberal and learned Germany," which was then lifting the curtain on the vision of an United Empire at the Frankfort Parliament.

Cavour rose to answer deputy Brofferio, the eloquent speaker who was the mouthpiece of the Piedmontese Radicals, and, without preparation of any kind, he delivered what must be held to be the most prescient speech ever pronounced by a statesman. Vienna? when, after the revolution of the previous March, the Viennese hoped to obtain liberal concessions from their sovereign, the very same students who had fought on the barricades, went willingly to fight against their struggling brothers in Italy. Hungary? The Magyars, devoted to their own liberties, cruelly oppressed the Slavs under their rule. All that had happened in

that part of Europe was only "the prelude to a terrible war of races, the war of Germanism against Slavism!"

After predicting, in passing, that the revolution in France, which had also inspired so many hopes in Italy, "would have for its final result, Louis Napoleon on the throne," Cavour went on to consider what of good there was to be expected from the new transformation of "liberal and learned Germany." For the passage just quoted relating to the Austrian Empire I have to thank Senator Ruffini, as I had either not noticed its significance or had forgotten it. But I believe I was the first to call particular attention to the following prophetic words uttered in the autumn of the year 1848.[1]

"England feels a singular jealousy of that new Germanic Power which has constituted itself at Frankfort with outlooks of extreme ambition. Scarcely born, Germanism threatens to disturb the European equilibrium: already it reveals thoughts of preponderance and usurpation. The Diet of Frankfort does not conceal its design to extend its dominion to the shores of the North Sea, to invade Holland by treaties or by force, in order to become a maritime Power, and contest on the seas the empire wielded by England."

On showing this prophecy in a detached form to one who is a master rather than a student of English political history, he expressed the doubt

[1] I referred to this forecast in a letter to the *Saturday Review* in January 1898, and again in my small book on Cavour, and finally, after it had been so surprisingly verified, in an appendix to a new edition of *La Liberazione d'Italia*, published at Milan last June.

whether the nascent schemes of the Frankfort Parliament were realised in the England of that day, or, at any rate, whether they produced the effect, which Cavour went on to say was natural, of causing the new German Empire to be regarded in England with strong feelings of suspicion. But Cavour was the last person to make an assertion not fully justified by facts. He read the English papers, and he states positively that they were full of articles in which the prospect of the German peril was openly discussed. More than that, he pointed to the acts of the English Government, which threatened war with Prussia and Germany on behalf of "oppressed Denmark," if mediation were not accepted on the question of Schleswig. The moral he drew from it all was, that England was bound in the long run to uphold Italian aspirations. The Austrian Empire would either become a Slav Power or be absorbed in Germany. The separation of Italy from Austria would in the end become the best means for resisting the ambitious policy of a rival Empire—the Germany of to-day!

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

ITALY THE REDEEMER

IMMORTAL Italy, our angel of the dawn,
When Tyranny had multiplied his man-brute spawn,
And for a thousand years the blood-prints of his hoof
Were graves of liberty, yet freedom found a roof :
Islets you sowed, like little stars of living light
Phosphorent of the sun, while that Cimmerian Night
Wrought ravine, all the treasuries of art adust,
No culture save of carnage and the Teuton lust.

Angel of Dawn, your cloistral sentries of the sky
Held tryst for Love until, with white robes sweeping by,
You awoke the song-birds, and from out his black abyss
Embruted Man gazed alp-ward, and the fastnesses
Glowed ; for your hands were busy with the Day's Re-birth ;
You clothed with mystery and magic all the earth ;
You loosed the bonds of science, broke our prison bars,
And sang the Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

As roses wrought of light, as Thebes of moving song,
Our arts, our state you conjured, and the twain grew strong,
And cast about the man-brute Minotaur a chain.
But now his hoof-blow stunned us: he is loose again,
Devouring man and maid. Gloom falls: we wake, we rise:
Faithful you stand beside us, angel of the skies,
Co-sentinel with us of the celestial springs,
Beating the Night off with imperishable wings.

* * * * * *

There was one, vowed to hold inviolate his ward,
Ravished her while she slept, then slew her with his sword:
We heard him whimper that his friend of honest days
Discarded, now discards, and walks her separate ways.
March, Italy, with the angels, let the miscreant lie:
You feared not for your fate, you live who dared to die
Champion of faith and freedom, mother of light and law—
You march not with the Brute whose god is in his maw.

A world there was intent to strengthen and assuage,
To learn of mother earth, and build the brighter age:
A stealthy smithy forged engines of agony
To crash the fabric down and subjugate the free.

A HERO OF WORK

Leonardo Bistolfi (Turin)

Italy the Redeemer

A trustful folk I knew: "He thinks no harm," they said;
"Free of our lands and trades, for him our board is spread;
The cut-throat creed is gone with monsters of the slime."—
The blow fell as they spoke. He gloried in his crime.

But Italy and the angels watched and did not fail;
Die will she rather than the Minotaur prevail.
He is the tumid Ego's obscene gospeller,
Braggart of brutal force, hell's mightiest minister,
Breaker of bonds and bounds, fulfilled of lust and lies,
The engineer of anguish, fed on groans and sighs:
His meat is served when millions writhe in mortal pain,
He laughs—a hundred millions will not smile again.

Lest he prevail and leave no good in life beside
The sweet and holy death of the tyrannicide,
She barters ease for anguish to redeem her folk
Who know, as once she knew, the man-brute Teuton's yoke,
The shame, the ruthless gag, the screw extortionate,
Wives wronged and sisters, whom 'twas death to vindicate;
Nor for these only, but for all the race of men,
Else sheep and milch-kine for the man-brute Teuton's pen.

This was the holiest war since time and earth began,
The war to free from sepulture the Risen Man ;
See, Garibaldi beckons ; yonder is Calvary !
There's woe in all the land, and sorrow on the sea ;
All lesser causes droop, but one large hope remains—
To save from utter loss our hard-wrung human gains,
Hurl back the new dark age, and, ere our day be gone,
Reach forth with dying hands to pass the pure light on.

* * * * * *

A vasty stage I saw ; thereon a tragic king,
Cruel, forsworn, a Judas, mad and menacing
Like Macbeth when his sins turned all the seas to blood :
Kaiser Enslaver he, the hell-king. Round him stood
Czar Liberator, second of the immortal name,
Albert the Good, whose glory is the Teuton's shame,
The folk-king of the waves twice fifty years kept free,
Victor, Redeemer of eternal Italy !

And one that bears no wand, no coronal, but seems
The spirit Liberty herself, the Maid of Dreams ;
All white her raiment, and her banner lilies wave
White as the souls of those who die, like her, to save

Freedom ; for she is France made perfect by distress,
Joan, sister of heaven's own Carpenter, sweet shepherdess ;
Nor hell, nor all hell's Teutons, shall destroy her shrine ;
For they are living death, and she is life divine.

The hell-king called on God, and labyrinths of lies
Vomited man-brutes, and the world was full of cries,
Dolour, and rage ; for, lo, the loosened Minotaur,
Whom forty years he nourished. And his hooves were four—
Treachery, arrogance, and cruelty and lust,
To trick, shame, terrify, and trample lives to dust :
This thing of blood and iron by the hell-king shod,
This foul and horned beast, this Totem, was his god.

Another God we worship ; He that fights for us,
Making staunch friends of stalwart foes, whom, chivalrous,
We fought ; and fighting, clothed, sustained, and visited
The babes and wives of those by whom our blood was shed,
And in the hour of conquest gave the foe our hand,
To reign as brothers in the same God-given land :
So may He lead us back to where His fountains well
As victors, God with us—Victor Emmanuel.

For though the Man-Brute nails the whole world
to a cross,
Still radiant we behold through tears of pain and
loss
Italy shining mid the darkness of the earth,
Once more the angel by the tomb of Love's Re-
birth
Who rolls away the stone to free the Risen Man,
Singing the song of life God made when time
began,
The song of valiant souls that rend their prison
bars,
The song of Love that moves the sun and the other
stars.

NEWMAN HOWARD.

IL LIDO, VENICE

John Lavery, R.A.

IL LIDO, VENICE

John Lavery, A.R.A.

ITALY AND GERMANY

A CONTRAST

ITALY has a peculiar charm for all foreigners, even when they are not aware of its nature or cause. It is not merely the charm of beautiful country or delightful people—though it may be that there is no country so beautiful and no people so delightful. It is that, while the towns of Italy are all Italian, they are also all individual with the intense individuality of men of genius or works of art. Each one is a different world from the other, as if its inhabitants had consciously made it to express themselves, whereas many towns in England and other countries seem to have grown through an economic accident. They are circumstances to which the people who live in them are subdued; but in Italy towns great and small are not merely circumstances. They are to towns elsewhere what poetry is to ordinary speech. In them the spirit has been master, and has expressed itself through the material.

And this is so because the fate of Italy in the past has been peculiar, both in its glory and in its misfortune. When elsewhere in the dark ages civilisation was lost in a barbarous equality, out of which nations grew, in Italy there remained cities that never were reduced to this equality, but kept the memory of the world alive within their walls,

and with it the freedom and the hope of the world. In the words of Shelley :

> " Many a warrior-peopled citadel,
> Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
> Arose in sacred Italy,
> Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
> Of kings and priests and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
> That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
> And burst around their walls like idle foam,
> Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
> Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
> Dissonant arms."

Yet, when Shelley wrote this in Italy, the towered cities which he loved had lost their freedom, and seemed to live only in memory.

It is the long tragedy of history that, whereas the mind of man grows finest in little states, and does in them best express all the intensity of the human spirit, there also comes a time when the larger, grosser and more inert states have learnt from them enough of civilisation to overcome their spiritual superiority with brute force. So it was with Greece ; and so again it was with Italy. For centuries the little city-states taught the world out of the fulness of their own knowledge and power. Each city was to its citizens a hundred times more than any mediæval country could be to its inhabitants. They kept the very idea of patriotism alive with the idea of freedom ; for freedom was their peculiar treasure, guarded within the walls of their own city ; and they made their city, as it were, a beautiful casket in which to guard it. Other men might like the countryside in which they were born,

but it did not belong to them as Florence belonged to the Florentine. It did not express their love and power, nor were they moved to beautify it with labours beyond what were needed to win their daily bread. If they fought, it was in a quarrel they did not understand; but the Florentine fought for his own city, and, when he walked its streets, he saw those great men who made it famous through the world. It was not merely an idea to him, but a fact always close to him in its beauty, always to be made more beautiful with his labours—a fact so concrete and so dear that he could not think or feel beyond it. And so it was with the other cities; and they remained city-states, each with its own passionate and narrow patriotism, while the nations round gained knowledge and power from them, until they began to turn greedy eyes upon their teachers. Italy united would have been safe against the Spaniards, and French, and Germans; but Italians had too fierce a love, each of his own city, to unite. They first in the modern world knew what patriotism was, and with it freedom; but it was so intense that they could not enlarge it; and therefore they lost their freedom, city by city, and without even the glory of one common struggle for it.

They lost it almost unawares; and then gradually their minds were prepared in adversity for that hope which, in their freedom and happiness, they had never even wished to entertain—the hope of United Italy. We do not know when it first began as a dream, or when it changed from a dream into a hope. Perhaps it was at that very moment when

the last republics died; or perhaps it grew into power at the Congress of Verona, concerning which Byron addressed Italy in bitter words:

> "Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
> The comedy is not upon the stage;
> The show is rich in ribandry and stars,
> Thou gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
> Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
> For thus much still thy fettered hands are free."

What an English poet said then aloud must have been felt more keenly in many Italian hearts. There were nations all round growing more conscious of themselves after the war of the nations; but Italy was not a nation, and no one, but a poet or two, called her one. She was only the tourists' country and the curator of her own past. If she would be quiet and show her treasures to the world, she would not be treated ill by her masters; but she must not force them to take her seriously.

She did force them to take her seriously; and the freeing of Italy was the greatest triumph of the spirit in the modern world. For it was the spirit of Italy that freed her; and even if she had great allies, it was her spirit that won them. And when her freedom was accomplished, and with it her unity, men might well believe that the victory was won for national freedom once for all, and that nothing remained but to make that victory elsewhere and inevitably complete.

Yet in that same year another national unity was accomplished, a unity no less natural and lawful, which was to involve a new danger to national

freedom all over the world. Men did not know it at the time. They did not see that while the unity of Italy was in freedom, the unity of Germany was in the willing slavery of a people who, because they were themselves content not to be free, would in time surely threaten the freedom of other nations. In the unity of Italy there remained the memory of all those lovely city-states, for the cities themselves remained and kept the love of their citizens; and so their common freedom was, and remains, a complex and harmonious thing, aiming at no uniformity and ever ready to sacrifice the proper diversity of freedom to power. The task for Italy, her highest ambition, which she has always kept before herself, is to solve that old problem which has never been solved before—to preserve the diversity and energy and spiritual intensity of the city-state within a larger unity powerful enough to defend itself against all attacks from without. But that was not the task which Germany set herself, the ambition which slowly possessed her with her greedy power. At the very outset of her unity, obtained in a war of conquest, she submitted herself to the predominance of Prussia, because Prussia, she believed, could teach her to be powerful. She gave away her freedom for a great price; and it was inevitable, as we see now, that she should try to exact that price from the world.

It was not unity in diversity that she desired, but uniformity for the sake of power. She deliberately refused that higher idea of a nation without which unity itself would have been to Italy too costly, and chose rather an idea as old as Assyria, the

sacrifice of all inner richness to outward power; and it was all the worse because she had so much inner richness to sacrifice. In a generation the old diverse, musical, philosophical Germany was changed into a machine, conscious of its own purpose—morbidly conscious, indeed—because of all the sacrifices it had made, but with a purpose entirely mechanical. And so it was certain that, when the trial of strength came at last, the two lately united nations would be found on opposite sides. The alliance which held them together for a time was purely artificial. Germany was the link between Italy and her ancient oppressor; it was Germany indeed who seemed to secure her from the attempted revenge of that oppressor; but all the while, unknown to her and to the world, Germany was becoming a more dangerous enemy to the common freedom of Europe than Austria herself had ever been or had ever hoped to be.

And as the threat of Germany began to reveal itself, her alliance with Italy grew of necessity more and more formal, as it was more and more against nature. The old oppressor, Austria, had become Germany's vassal; and there was nothing for Italy but to become either her enemy or her vassal too. This grew every day more plain in the years just before the war, and Italy did not need to nerve herself up to a decision when that was necessary. The decision possessed her like a passion; and she turned to her sister nations of the west because they were her sisters in mind and purpose, and joined to her by a tie stronger even than the tie of blood. If Italy had fought for the

German cause, if even she had remained neutral, she would have belied the very hopes in which she was reborn. She would have been no longer the Italy of the city-states and all their great children, not the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi, but a mock-Germany who had sold her own soul without even a chance of getting the price for it.

The German statesmen profess indignation at the treachery of Italy; but in their hearts they cannot feel it. For, apart from the fact that for them there is no such thing as treachery, they knew that for years there had been no interchange of confidence between Germany and Italy. They never told Italy that they meant an attack upon the liberties of the world. They were afraid to tell her that, because they knew that she was an ally, not an accomplice like their vassal Austria. And they knew that she could not be an accomplice because of her character and past history and present aims. If one is a partner in honest business with a man, one is not therefore bound to assist him in a burglary. And if one discovers that he is a burglar, there is nothing to be done but to dissolve the partnership and to assist justice against him. That was the course Italy took when the German power was at its height. It could not be said of her that she turned against her old ally in the hour of defeat. The moment at which she made war was the moment at which the pressure of her popular will became irresistible. In all the negotiations before, that will was only becoming conscious of itself. Italy knew at last that she could

not consent to a German victory. She is a part of Europe ; before she was a nation, she did more to make Europe what it is than any nation ; and she became a nation because the Europe which she had helped to make was Europe. How then could she sit still and watch the unmaking of Europe ? It was impossible, and we knew it from the first. We waited for the inevitable day ; and when it came, we were glad to have our sister with us. But we had loved her too much before ever to doubt her.

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

LETTRE D'UN FRANÇAIS À UN ITALIEN

[*This letter was addressed by Paul Sabatier to Professor Mariano Falcinelli, of Assisi, President of the "Société internationale des Études Franciscaines," of which M. Sabatier himself is the Honorary President. It was written immediately after the intervention of Italy.*—THE EDITOR.]

28 *Mai.*

CHER ET EXCELLENT PRÉSIDENT,—

Vous avez senti, n'est-ce pas, qu'en ces journées historiques ma pensée vole sans cesse vers vous avec une inexprimable émotion? Nos campagnes, apparemment muettes depuis dix mois, et qui semblaient n'avoir pas songé à fêter même la victoire de la Marne, hier ont tout à coup pavoisé ; et les plus reculés de nos villages se sont ornés d'une multitude de drapeaux aux couleurs de l'Italie. Je voudrais être poète pour vous dire, chers amis d'Assise, quelle sorte de joie vient de nous donner votre noble et grande Patrie.

Chez beaucoup de nos vieillards cévenois j'ai senti le contentement, tout simple et naturel, d'hommes qui, par leurs enfants, ont fait de grands sacrifices, dont toute l'énergie s'est tendue en un magnifique effort, et qui voient arriver, pour combattre les mêmes batailles, une armée jeune, belle, enthousiaste.

Mais ce concours matériel est loin d'être tout ce

que nous vous devons. Et ici je crains bien que la langue ne me fasse défaut pour exprimer ce que je sens si bien en moi, ce que j'ai senti si vivement chez beaucoup d'autres. Dans cette guerre que le peuple de France croyait impossible, et à laquelle on l'a brusquement contraint, il s'est redressé avec une énergie qu'il ne se soupçonnait pas, —et dont personne ne le savait capable, — pour une idée, ou plutôt pour l'idée. Il lui a semblé qu'il représentait l'effort moral, l'âme vivante, l'esprit même de la création menacé par des forces matérielles et brutales. Il a lutté d'instinct, avec une foi indomptable, sans songer à se préoccuper des succès ou des revers.

La sécurité de sa foi, la netteté de son devoir ne dépendent pas des circonstances. Mais quelle n'est pas l'ardeur de son entrain quand il voit d'autres peuples se lever à l'appel de la même idée. Il n'avait jamais pu douter de la victoire, parce qu'en douter eût été le suicide du divin en lui ; cependant, de cette certitude mystique du triomphe à la vue du triomphe, encore difficile, mais tout prochain, il y a loin. Or, cette distance, c'est vous, amis et frères d'Italie, qui nous avez permis de la franchir d'un bond.

Tout cela est fort complexe et pourtant je m'assure que nous nous comprenons. Il y a quelques mois, dans un élan d'horreur contre les atrocités dont le récit parvenait jusqu'à vous et de pitié pour tant de milliers d'innocentes victimes, vous aviez souhaité la paix et tenté un effort dans ce sens. Et voilà que cette guerre devient la vôtre, comme elle était la nôtre. Ou plutôt, vous l'avez

ASSISI

F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A.

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faite vôtre. Nous, nous y avions été entrainés de vive force, et rien au monde ne pouvait éloigner l'épreuve de nous, — sauf la trahison ou la lâche abdication,—vous, vous l'avez faite vôtre, par un acte de volonté réfléchie auquel toute la nation a collaboré. Pendant plus que neuf mois vous avez vu jour après jour ce qu'il en coûte de se défendre contre l'Allemagne. Deux petits-fils de Garibaldi, et autour d'eux une foule de vos concitoyens, sont tombés, là-bas, dans l'Argonne, inoubliables héros auxquels tous les cœurs bien nés du monde entier ont tressé des couronnes. Leurs compagnons de gloire et de labeur vous ont raconté ce que sont les carnages de la guerre moderne. Et voilà que ces corps à corps gigantesques que vous maudissiez naguère, que vous auriez voulu arrêter, vous vous y jetez à votre tour avec une mâle énergie. Et dans cette décision, qui semble au premier abord contredire votre effort pacifique d'il y a quelques mois, vous trouvez, j'en suis sûr, une immense joie et comme une délivrance.

Si d'autres que vous lisent ces lignes, peut-être jugeront-ils étrange que des amis de la paix soient heureux d'une déclaration de guerre ! Et pourtant il en est ainsi, n'est-il pas vrai ? C'est que, si nous y regardons bien, l'Italie a été amenée à ce pas décisif par des forces mystérieuses qui ne se pèsent ni ne se comptent ; mais qui, en de rares heures de l'histoire, renversent tout pour créer une ère nouvelle.

Je n'aurai pas l'impertinence de dire que les pourparlers diplomatiques ne furent qu'une sorte de vain cérémonial. Ils ont été sincères, et je sais

l'immense valeur intellectuelle et morale de Sonnino ; mais dans les salons de la " Consulta," entre lui et son interlocuteur, passait l'âme latine. Et l'âme latine vient de remporter une de ses plus grandes victoires historiques.

Le monde entier suspendait sa respiration pour voir ce qui allait se passer. L'émotion de la France était plus anxieuse encore : c'était un peu celle de la jeune fille qui aime, qui aime de toutes ses forces, qui croit être aimée et qui cependant n'a pas encore le droit de parler de son noble et idéal amour. Et alors, elle attend ; et dans son attente il y a, à la fois, émotion et sécurité ; car il lui semble que son amour est conforme à la nature des choses et à la vie. Il est à la fois très vif et très pur. Il est inspiré par un grand rêve de collaboration efficace à une œuvre idéale.

Et la France chaque matin levait les yeux vers Rome, et aussi vers tant d'autres de vos cités qui comptent plus dans l'histoire que Berlin et Vienne réunies ; et des signes qui aux autres ne disaient rien, faisaient battre son cœur plus fort. Lorsque les restes des Garibaldi quittèrent nos tranchées, elle les suivit, non comme on suit des cercueils, mais comme on suit les reliques de glorieux martyrs qui ont eu la joie de rendre témoignage à la vérité et dont la mort change le cours des choses. Les funérailles de Bruno et de Costante montrèrent que le cœur de l'Italie battait à l'unisson de celui de la France : puisque l'union des âmes était si éclatante, l'autre ne pouvait tarder.

3 *juin.*

Tels sont, chers amis d'Assise, les sentiments qui ont donné aux pièces diplomatiques par lesquelles votre pays s'est joint au nôtre, une base et une portée que jamais, au cours des siècles, n'avaient eues des arrangements internationaux : jamais peuple civilisé n'a été tenté de considérer les traités comme des chiffons de papier, mais les plus importantes conventions ne s'occupent d'ordinaire que de questions matérielles. Cette fois le travail des chancelleries a été précédé, inspiré et dominé, on peut le dire, par des explosions de sentiments qui feront que les forces les plus vives de chacun de nos peuples travailleront ensemble, s'harmoniseront, s'intensifieront et arriveront dans un prochain avenir à une hauteur de vues digne de préparer une civilisation nouvelle.

Ce n'est pas le hasard qui a fait que Slaves, Anglo-Saxons et Latins, nous nous trouvons unis en un effort commun contre la force brutale et que le nom d'Entente lui a été donné. Cette appellation nouvelle indique une cohésion morale inspirée par l'intelligence et le cœur, et où les stipulations matérielles ne sont guère que les premières pierres milliaires d'un chemin qui se prolonge au delà de ce que nous pouvons voir et prévoir.

Notre viatique au moment où nous partons tous, la main dans la main, pour cette épopée nouvelle n'est pas un sentiment de haine. Nous avons eu horreur des atrocités allemandes, de ce hideux militarisme organisé avec une si redoubtable méthode, et qui semble avoir fait disparaître des consciences la distinction du bien et du mal ; nous avons frémi

et nous eussions été tentés, si c'eût été possible, de douter de Dieu et de la vérité, en voyant la grossière hypocrisie qui profane les deux plus nobles efforts de l'humanité : la religion et la science ; mais notre instinct optimiste a repris bien vite le dessus. Nous avons avec nous les forces profondes, les forces vraies ; celles qui ont pu être mises en échec provisoirement au cours de l'histoire, mais qui, à travers toutes les difficultés, ne cessent pourtant pas de grandir : le droit, la justice, la liberté, la vie, l'amour.

C'est à ce triomphe que nous nous sommes donnés, et non pas à la réalisation de rêves sanguinaires. Quand la Germanie aura été enchaînée et placée dans l'impossibilité absolue de mettre de nouveau ses voisins en péril, nous aurons vis-à-vis d'elle des devoirs précis. Nous n'abandonnons pas les démoniaques et les déments, même les plus dangereux ; mais après les avoir réduits à l'impuissance nous guettons les instants de lucidité pour tâcher d'éveiller en eux la conscience. Nous ferons de même pour nos ennemis d'aujourd'hui, sans trop compter sur leur guérison à bref délai : d'une part, en garde contre le véritable génie de simulation dont sont souvent capables les aliénés ; d'autre part, fermement décidés à faire vis-à-vis d'eux tout notre devoir de membres de l'humanité.

C'est ainsi que cette guerre, plus atroce que ce que l'imagination aurait pu supposer, prend, vue de nos lignes, un caractère d'effort moral.

Pardonnez-moi de vous retenir si longtemps, car tout cela, vous le savez, mais j'ai éprouvé le besoin de venir en parler avec vous, d'en rêver avec vous,

comme on rêve d'une musique qu'on entend tous les jours, dont on ne se lasse jamais, et dans la répétition de laquelle on trouve un aliment spirituel toujours ancien, toujours nouveau.

Et puis, il faut bien nous avouer que tous les dangers qui nous menacent ne sont pas là-bas, au delà de la dernière ligne occupée par nos soldats.

Les idées allemandes se sont infiltrées partout et il a pu y avoir çà et là quelques-uns de nos jeunes gens qui, un instant, se sont laissé séduire par la théorie du surhomme et de la force créant le droit.

En faisant appel aux passions les plus brutales, l'Allemagne a réveillé des instincts qui somnolent en chacun de nous, que de longs siècles de civilisation avaient presque éliminés, mais contre le retour desquels il faut nous prémunir. Fatalement nous sommes tentés de répondre à nos adversaires sur le terrain même où ils nous attaquent, et avec les moyens qu'ils emploient. C'est là que notre patriotisme devra s'élever à une hauteur de vues non encore atteinte par l'humanité et dont l'histoire du passé ne nous fournit pas d'exemple.

Vaincre nos ennemis sur les champs de bataille, les réduire à merci, n'est en effet pas la seule tâche qui s'impose. Quand celle-là sera couronnée d'un plein succès, il s'en présentera une autre, non moins nécessaire, non moins difficile, et qu'il faut prévoir dès maintenant : je veux parler de la lutte qu'il s'agira d'engager dans nos divers pays et dans nos propres cœurs contre les idées et les méthodes de l'Allemagne. Ni les hommes d'église, ni les hommes de science n'ont su chez nos ennemis voir à quelles monstruosités morales et politiques

les conduisait une fausse conception de l'amour de la patrie.

Deutschland über alles !

Quelques générations ont suffi durant lesquelles toutes les voix artistiques, religieuses et scientifiques ont enseigné cela, pour fausser les idées et le cœur de ce pays et en faire non seulement un redoubtable danger pour ses voisins de l'Europe, mais un péril moral pour la civilisation tout entière.

Voilà ce qu'il ne faut pas perdre de vue un seul instant, et puisque l'opinion publique des nations alliées est restée pure, puisqu'elle sent que le vrai culte de la patrie trouve sa consécration dans l'amour de la vérité, de la justice, du droit et de la liberté, veillons pieusement sur ces germes d'idéalisme en nous et autour de nous, pour les développer, et faire qu'au lendemain du cataclysme européen, ils soient plus vigoureux que jamais.

Nous ne pouvons pas tout, mais nous pouvons quelque chose pour que les divines clartés prennent chaque jour plus d'éclat. Nous allons délivrer al Serbie et la Belgique, les provinces *Irredente* et l'Alsace-Lorraine, ressusciter la Pologne ; dans cet effort nous aurons avec nous toutes les forces vives de l'humanité, non seulement pour applaudir et admirer, mais obligées en quelque sorte de se trouver en communion d'idées avec nous et solidaires de ce que nous ferons. L'Entente s'élargira encore et la paix européenne sera établie sur des bases qu'elle n'a jamais eues. Si au contraire nous succombions à la tentation de nous venger de nos

ennemis en employant contre eux leurs propres armes, en nous inspirant de leurs méthodes, en créant de nouveaux pays *irredenti* ou de nouvelles Alsaces, notre victoire serait précaire et la paix mal assurée.

Ces bases morales de l'Entente doivent être gravées en caractères ineffaçables sur nos drapeaux afin d'écarter de notre chemin l'adhésion de quiconque n'a pas cet idéal et méditerait d'utiliser notre supériorité matérielle pour des entreprises contre le droit ou la liberté des autres.

Il serait singulièrement dangereux de ne pas nous rendre compte de l'immensité de la tâche que nous avons entreprise. Ni nos fils, ni nos petits-fils n'en verront la fin. La déroute du militarisme prussien et l'abaissement de l'orgueil germanique ne sera qu'un point de départ. Il faudra bientôt déterminer les causes, établir les responsabilités : et alors on s'apercevra que les crimes qui ont fait trembler d'étonnement et d'indignation le monde entier sont la suite naturelle et pas très lointaine d'erreurs morales. L'aveuglement scientifique des princes de la critique et de la science allemandes qui ont signé le manifeste des 93, l'absence de tout sursaut de conscience, de pitié ou d'amour chez les cardinaux et les évêques, aussi bien que chez les pasteurs protestants et les aumôniers qui ont assisté à des massacres et à des profanations qu'on n'ose raconter, tout cela découle de l'erreur qui consiste à diviniser la patrie, à voir dans ses intérêts—même les plus matériels—les fins suprêmes.

L'erreur allemande guette tous les peuples, elle nous guettera surtout quand nous serons penchés

pieusement sur nos patries respectives pour en panser les blessures.

Si après la victoire sur les champs de bataille nous n'arrivions pas à remporter la victoire spirituelle et à réintégrer l'idéal à la place qui lui convient, l'héroïsme de nos soldats n'aurait fait que reculer la catastrophe de quelques années.

Le culte de la force et de la matière que l'Allemagne a érigé en religion d'État n'a laissé aucun autre peuple tout à fait indemne. Puisque nous nous sommes levés tous ensemble pour arrêter sa marche triomphale, rendons-nous bien compte de l'effort gigantesque qui nous est demandé. Désormais, nous sommes les représentants de l'ascension humaine vers la vérité et vers la sainteté et toutes les émotions, toutes les ardeurs, toutes les espérances dont tressaillit le cœur de François d'Assise doivent faire tressaillir les nôtres.

La mission qui s'impose à nous est de restaurer le temple des idées éternelles : " *Vade, Francisce, et repara domum meam quae tota, ut cernis, destruitur.*" A cette œuvre, qui ne consistera ni à renverser le passé ni à le répéter, mais à l'accomplir et à donner à la civilisation morale et spirituelle une vigueur analogue à celle des progrès accomplis dans le domaine matériel, viendra collaborer l'élite du monde entier ; mais vous ne trouverez pas étonnant, j'espère, que les autres membres de l'Entente se tournent avec confiance vers l'Italie et se rappellent qu'elle n'est pas seulement la terre classique de l'art et du soleil, mais celle aussi de la sainteté. Et nous, franciscanisants d'au delà des Alpes, qui sommes vos frères, vos admirateurs et vos obligés,

un peu plus encore que le reste de nos compatriotes, nous savons à n'en pas douter que le sol de l'Ombrie n'a pas perdu sa fertilité et que la terre qui donna au monde saint Benoît, saint François, sainte Claire, fr. Égide, fr. Léon et tant d'autres, saura nous donner encore les serviteurs de l'idéal après lesquels nous soupirons : " *Rorate, coeli, desuper et nubes pluant justum.*"

Il me serait doux de penser, chers amis d'Assise, que vous ne m'en voudrez pas de cette trop longue lettre, et qu'elle ne vous semblera pas trop indigne d'être lue sur le sol béni où naquit le Patriarche de la démocratie chrétienne, le Précurseur d'une ère nouvelle. Je n'ai pu m'empêcher de venir causer avec vous en cette heure grave entre toutes, persuadé que, concitoyens du plus grand des rénovateurs spirituels qui aient existé depuis le Christ, vous avez saisi toute l'ampleur de la tâche qui incombe à l'Europe nouvelle et que la petite ville chantée par Dante réalisera la prophétie de l'immortel poète :

> " . . . Chi d'esso loco fa parole
> non dica Ascesi, che direbbe corto,
> ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole."

Votre dévoué et heureux concitoyen,

PAUL SABATIER.

LETTER TO AN ITALIAN FRIEND.

May 28.

DEAR AND EXCELLENT PRESIDENT,—You have surely felt, in these historic days, how my thoughts fly straight to you with inexpressible eagerness. Our French country-side, seemingly silent for ten months, and which appeared never to have thought of celebrating the victory of the Marne, was stirred yesterday to the full depths of its being; and our most remote villages were bright with a thousand flags displaying the colours of Italy.

I wish I were a poet, so that I might fitly tell you, dear friends of Assisi, what manner of joy has been given us now by your noble and great country.

From many an old man of our Cevennes I have felt the satisfaction, simple and natural, which comes to those who, after the supreme sacrifice they have made in the giving up of their well-beloved sons—after concentrating their energies in this one supreme effort—at last see arising to fight the same battles a new army, young, beautiful, alive with enthusiasm. But this material aid is far from being all that we owe you. And here I fear that my tongue will falter when I try to tell you what I feel so deeply in my own heart, and what I feel so profoundly moving the hearts of so many others.

In this war, which the people of France had

DOLORE

Emilio Quadrelli (*Milan*)

thought impossible, and to which they found themselves called without a moment's warning, they have shown an energy surprising to themselves, a strength of which no one knew them capable, in their devotion to an ideal—or, better still, to the greatest of ideals.

To themselves they seem to stand for moral effort, for the living soul, for the very spirit of creation threatened by material, brute force. They have fought instinctively with unconquerable faith, without a thought of whether, for the moment, successes shall come or repulses.

The firmness of their faith, their clear and distinct perception of duty have nothing to do with mere circumstance. Yet how their ardour flames anew, when they see other peoples answer the call of the same ideal!

They had never really doubted that victory must be theirs in the end, for such a doubt would have been a suicide of the spirit; but between this mystic certitude of triumph and its actual achievement—hard, even though it be not far away—there is a road to travel.

To-day we owe to you, friends and brothers of Italy, the swift, sure sense that we have almost accomplished the journey. All this may seem complex; but I am sure that we understand one another. A few months ago, in an outburst of horror at the atrocities of which the story had come to you, and of pity for the thousands on thousands of innocent sufferers, you longed for peace, and tried hard to preserve it. And to-day this war is yours, too, just as it was ours.

Or rather, you have made it yours. We were forced into it. Nothing in the world could have spared us this trial except treason, or base submission. You, on the other hand, have made it yours by a deliberate act of your national will, in which your whole nation has joined together. Through more than nine months you saw, day by day, what it costs to make a stand against the onslaught of Germany. Two grandsons of Garibaldi, and with them a swarm of your fellow-countrymen, have already fallen there, in the Argonne, deathless heroes for whom every honest heart in the whole world has woven a wreath. Their living fellows in glory, and in battle, have told you what manner of thing the carnage is in modern war.

And here, in this gigantic struggle to the death which you deplored, so little while ago, and did your best to stop, you have yourselves joined with the full vigour of manhood. And in this decision, which at first glance may appear inconsistent with your effort for peace of those few months ago, you feel, I am certain, the joy of a great enfranchisement. If foreigners should read these lines they may perhaps find it strange that true lovers of peace should be glad of a declaration of war.

And, indeed, it is so. It has happened, if we perceive things aright, because Italy has been impelled to this decisive step by mysterious forces, beyond the scope of weighing or of counting, such as in those rare moments of history which are great bring all things crashing down, so that out of the ruin there may be shaped a new era.

It is not that I believe the attempts of diplomacy

to have been hollow shams. They were sincere. I, for one, fully recognise the measureless moral and intellectual worth of Sonnino, but between him and his interlocutor, in the very depth of their council-chamber, there swept the spirit of the Latin race. And, at this moment, that spirit of the Latin race has won a victory which shall count among the greatest in its history.

The whole world held its breath, as it waited to see what should happen. The anxiety of France was deepest of all. It had a character all its own; it was what a young girl might feel, who loves with all her heart, who believes that she is loved, and yet has not heard the word which should let her speak out her love, in all the nobility of its ideal. So she waits; and in her waiting she is anxious and yet undoubting; for to her such love as hers seems a part of nature and of life. It is at once flaming, yet utterly pure; its inspiration is a noble dream that human beings can work together towards an end that shall not be of the flesh.

So, day after day, France cast its eyes on Rome, and on those other cities of yours which count more, each by herself, in the history of mankind than Berlin and Vienna rolled into one. And signs which to others might have meant nothing, made the heart of France beat stronger.

When the bodies of the two Garibaldis left our trenches, France followed them not as one might follow a funeral procession, but as the relics of martyrs are followed who have had the glory and the joy of bearing witness to the truth, and whose death has changed the course of things to come.

The funeral rites of Bruno and of Costante proved that the heart of Italy was beating in unison with the heart of France; when union of spirits is so close, the rest must follow soon.

June 3.

Such, dear friends of Assisi, are the feelings which give the diplomatic papers now uniting your country with ours a depth and a scope such as in all the course of the ages no international documents have ever had before.

There has never been a time, to be sure, when any civilised people has been even tempted to regard treaties as scraps of paper. But even the most important diplomatic documents are generally concerned only with material affairs. This time the work of the Chanceries was preceded, was inspired, was controlled, if one may use the term, by an outburst of emotion in which the most vital forces which inspired both of our peoples seemed bound to work together, in harmony with crescent power, until in the end they should rise together to a height whence together they could plan the civilisation of the future.

It is by no mere chance that the Allies—Slavs, Anglo-Saxons, and Latins—who are making in common their great effort to resist mere brute force, have been apt to call their own alliance by the name of Entente, or Understanding. This new term implies that their cohesion is moral, that it is inspired at once by the intellect and by the heart, that material conditions are not the milestones in the road which we mean to travel, and that we shall tread this road together so long as we can see or foresee.

Our watchword, at this moment in which we are starting, hand in hand, on this new path of glory, has in it no tinge of hatred. We abhor the atrocities of the Germans, of their hateful militarism organised with so terrific a system that it seems to have blurred out of its conscience any distinction between good and evil. We have shuddered, and had it been possible, we might have been tempted to doubt the being of God and of Truth, when we saw their coarse hypocrisy profane the two noblest forces in humanity—religion and science. But our instinctive spirit of hope soon took the lead of us again. We have on our side the deep forces, and the true: those which in the course of history have now and then been threatened for a while, but which through all troubles and perils have never ceased to struggle forward into ever greater growth: the forces of right, of justice, of freedom, of life, of love.

It is for the triumph of these that we are striving, and not for dreams of bloodshed.

When Germany shall at last be shackled, and put where she can no longer endanger those about her, we shall have duties towards her. We do not abandon those who are possessed of devils, nor the mad, however dangerous they be, but after we have placed them where they can do no more harm we watch for the lucid interval wherein we may perhaps reawaken them to consciousness and conscience. So we shall do for our enemies of to-day, with no undue hope that their cure can come in any short space of time, on our guard against the genius for dissimulation which we know to be a part of madness,

but firmly determined to do for them all which we owe them as fellow-members of the human race.

So this war, more atrocious than any which imagination could have conceived beforehand, takes on, when seen from where we ourselves stand now, the character of a moral crusade.

Forgive me for dwelling so long on what you all know already. I have felt the need of speaking of it to you, of dreaming of it with you, as one dreams of some music, heard every day, yet never cloying, in the notes of which there is exhaustless food for the spirit, for ever old yet for ever new.

And then it must be admitted that all the dangers which threaten us are not on the further side of the lines defended by our soldiers. German ideas have soaked in everywhere, and here and there our own youth are seduced for the while by the theories of Superman, and of Might makes Right.

By appealing to our most animal passions, Germany has aroused instincts dormant in us all, almost subdued by centuries of civilisation, but still so strong that we must guard against their resurrection. We are almost fatally tempted to meet our enemy on his own ground, and to fight him with his own weapons. Here our patriotism must rise to a height not yet attained by mere humanity, unexampled in the history of the past.

To conquer our foes in battle, to make them sue for terms of peace, is nowise our only duty. When that is crowned with full success, another will be before us, for which we must begin to make ready even now. I mean the strife which we must wage,

FISHWIVES

Augustus John

in our own countries and in our own hearts, against the ideals and the methods of Germany.

Neither the men of God there nor the men of learning can perceive to-day the moral and political enormities to which they have been led by a mistaken notion of the love they owe their Fatherland.

A few generations, during which every artistic, every scientific, and every religious voice has taught untruth to the heads and the hearts of Germany, have sufficed to make that country not only a peril to all its neighbours in Europe, but a moral peril to all civilisation.

That is what we must not forget for a single instant. Even though in the allied countries public opinion still be pure, even though in them patriotism still be consecrated by love of truth and of justice, of right and of liberty, we must ever cherish these germs of idealism in ourselves and in those about us, to the end that on the morrow of this European cataclysm they shall be stronger than ever.

We cannot all do everything, but we can each do his own part, that the glory of God shall shine day by day with new brightness.

We have started to free Servia and Belgium, to redeem Alsace and Lorraine, to revive Poland: in this attempt we have with us all the energies of humanity, not only admiring us and urging us on, but as it were bound to find themselves in communion with our spirit, fellow-workers in that which we shall achieve.

The Entente—the Understanding—shall grow wider still, and the peace of Europe shall base itself on foundations unknown of old. But if, on the

other hand, we yield to the temptation of taking vengeance on our enemies, wielding against them their own weapons, inspiring our own spirits with their methods, making anew countries which shall claim redemption, repeating the story of Alsace, our victory shall be for only a little while, and our peace shall have no security but the sword.

The moral foundations of the Entente—of the Understanding—must be so stamped in our standards that they shall forbid the joining with us of any who should plan to make use of our moral superiority to limit or to modify the rights and the liberties of others.

It would be terribly dangerous not to realise how vast a task we have undertaken. Neither our children nor our children's children shall see its end. The overthrow of Prussian militarism, the humbling of German pride, will be only the beginning. Then we must go on to determine the causes, to fix the responsibility. Then we shall prove clearly that the crimes which have filled the whole trembling world with amazement and wrath are the natural and immediate results of moral mistakes.

The scientific blindness of those leaders of German criticism and science who signed the manifesto of the Ninety-three, the want of any gleam of conscience, of pity, or of love among their cardinals and bishops, as well as among their salaried Protestant clergy, who have calmly looked on at massacres and sacrileges too horrible for words, all spring from the error which makes a deity of the Fatherland, and sees in its interests, even of the most earthly kind, a supreme end to

strive for. These German pitfalls will endanger all peoples, but most of all ourselves, now at war, when the time shall come for us pitifully to care for our own countries, and to do what we may to heal their wounds.

If after victory on the field of battle, we fail to win spiritual victory, and to place ideals where they truly should be, the heroism of our soldiers will have done no more than postpone our own catastrophe for a few years.

The worship of might and of matter which Germany has erected into a State religion has left no nation quite free from its allurements. Since we are all now arisen together to oppose its triumphal progress, let us be well aware of the gigantic task we are called on to do. At this moment we embody the rise of all humanity toward truth and holiness; and all the strivings, all the fervours, all the hopes which leaped in the heart of Francis of Assisi should leap in ours.

The mission imposed on us is to rebuild the temple of the ideals which are everlasting: "*Vade, Francisce, et repara domum meam quae tota, ut cernis, destruitur.*"

In this work, which shall consist neither in destroying the past nor in restoring it, but in fulfilling it and in giving to the new moral and spiritual civilisation a strength comparable with that already achieved in material things, the chosen people of the whole world must work together. Yet you will not find it strange, I hope, if the other members of the Entente—of the Understanding—turn themselves in full faith towards Italy, reminding them-

selves that Italy is the classic land not only of art and of sunshine, but equally of saintliness.

And we lovers of the spirit of Francis from beyond the Alps, we who are your brethren and your grateful admirers, we—even more than our fellow-countrymen—are certain that the soil of Umbria has not lost its richness, and that the land which gave the world Saint Benedict, Saint Francis, Saint Clara, Brother Giles, Brother Leo, and so many more, shall give birth still to devotees of the great ideal, in following whose footsteps we may breathe out the words: "*Rorate, coeli, desuper et nubes pluant justum.*"

It will be pleasant to think, dear friends of Assisi, that this too long letter of mine will not vex you, and that it may seem to you not too unworthy of a reading on that sacred soil where the Patriarch of Christian Democracy was born, the forerunner of a new dispensation. I have not come to speak in your midst in this most solemn of times, for I am persuaded that you, fellow-citizens of the greatest of all the refreshers of the soul who have come into being since Christ, have already understood the vastness of the account to which the new Europe shall be called; and that the little city, whereof Dante sung, shall bring to pass the prophecy of the deathless poet:

> ". . . Chi d'esso loco fa parole
> non dica Ascesi, che direbbe corto,
> ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole."

Your most loving and happy fellow-citizen,

PAUL SABATIER.

Translated by Professor Barrett Wendell.

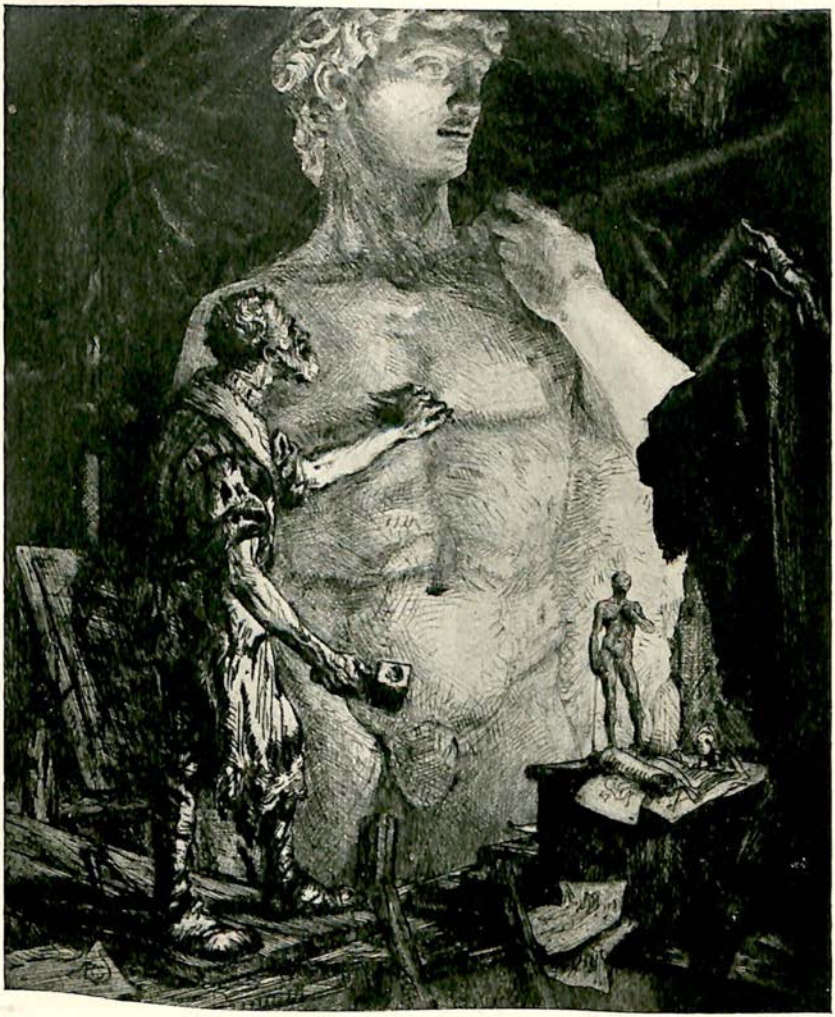
MODERN ITALY AND GREECE

A CONTRAST

A THOUGHTFUL traveller in Greece and Italy can hardly fail to be struck by the paucity of relics of the Middle Ages in the one country, and their frequency in the other. In Greece he may journey for hours or even days together, without seeing any work of man's hand to remind him of the two thousand years or more which divide the stately remains of ancient temples and palaces and fortresses from the mean cottages of the modern peasantry. A few—a very few—fine Byzantine churches, with their mosaics and eikons, the mouldering ruins of Venetian castles, and monasteries which contrast by their squalor and poverty with the natural beauty of their surroundings, are almost the only monuments bequeathed to modern Greece by the centuries which have enriched modern Italy in profusion with all the splendour of mediæval architecture and sculpture and painting. And it is not merely the rarity, but the style of the remains of the Middle Ages which impresses the mind of a traveller in Greek lands with a melancholy sense of artistic and national decay. He contrasts the stiff grotesque figures and narrow limitations of Byzantine art with the noble freedom and variety of ancient Greek sculpture; he turns from the rude masonry of the

Venetian castles, their rough little stones hastily huddled together without order, to contrast with it the massive solidity and beautiful symmetry of ancient Greek fortifications, where the great blocks are hewn and squared to a nicety and laid together in such exact order that it is frequently difficult to detect the joinings. Yet these magnificent walls often mark the sites of little towns which played an insignificant part in Greek history, and of which even the names are in many cases forgotten. Few things can testify more eloquently to the populousness and wealth, as well as to the patriotism, the energy, and the skill of those tiny Greek communities, than the ruined but still splendid walls and towers by which they sought to guard their liberty; few things can set in a stronger light the decline of modern by comparison with ancient Greece. It is almost as if in the history of the country the Middle Ages had been blotted out, or as if from the reign of Justinian to the War of Liberation the land had been destitute of human inhabitants or tenanted only by flocks and herds under the charge of a few wandering shepherds and herdsmen.

The causes of this long period of intellectual and moral stagnation, or rather retrogression, are no doubt many and various. By the crushing weight of her financial oppression, Rome at once drained the material resources and sapped the vital energies of the people, while at the same time her world-wide dominion, powerfully seconded by the teachings of a cosmopolitan religion, dissolved the ties of purely local patriotism and broke the spring of



MICHELANGIOLO AT WORK

Robert Spence, R.E.

those civic virtues which that patriotism had fostered. On the nation, thus impoverished and enfeebled, there fell like an incubus the long blight of the Turkish dominion, which completed the work of degradation and decay. While the Turk as a man appears to have many good qualities, which win him the esteem of those who know him, the Turks as a people are to all intents as unprogressive as their own sheep and oxen. They may discard the turban for the fez, the yataghan for the bayonet, the bow and arrow for the rifle and the machine gun, but in the frame of their minds and the circle of their ideas they are what their forefathers were, when their hordes emerged from the deserts of Central Asia and trampled under foot the last surviving relics of the Byzantine Empire. In the centuries which have elapsed since they established their alien rule on European soil, have they contributed anything to European literature or science or art? Have they produced a single man who is known to the world at large for anything but the wars he waged or the massacres he ordered? Since the advance of their victorious arms ceased to be a menace to European civilisation, Turkey has served only as a makeweight in European politics, to be thrown from time to time into the scales by unscrupulous statesmen in order to trim the balance of power or to incline it in their own favour.

It is one of the many blessings of Italy that she has never been subject to the rule of these Asiatic barbarians, that the Turk has never gained even a foothold on her soil. True, she has bowed her neck to the yoke of many northern invaders from

the days of the Goths onward, but barbarous as have been many of her conquerors, they have been at least more or less akin to her in race and language, and some of them have contributed to the glories of Italian art, and probably also of Italian literature. Certainly these invasions have never for any long period together interrupted the course of native Italian genius. The fall of the Roman Empire was followed by the rise of the separate Italian states, each with its active municipal life, its industries and commerce, its local art and literature. And in Italy the darkness of the Middle Ages was a prelude to the splendid dawn of the Renaissance. The sun of ancient learning which set on Constantinople rose again on Rome; the fall of the Byzantine Empire scattered the dying embers of Greek scholarship and blew them up into fresh fire in Italy, which handed them on to the West. Hence Italy, unlike Greece, is crowded with monuments of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the fruitful centuries which have elapsed since that mighty awakening of the European mind; it is haunted by the memories of the great men who in every department of human activity have illuminated and enriched not only their country, but mankind by the energy of their character, the range of their knowledge, the originality of their ideas, the light and fire of their imagination. The busy marts, the great libraries, the magnificent churches, the stately palaces, the glowing canvases, the breathing sculptures in bronze and marble which adorn Italian cities, are only the most obvious, because the outward and visible evidence of that inward spiritual

life, so potent, so varied, so abundant, which has animated the Italian people uninterruptedly from antiquity till now. What a debt does not the world owe to Italian merchants and explorers, to Italian artists and craftsmen, to Italian poets and musicians, to Italian scholars and thinkers! Contrast the amazing fertility of the Italian genius in mediæval and modern times with the almost absolute sterility of the Greek in the same period. Since the final separation of the Eastern from the Western Empire, what has Greece contributed to the sum of human thought, to the progress of human knowledge, to the improvement of human society? If we except the legislation of Justinian, which was rather a codification of old Roman law than a fresh contribution to jurisprudence, the Byzantine Empire produced nothing of value for the general amelioration of our race; it gave birth to no single great writer or philosopher or artist whose influence extended far beyond the limits of his native land, and whose name the world will not willingly let die. And the same blight which sterilised the Greek genius through the Byzantine period persisted under the Turkish dominion, and has continued with little change from the War of Liberation to the present day. In literature, in science, in art, the map of modern Greece might almost be a blank for all that the country has contributed to the higher departments of thought, to the noblest activities of the human mind.

In these, as well as in the sphere of politics, Greece has been far outstripped by her ancient rival, and lives, like Spain, for the world at large chiefly in the

memory of her glorious past. Of the three great southern peninsulas which were touched by the early beams of civilisation while the rest of Europe was still plunged in heathen darkness, Italy alone has kept the sacred fire burning on her altars from then till now. Naturally one of the most beautiful countries on earth, she is historically perhaps the most interesting of all, by reason of the long unbroken development which links her present to her past. She is the golden bridge across which we can still travel in thought back through the night of the Middle Ages to the sunset glory of the antique world; she is like one of her own ancient aqueducts which still brings to the heart of the Eternal City a current of living water from the purple mountains that loom, faint and dim as dreams, on the far horizon. *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra.*

J. G. FRAZER.

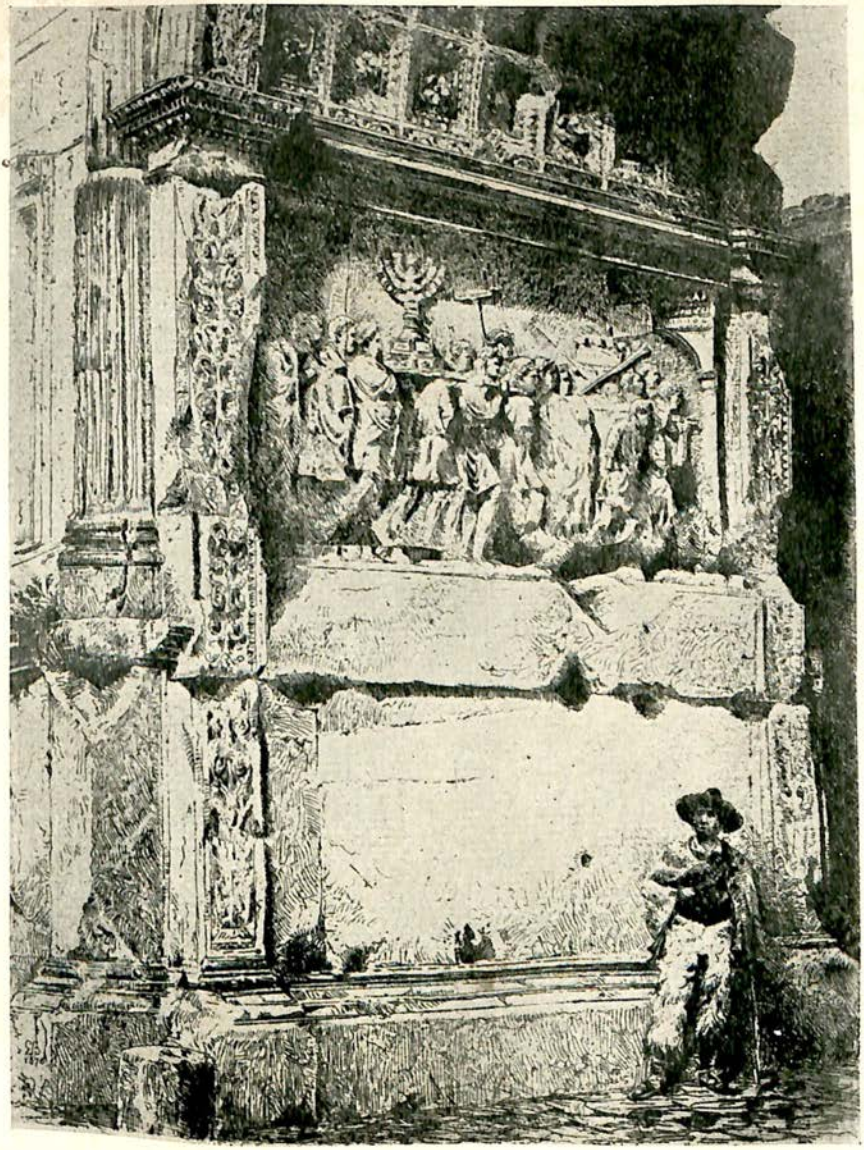
ITALY AND THE GERMAN PROFESSORS

BISMARCK is said to have observed that Italy was only a geographical expression. If he did, the remark is merely interesting as proving that even the most practical German is only a pedant. That is, he is a person radically and incurably incompetent to grasp the real truth about anything. He is, indeed, a person all of whose expressions are merely geographical expressions. To him the atlas is more actual than the earth. Bismarck was much more of a failure than a success; and even that in which he succeeded has now come near to destruction in forty years. With everything else he failed, and failed in a peculiar way; not merely by underrating his enemy, but by ignoring him. He would not see that the Pope was the Pope, or that the Poles were the Poles. In such cases he did not fall on his enemy like an enemy; he fell over him —like a hassock. And his careful and brutal intelligence would certainly be quite bewildered if he saw the mountains of dead upon the Carso and the assaults in the cracks of the Alps, in which his geographical expression is now expressing itself.

In a highly helpless publication called *The Continental Times*, written by Germans for Americans, or rather (to speak more strictly) written by idiots for idiots, there was a passage threatening St. Mark's

and the other monuments of Italian art and piety with destruction out of the sky. It attempted to justify the course of action by a curious argument drawn from the fact that the Italians had already taken certain precautions to protect them. The argument would seem to be that a man is not to blame for being a burglar, so long as somebody else entertained a strong suspicion that he *was* a burglar. Such subtleties, however, need not detain us; for I only mention *The Continental Times* because it further decorated its defence with a fine flourish of contempt for "tourists"—who were apparently the only people who were interested in the existence of Italy. It is true that travellers are sometimes to be found beside the grave of Dante or the monument of the Medici; and that these are often Teutons. It is true that Italy provides the tombs, while Germany provides the tourists; but it has been alleged by some that the tombs do not look at the tourists, while the tourists do look at the tombs. There will be a good many graves in Germany before this business is over; but none of us will go to see them.

The attitude of the German towards the history of Italy is suitable to the simple mind from which it sprang. It consists in saying that all great Italians were not legitimate Italians, but illegitimate Germans. Anonymous German mercenaries of unprecedented profligacy and omnipresent industry are conceived as having provided families for Italians of every status and social type. It is quite gravely asserted that the irresistible charms of some beery captain from the camps of Westphalia or the Rhine-



ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

Senatore Luca Beltrami, Hon. Mem. R.I.B.A. (Milan)

land must afford the true explanation of the subtlety of the Monna Lisa or the silvery sketches of Raphael. The supporters of such a theory are not disturbed by the reflection that it would be just as easy to sing the glory of Africa, by alleging that an escaped negro must have been the father of Dickens or Tennyson ; and that the incident would be infinitely more probable in the case of Emerson or Poe. They are not easily disturbed. The absence of evidence is to the dry and deductive Latin an obstacle, but to the creative Teuton an opportunity. Besides, the German professors do not wholly disdain to offer evidence, like gods condescending to work an occasional miracle fitted for the frailty of men. Needless to say, their evidence, when they do give it, is as crushing as any miracle. Thus, Herr Woltmann actually saw the photograph of a picture of a crowd which contains a head which is said to have been meant for Benvenuto Cellini. And " to judge from the photograph, the eyes are light in colour, presumably blue, as blue eyes alone are wont to give in photography so light a reflex." There is a piece of patient German research for you ! There is nothing like going to the original authorities. And if somebody thought somebody had painted Cellini's eyes as blue, then they were blue ; and if they were blue his father was a German and his mother an undesirable person. Or again, Herr Woltmann found out, by similarly close and laborious researches, that Michael Angelo's name was Buonarotti. And he says, " Corresponding names are Macarodt, Ostereth, Leonard." If you or I had a son called Leonard, we should not perhaps fully realise that we

had called him Macarodt; or if we had been so misguided as to call our dog Ostereth, we should scarcely be surprised if he did not answer to the name of Buonarotti. But when we have added to this the fact that Michael Angelo was "of well-built body, sinewy and bony rather than fleshy and fat, sound, more than anything else, both by nature, by bodily exercise, and by abstinence, though as a child he was weakly and subject to fits," we feel somehow led on, we know not how, to a soul-moving and mysterious conviction that Michael Angelo was a German. The same principle is applied to Leonardo da Vinci, whose mother was "a robust and sound stamp of humanity," and therefore of German humanity; and to Raphael, who "in his youth had light blond hair and bluish eyes, but with advancing age hair and eyes assumed a somewhat darker shading;" a transition quite unknown outside the Germanies.

I have given some examples of this singular style in Italian history, because it is very largely upon towers of such trash that the whole huge edifice of Prussian scholarly prestige is erected. But it is still worth asking why it is that Italy has been so specially the playground of German pedants, as of German pleasure-seekers. After all, even such a lunatic as Woltmann would be a little bit staggered by the task of appropriating all the great men of a more settled and less varied nation. It is true that Mr. Houston Chamberlain calls Pascal "the true Germanic Lorrainer," and that Pascal was no more German than Houston Chamberlain himself. It is true that the German critics seem to

treat Shakespeare as a German poet—that is, as something very like a madman. But a faint sense of the comic might creep even into the German mind if, let us say, all the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, or all the orators of the French Revolution, were similarly proved to have been Germans. When we have reflected upon what is the reality behind this fantastic difference of treatment, we shall have partially discovered the great romance of modern Italy.

So far from its being the fact that wandering Germans have founded all the greatness of Italy, the truth is that wandering Italians have very largely founded the greatness that is to be discovered everywhere else. An Italian carried the French Revolution to its triumph over all the tyrannies of the world. An Italian carried the first ship of Spain to the new worlds which were to become the Spanish Empire. Again and again, in every corner of Europe, you will find the laying out of a garden or the erection of an observatory, a type of lyric, or a use of electricity ; and if you ask for the name to which it is owing, you will be answered in the Italian tongue. That flaming figure who was to our own immediate English fathers something almost dearer and more national than their own country, that figure in the red romantic shirt which filled with shouting the London streets, was typical of the country he recreated in a manner that extended beyond its borders. Garibaldi was not only Italian in his valour, his swiftness, his strong loves, and his impetuous and unconscious dignity. He was, as it were, Italian in his omnipresence ; in that restless

ubiquity which sent him, now to fight under the suns of South America, now to plead in London for the plundered fields of Denmark, now to take his station under the last tricolour of France that floated in the Terrible Year. And the meaning of modern Italy, of United Italy, of Italy a Nation, is this: It means that all these torrid streams of brain and blood that have everywhere turned so many mills, and borne so many ships of mankind, will now flow together to one end, and that their own. The Napoleon of the future will lead Italian armies. The Columbus of the future will lead Italian ships. And the world will see again the volcano and the harvest of the Italian soul, and the reinvigoration of that ancient and universal vine whose root is in Rome.

"G. K. CHESTERTON.

MAGNA PARENS

I ONCE knew an old Italian painter, a Roman Republican, who had fought for Italian Unity and lived to see it accomplished. Yet, when one spoke of the success of the *Risorgimento*, and the great achievements of the new Italy in every high branch of human endeavour, the old man frowned. He was dissatisfied ; the cabals, the politicians, the slipshod management of public works, the absorption of the people in money-getting and petty cares. . . . " But all this," we told him, " could be said, and is said, against every country in the world. Are you disappointed because Italy has a King instead of a Republic ? " " No," he said. " We have a King who is much too good for us. It is that we have not suffered enough." " Not suffered ? But you were talking just now of the hardship of the peasants' lives, of the heavy taxes. . . ." " That is not what I call suffering," he would answer. " We suffered under the Austrians and the Bourbons ; we suffered in the long struggle for our freedom. But it was not enough to purify us. We are a materialist nation ; a materialist nation, like all the others ! . . . Taxes, earthquakes, poverty, quarrelling among ourselves—all that is no good. We need more suffering of the old *Risorgimento* sort, suffering for a Cause, where each man works and dies, not for himself, but for Italy and Humanity."

I like to think how my friend's severe old face would have softened and lit up if he had lived to see the doings of 1915. If he could have seen Italy standing for a time at the cross-roads, with every excuse for remaining passive for ever; and then, deliberately and almost with one voice, deciding, in spite of all obstacles, for the road of sacrifice which is also the road of honour. On one side lay ease and comfort, material advantage and apparent safety, or at least a long postponement of the time of peril. It needed only that Italy should forget her ideals and be content, let freedom and public faith be destroyed to right and to left of her, and then, when all was safe, make friends with the conqueror. And on the other side lay every sort of danger, every hardship and suffering and the certainty of deaths innumerable, a long struggle and a doubtful issue; only, whatever the end might be, Italy would stand in her true place among the great nations; the sons and the mothers of Italy would have given their lives and their hearts to a cause greater than themselves.

The world in these years is deciding a tremendous issue, and no one yet knows which side will prevail. It is not merely one nation against another; it is one religion against another. For the salvation of Germany herself, or what is best in her, depends on the victory of her enemies. The end must be either the establishment of common freedom for all nations, of good faith and honesty and human kindliness, and all that we have hitherto considered holy among men; or else of a new form of Evil enthroned, a new tyranny such as humanity has

THE PALACE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, ROME

R. Anning Bell, A.R.A.

never seen, the rule of the war-machine and the poison-gas, and of men who make it part of their ideal to be as inhuman as the one and as treacherous as the other.

Almost all nations know by this time what the issue is. Some, no doubt, for reasons good or bad, still hesitate. Their weakness, their exposed position, their mixed population, or their peculiar scruples, lead them still to remain outside the conflict, to forgive offences against themselves, and condone crimes against others, in the hope of preserving amiable relations with both sides. They are the best judges in their own case, and we wish them all prosperity. Let them by all means preserve their safety if they cannot also preserve their full honour. But for Italy there was only one road, and that a hard and uphill road, if she was to be her true self, the Italy of Garibaldi and Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel, of Dante and Virgil; the MAGNA PARENS VIRUM; the Torchbearer of nations, who awakened the modern world from its slumber and keeps alive the great beacon of republican Rome. It is the road of sacrifice and of freedom; may it be also the road of victory!

GILBERT MURRAY.

September 7, 1915.

THE DEMON OF WAR

THE Demon of War suffers, as he has caused millions to suffer. There is no pity for him, Justice has done her work, Christ the Crucified has not shed His blood for this monster. He, the Prince of Peace, bears no love for the son of Satan.

Upon the edge of the flaming pit there stand some of the wise men of immortal memory, men whose lives and works have guided the progress of true civilisation into the noblest regions of thought.

High-minded Homer; God's messenger from Sinai, patient Moses; truthful Socrates; the highest in subtle intellect, Aristotle; sweetest of Roman singers, Virgil; grave patriot, Dante.

These Princes of real culture see that Justice has been done, that the would-be destroyer of Liberty has received the punishment for unforgivable crimes.

I dedicate this design to the great Italian people who won their liberty, and are fighting for an Ideal.

W. B. RICHMOND.

September 21, 1915.

THE DEMON OF WAR

Sir William B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

THE INDIFFERENT STARS

ONE wonders, as he gazes at them shining brightly in the sky, as tranquil as though peace still brooded over the earth. Beneath them sail the Zeppelins, hurling bombs that dismember women and children, bombs that fall alike on cathedral, church, and synagogue, bombs that kill the little ones to whom God has just granted life. In the empyrean, set in their eternal places, the stars shine on.

A hundred years hence—fifty, nay, even twenty-five—all that is happening to-day will be recorded in cold black and white, will have ceased to be a memory, will have become a mere stilted diary of fact. Kaisers, generals, admirals, statesmen, will be dust that mingles with the other dust, fragments of nothingness in the vast silence. In five years, tourists will go in char-à-bancs to the scenes of dreadful slaughter, will eat sandwiches and empty flasks where to-day men are dying in their thousands. Fields will be tilled again that now are rocky burial-grounds; tears will have dried, the dead will be forgotten. The dead will lie in their graves, the living will go about their daily affairs; men and women will marry and beget children, who, in their turn, will gaze at the stars and die. Do these things matter, to the stars?

The Grand Rabbi of Lyons was helping to carry a wounded soldier to the ambulance when another,

who was dying, mistook him for a Catholic priest, and prayed for absolution. The Rabbi rushed in search of a crucifix, found one, and pressed it to the dying man's lips, murmuring words of comfort. And then a shell came, and they died together, and went to the one God whom they both worshipped. The Rabbi was a good man, but this was surely the most sublime act of all his life—and in doing it he was killed. Why not? Is it not well to die when one has performed his sublimest act? And the war has brought us nearer to the sublime. . . .

Up above, somewhere, perhaps, the order was given. To us, creatures of an hour, it seems incredible that so vast a catastrophe should not have had its extra-human warrant. As the betinselled Lord of Potsdam stood there, hesitating in his palace, was there not the finger of God that moved the clock? He who has allowed plague and earthquake, dreadful shipwreck, cholera, yellow fever—surely He has also allowed this war! Not the God you pray to, Kaiser—but the God of all mankind and all eternity. The soul of man had become thick and clogged, perhaps—it needed cleansing. Men knew too much, and cared too little. The Scheme of Things, desiring the better, has plunged the world into the melting-pot, to fashion it anew. And if some millions die a year or two before they would have died, if havoc stalks across the lives of those who yet remain—does all this matter to the Scheme of Things?

It is better to believe that than to tell oneself that there is no God. Better to turn one's eyes from the reeking, mourning earth, and raise them

up on high, and say, It is Thy will. Nor will those who believe this pray for victory, but for tranquil acquiescence only, and for power to do the right. To Him above there are no Allies and no enemy, but only souls of men. Do frontiers concern the Maker of the Universe, the Evolver of Suns? But the soul of man is as important as a million suns; and it is the soul of man that will emerge triumphant from this war.

"GOTT MIT UNS!" cries the German. No. He has yet to learn. Darkness has crept over him; he clamours and shouts in vain. The material conquest will come later, when the lands he has won are wrested from him, his own territory invaded, and terms of peace dictated to him in his capital. But even to-day he is overwhelmed. For the war has brought him nothing, has gained him nothing. In his mad passion for victory, he has damned his soul; he has been unjust and cruel. Treachery and useless slaughter, foul betrayal and slimy artifice—he has craved God's help for these. The night creeps over Germany—the night that comes from the darkness of mind.

And yet the stars shine on, over Germany as over Belgium, the land of magnificent sacrifice and undying heroism. In the deep blue sky of Italy, over the fair fields of France, in the great spaces of Russia, above the Zeppelin-haunted coasts of England, all men raise their eyes to the stars—we, the Allies, as they, the foe. And the stars, that have seen this earth begin, as they will see it end, perform their allotted task in the harmony of the spheres. So shall we, in our degree, do what we

have to do. First, conquer, and then learn. Learn the lesson that the war will have taught us, that will have been written in the life-blood of thousands of heroes—the lesson that there must be an end to indifference and selfishness, of nations as of individuals, and that there can be no peace in the world till all the peoples of the world are free.

ALFRED SUTRO.

HEREAFTER

EACH one will fashion heaven as he may
  Of joy or laughter at his soul's behest,
  Or painless sleep, if painless sleep be best,
In sweet fruition of God's holiday;
Nay, some have dreamt of love and war's array,
  Storm-driven battle, lances set in rest,
  White limbs, white arms, to beating bosoms prest,
And all that maddens life, prolonged alway.

I know not, I. I only crave for peace,
  Peace which this world to our sick hearts denies;
  When all the baser springs of life which move
Men's souls to envy, spite, mistrust, may cease;
  When each may be himself without disguise,
  And find his brother worthy of his love.

W. L. COURTNEY.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS

JUST as, in the course of a long life, I have been able to watch Germany, once a pleasant country inhabited by easy-going dreamers whose visions took concrete shape in *Faust*, the Ninth Symphony, or *Parsifal*, change into a nation of vulgar parvenus filled with blood-lust, whose imaginings reek with horrors, and whose deeds form a catalogue of unmentionable crimes, so I have been privileged—by way of compensation, perhaps—to see the swift transformation of Italy from a restless sleeper, shaken by dreams of unity and freedom, into a kingdom seething with young enthusiasms, eager to be the first in civilised progress, and, above all, burning with patriotism. I stood, a very small boy, in the Piazza at Venice when the band of the Austrian garrison played, and no Venetian, for all his love of music, would listen; I knelt in Rome, to be blessed by gentle Pio Nono when he was both temporal and spiritual sovereign. Venice was dead, and Rome was dead; the country was overrun with outlaws; the great cities—Milan, Turin, Genoa, Bologna, Florence—were paralysed; their streets half empty, their palaces deserted: beautiful, yes—how could any Italian city ever be anything but beautiful?—but beautiful with the beauty of a lovely woman wasting away in silent sorrow. This was the Italy of the smaller fry of writing people. Not the Italy

of Byron or Swinburne, but of the essayists, the criticasters, the stylists who could not understand that great art is the outcome of great commercial prosperity, of great national activity. They seemed to think that St. Mark's was built by idle fisher-folk engrossed in nothing but its building. They seemed not to understand that before St. Mark's could be built a wealthy and vigorous community had to be organised. They went through Italy thinking they could sum it up in a well-turned phrase, and with that phrase they achieved a modest glory at suburban tea-parties. They owned Italy, and if an Italian city dared look after its drainage, they raised despairing hands to heaven, jabbered about sacrilege, and wrote to the *Times*. Italy was the bric-à-brac shop of the world. The world shed elegant tears over it, sentimentalised it, apostrophised it in anæmic verse, and even more anæmic prose, not for what it was, but for what it had been, and spoke of it as we speak of a beautiful, half-witted child, who must be admired for its beauty and pitied for its infirmity.

The old Italy exists. It is still the land of beauty and of romance; the land of antiquity, where the dust on the highway is the dust of temples, perhaps the dust of Cæsar himself. It is still the epitome of the world's history; the land from which all others have derived their civilisation, their art, their literature, and their music. While all the rest of the world was wearing woad and fighting with clubs and flint arrows, Italy went clad in purple, built St. Mark's, and painted its houses in fresco. When all the world ate with its fingers,

Italy used forks. There was, one may say, never a period of uncivilisation in Italy from the day when Pius Æneas landed on her shores. Now all this ancient civilisation, this matured wisdom, this vast experience of life, has burst into new blossom. Upon their passionate love of the past the Italians have grafted an equally passionate eagerness for the present, an equally passionate striving towards the future. Yet even now the Italian spirit is pre-eminently the spirit of poetry, but of poetry transmuted into action. Is not the man who imagined wireless telegraphy a poet? The Italians are the scientists, the engineers, the mathematicians of the world. They have levelled the Alps; they have annihilated space; they are the road builders, the bridge builders, the builders of improbable roads in Switzerland, of unimaginable bridges, attributed to the devil because only the devil or an Italian could have thought of them. They are the indefatigable toilers who accomplish more in a day on a handful of maize than six of us could compass on six beefsteaks and six pots of stout. Whenever a thing has to be done which it is manifestly impossible to do, the Italians are called in to do it, and it is done with a smile. Their soldiers carry cannon up perpendicular precipices, singing "La Donna è mobile" the while. Their cavalry ride down perpendicular precipices, and pluck Edelweiss on the way; in the midst of this toil their hearts will glow like hot coals at the call of their poets—and their poets fling their messages from an aeroplane.

Italy's heart is the heart of chivalry. She could

MIDNIGHT IN ITALY

F. Cayley Robinson, A.R.W.S.

have won all she wanted by sitting with her hands folded and watching the internecine struggle around her. She might have waited to strike until her enemy had received her death-blow. But, no. "Louvain" and "Lusitania" were trumpet-calls, and Italy did not stop to ask whether the moment were well chosen, or her interference expedient. She blazed up with a sacred anger, and, led by her hero king, and comforted by her saintly queen, she rushed into the fight for the good cause: let come what might.

It is good to know that among the weary nations there is one nation filled with the ardour of youth, striving after an ideal without counting the cost, ready to spend her blood in the cause of humanity. The Italy we all love for her beauty, her amenities, her hospitality, is also the Italy whose self-sacrificing heroism we admire without stint. *Evviva l' Italia!*

LOUIS N. PARKER.

ITALIAN MORNING

THE hearth of dawn is burning on the sea;
Night's purple pales, and swift the pallor turns
To amber and to amaranth; light yearns
Along the liquid dark. In raiment free,
Wrought of wind-shotten flame, on golden arms,
Morning, the Mother, lifts her babe and charms
The young day's wondering eyes with Italy.

He sees the jewelled turmoil of the shore,
The cornice and the cavern of each wave,
The wakened deep, where flashing sun-stars pave
The pathless places, and the hollow, hoar,
Old billows beating out on shell and sand
Their song, that stilleth not since sea and land
Were parted, in the primal time of yore.

Above the beach, by terraces that still
Twine upward, where low cliffs betray the light,
A town of many turrets—grey and white—
Springs clustered close, as though one only will
That dreamed in pearl and opal, here had brought
This glimmering wonder of incarnate thought,
Like a dim rainbow arching on the hill.

All checked and dappled, the vibrating light
Rides on an aureole of waxing fire,
By arch and arboured roof, by dome and spire,
Along the fleeting watches of the night.
Morning doth jewel every shrine; the wells
Glitter with wide, wet mouths; and little bells
Shrill from the campanile's rosy height.

Italian Morning

Beyond, the fringes of the mountain bare
For vine and citron; all the terraced earth
Smiles like a bride beneath her bloom veil. Mirth
Of silver-petalled cherry, almond, pear
Rains on the roses; and the olive mills
Darken the river with their wine-red rills.
The great reed's silky whisper rises there.

Beheld afar, the villages elate,
In garb of lavender and buff and blue,
Spattered with rust and russet and the hue
Of honey, wake and shine. By ruined gate
The laden branches of the lemon fall
And over faded tiles and mossy wall
Spring aigrettes of the golden-fruited date.

Aloft the far-flung orchards thinly float
Their smoke upon the mountains. In a cloud
The dim, innumerable olives shroud
With misty jade each bosomed hill remote.
The wrinkled, lion-coloured earth they fold
In crumpled undulations, like an old
Grey coverlet dragged to an ancient throat.

And where they cease upon the slopes, anew
Earth lifts aloft her tawny, lean-ribbed breast
In precipice and pinnacle, all dressed
With myrtle, mastic, rosemary, and rue,
For fragrant girdles round the upper world.
And twinkling down are lonely torrents hurled
In threads of fire against the shadowy blue.

Follow the far-flung, closely-knitted pelts
Of forest pines that throng the higher steep
And clasp and cling and never fail to keep
The mighty mould beneath them. Cloudy belts,
Red on the ridge and purple in the glen,
Circle each crag and hide from every ken
Their lifted foreheads, where the morning melts.

The billows of the still white cumuli
Float in thin ripples, and the sunrise spreads
With many a loop of fire about the heads
Of solemn mountains, where they lift on high
And spire upon their silent canopy,
And join the silver-feathered, sapphire sea,
Unto the silver-feathered, sapphire sky.

A blessing to thy borders, land of light!
Spirit of man, brave as the morning, found
His charter sanctified on this good ground
When Liberty fore-glowed along the night.
Then heroes sang her glad epiphany,
And eagle legions soared aloft to dye
Their feathers in the dawning of her might.

Oh, by the morn upon thine inland sea,
By waves and hills that roll and lights that rove,
To finger foam and forest with pure love,
Forget not thine immortal history.
By the wide dayspring on thy crowns of snow
And by the beacon of thine own heart's glow,
Again be fearless and again be free.

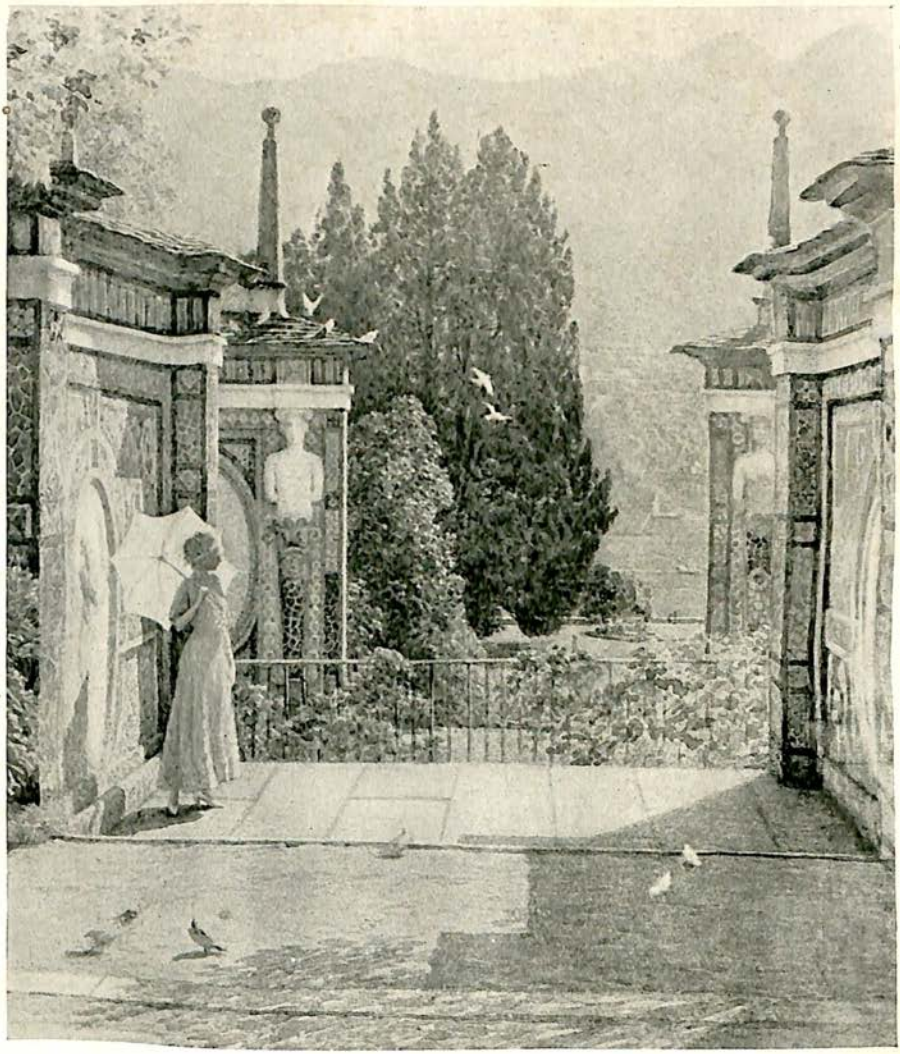
EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

SICILIANA

Parole di
R. P.

Musica di
ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE.

mf
mp a tempo.
so..... Tra sel - ve d' u - li - vi se -
a tempo.
mf
p
- re - na tu vi - vi, dall' on - da ma - ri - na tu
mf
allargando molto.
f
sfol - go - ri a..... me,.....
allargando molto.
mp
f
Ped.
*
Ped.
*



UNDER THE ITALIAN SUN, VILLA D'ESTE, ROME

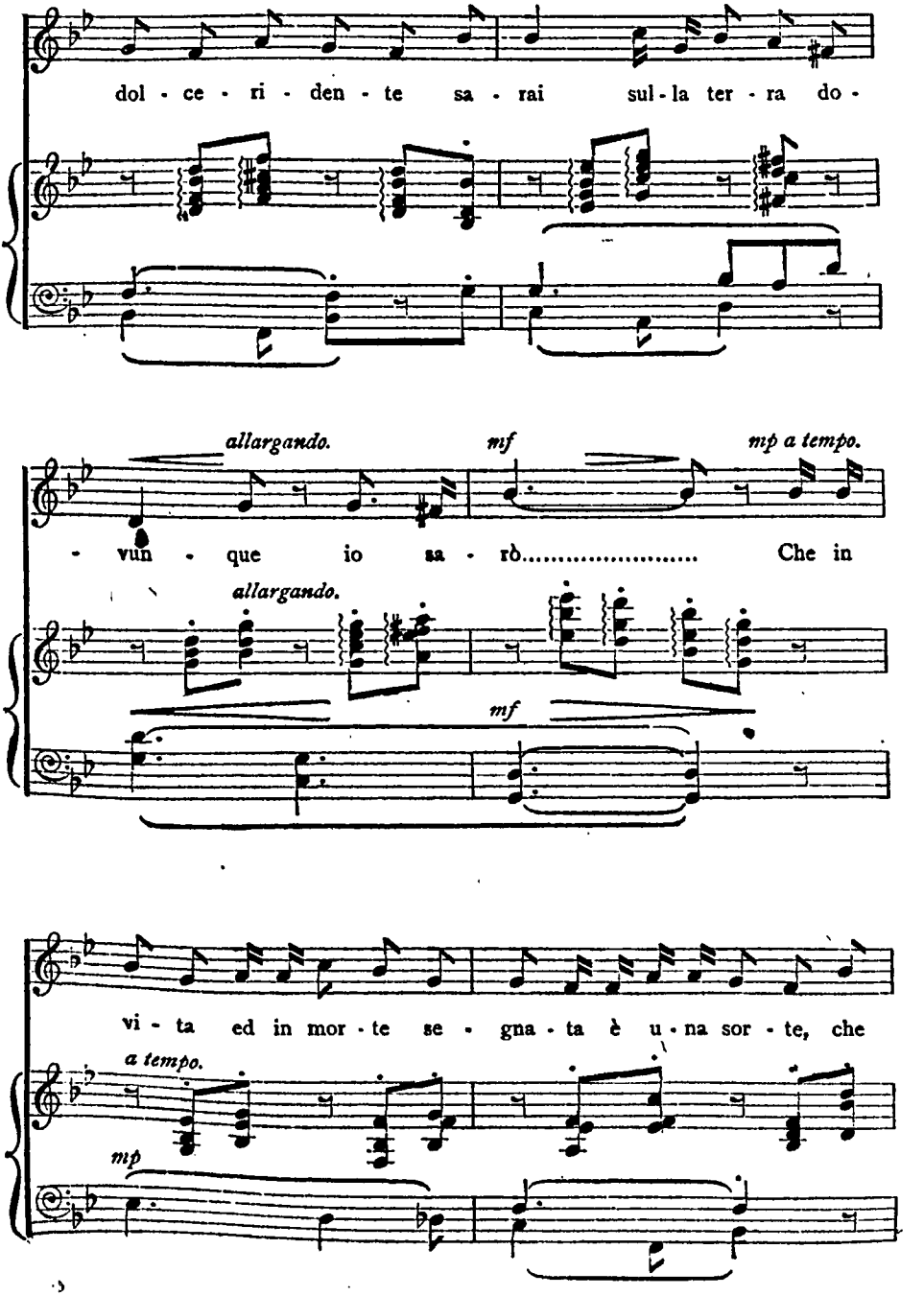
Sir J. Edward Poynter, Bart., K.C.V.O., P.R.A.

Siciliana

mf
ritard.
tu sfol - - go - ri a
espress.
ritard.
mf
Ped.
*
sempre.
mp
me. ..... È fa - vo - la va - na, che
colla voce.
p
Ped.
*
a tempo.
mf
allargando.
tu sia lon - ta - na; io sem - pre ti veg - go, vi -
a tempo.
allargando.
mf
colla voce.

ritard.
a tempo, tranquillo.
- ci - - na ..... ti .....
so.....
ritard.
a tempo, tranquillo.
mp dolce.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mp
Al
cuo - re che sen - te che
p dolce.
Ped.

Siciliana


dol - ce - ri - den - te sa - rai sul - la ter - ra do -
allargando.
mf
mp a tempo.
- vun - que io sa - rò..... Che in
allargando.
mf
vi - ta ed in mor - te se - gna - ta è u - na sor - te, che
a tempo.
mp

molto allargando.
f
nul - la po - treb - be stac - car - mi da.....
molto allargando.
mf
Ped.
*
mf
te,.....
stac -
mf
f espress.
ritard.
sempre.
p
- car - mi da..... te..... È
ritard.
sempre.
mf
colla voce.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

Siciliana

a tempo.
mf
fa - vo - la va - na, che tu sia lon - ta - na: io
a tempo.
pp
allargando.
ritard molto.
f
sem - pre ti veg - go, vi - ci - na ti .....
allargando.
ritard molto.
mf
Ped.
*
a tempo, tranquillo.
so.....
mp dolce.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

dim.
lunga.
p
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

THE CAMPAGNA

In the midst of this appalling catastrophe, when in the evening of the day I turn, as it were for consolation, to all I have known and loved in Europe, and above all to Italy, of all those beloved landscapes from which I am an exile, it is the Campagna which most often comes back into my mind, the Campagna in which Rome lies like a ship in the midst of the sea.

That immense and universal thing alone seems able to face what has befallen us. You may find there always all that is in your heart. It has, too, the indefinite beauty of all supernatural things; and if you speak of it you must speak of it in images, with vague words of beauty and mystery and love, as of a place seen in a vision, as the English speak of the sea. For as the sea is the secret of England, so the Campagna is the secret of Rome; it haunts the City, and the mystery and largeness of its silence are the springs of her immortality. All the great ways lead to it at last, and it surges against every gate.

All unaware of this world of inviolate silence, which guards the Eternal City as no other city was ever guarded, you catch sight of it first, perhaps at evening from the Pincio, or in the early morning from the Janiculum, or at noonday from the bizarre portals of S. Giovanni in Laterano, or at sunset

from the quietness of the Aventine. From wherever you first see it, it calls you instantly in its solemn immensity, its vast indwelling strength, its ruined splendour, across which the broken arches of the aqueducts stagger still, and the vague white roads lined with empty and rifled tombs wander aimlessly, losing themselves in the silence and vastness that only the mountains may contain. And it is the mountains which hem in the Campagna, the most beautiful mountains in the world.

Though it were without history or renown and man had given it no name, this unbroken wilderness would yet hold us by reason of the splendour of its form, its vastness and silence, the breadth of its undulations, the transparency of its light, the beauty of its colour, the nobility of the mountains which contain it. But seeing that it is the cradle of our history, and that its name is Latium—to look upon it rouses within us much the same emotion as that with which, after long absence, we look upon our home. Nothing that man has dared to do or to think, no sorrow he has suffered, nor passion he has endured or conquered, his profoundest desires, his most tenacious hate, his most splendid domination, his most marvellous love, nothing that is his, is a stranger here. Of all those forces and energies, it is a monument, the grandest and the most terrible, the monument of man—a vast graveyard.

It is this we come to realise at last, as day after day, week after week, we pass along that ancient Appian Way, between the crumbling tombs. Here and there we may find them still, the likeness of our brother carved in relief, some thought of his about

WINTER IN THE FOREST, CAMPAGNA ROMANA

Aristide Sartorio (Rome)

WINTER IN THE FOREST, CAMPAGNA ROMANA

Aristide Sartorio (Rome)

it all, a few Latin words, part of an inscription, half hidden with the grass and the flowers. And as night overtakes us on that marvellous road, when the splendour of sunset is faded, and the stars one by one have scattered the heavens with hope, our thoughts turn almost in self-defence in that solemn stillness, from death to resurrection. In the immense silence that nothing may break the imagination sinks beneath the lonely majesty of that desert, littered with the monsters of old forgotten religions, full of the dead things of Paganism and Christianity, the bones of saints, the mighty trunks of forgotten gods.

What more is there to come out of that vast grave, that marvellous solitude ?

EDWARD HUTTON.

VARENNA—LAKE COMO

April 20th

FROM orchards of silver the wryneck is calling,
Is calling his mate, who is now overdue;
From the high campanile, mid cypresses soaring,
The bells of Varenna ring out through the blue.

Oh bells of Varenna, continue your ringing;
The leaves are not stirring, the breeze has gone down:
You alone are of silver, sweet bells of Varenna,
The silvery olives have darkened to brown.

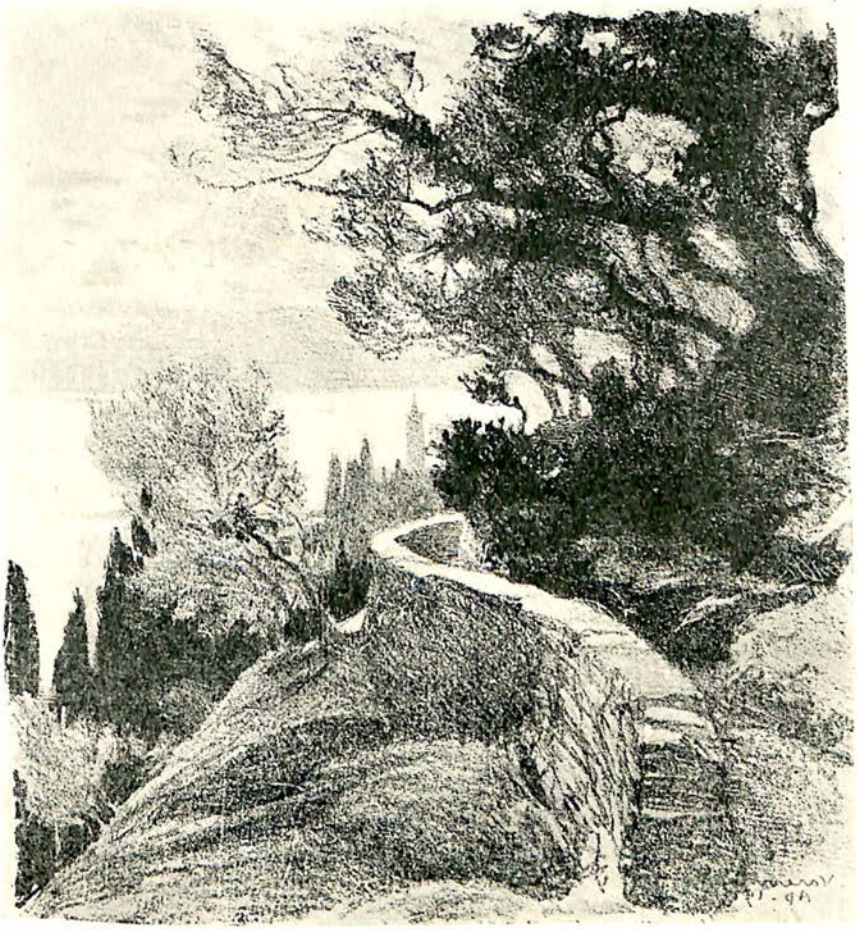
The bells have ceased ringing, and silence has fallen
Upon the grey roofs of the little old town,
But far o'er the water, the boatmen are singing
To their labouring oars as they ply up and down.

The voice of the oarsman, in far away echoes,
Has fainted and died in the shadowy blue,
But still from the olives the wryneck is calling,
Is calling his mate, who is now overdue.

J. W. W.

NOTE.—The Wryneck (cuckoo's mate) arrives in April about the same time as the cuckoo.

"The Parish Church of Varenna possesses a singularly musical peal of bells, which are said to be largely composed of silver." *Guide Book.*



VARENNA, LAKE OF COMO

J. Walter West, R.W.S.

"LA VERDE"

I

"Ecco la Verde!" remarked the Sindaco of Montagneta to Don Piddu, the chemist, as Miss Fanny Green, tall, angular, and fifty if she was a day, walked by and took her way down the Corso, nodding, and smiling out of her long pale face to the Sicilians who stood at their shop doors, or enjoyed the air of evening seated on chairs set out upon the pavement.

"She is a good creature," he added. "Thin as a bit of macaroni, but with a beautiful heart. Ma-donna!"

He cleared his throat thunderously and spat upon the floor, then drew his shawl more closely over his shoulders.

The chemist, a dark man with a long nose, stared after Miss Fanny.

"È una grande millionaria!" he remarked respectfully.

And his eyes became mysterious, as if they peeped into Aladdin's cave.

"Sì, sì!" returned the Sindaco. "They say her property in England is magnificent—a castle, a true castle. All is ready for her; the beds made, the fires lighted, the kettle boiling for tea. But she will never go back."

"No," murmured Don Piddu. "La Verde will never go back. She is too fond of Montagneta."

II

When Miss Fanny Green was well over forty something happened in her life. A distant relative had the grace to seek a better world unexpectedly, and to leave Miss Fanny—so she was called in the Kentish village where she had lived till that moment on two hundred a year—a fortune bringing in two hundred a month. She was alone in the world; she had never travelled abroad; but she had always been fond of languages and a voracious reader of books of adventure.

"If I should ever travel!" she had sometimes thought, as she sat alone in her neat cottage—the "true castle" of the Sindaco—which looked out on the village green.

And she had dreamed—till the pollarded elms by the roadside turned into palm trees, till the pond covered with duckweed became a mirage-lake trembling on an enchanted horizon, and the path between the blackberry bushes beyond it a way leading into some tropical paradise.

In truth Miss Fanny was a dreamer beset with the dreamer's longing for happiness, and when, at well over forty, she found herself almost rich, her dreams caught her by the hand, and cried to her with elfin voices, "Away! Away!" She blushed. For a moment she was bewildered and felt almost guilty and sought to resist. But something independent whispered to her, "Why not?"

And so it came about that one morning the village people found Yew Cottage shuttered and locked.

"Wherever's Miss Fanny?" they asked.

And from the post office came the tremendous answer:

"Miss Fanny's took it in her head to go off to Italy."

"Italy! Whatever should Miss Fanny do in Italy at her age?"

But the only reply to this inquiry was the equivalent in English of "Chi lo sa?"

III

Something led Miss Fanny on farther even than Italy, though in Italy she first heard the beating of the divine wings. When at evening she listened to the songs of the boatmen under the garden wall of Villa D'Este, when the chiming of the Venice bells trembled to her over the golden waters of the laguna morta, when she watched from the Pincio the dying light upon Monte Mario, and saw Capri, like a siren, rising out of the mists of dawn, she knew that the world of her dreams was but the vision of a reality. And the South enticed her. For as she went South she felt as if she were drawing nearer and nearer to the home of the Golden Sprite. She crossed over the sea into Sicily; she arrived in Montagneta, and she said to herself:

"It is here."

She came to Montagneta to stay for a week. Now she had lived there for years. She was an

institution in the lovely hill village which looked upon Etna and the sea. No longer Miss Fanny, she had become "La Verde."

This title had come to her from Pancrazio, the waiter at the hotel where she had stayed before she took a house.

Pancrazio had inquired her name.

"Miss Fanny Green."

"Meesi Grinni?"

"Green—Verde," she had explained. "Green is the English for Verde."

"La Signorina Verde?"

"Sì!"

And from that moment Miss Fanny had had a new name.

IV

One day, after Miss Fanny had lived in Montagneta rather more than five years, a tragedy occurred. Don Marco, the doctor, a stout young man just over thirty, who wore an immense moustache, and swaggered from the hips in walking, abruptly proposed to her.

She was greatly taken aback, was indeed almost frightened by this quite new experience. No man had ever said he loved her before, and Don Marco behaved like a volcano. Without even a preliminary grumble of warning he suddenly let loose a lava-stream of burning words, and his protestations rose, like flame and smoke, to the heavens.

Miss Fanny refused him. She wasn't a fool, and she looked upon Don Marco as almost a boy, in spite of the enormous moustache. She refused

him very quietly, and reasonably, and kindly, thanking him for the compliment he had paid her, and hoping that he would not deprive her of his ministrations when she had a slight cold, or was afflicted with a sick headache.

But when he was gone she retired to her bedroom from the eager solicitude of her devoted Sicilian servants (who of course knew all that had happened), and she cried a little. Not that she wanted to marry Don Marco! But he had found such eloquence in the heat of his desire; his large eyes had emitted such yellow gleams; such sonorous tones had rolled out of his ample throat! He had been like Caruso and a fiery furnace fused together.

And—it was the very first time!

Any woman would have been shaken.

Miss Fanny sought for the bottle of eau de Cologne.

That night in the Piazza it was known—"La Verde non vuole marito."

V

Years slipped by. Miss Fanny still lived at Montagneta. She never visited England, for she had yielded her heart to the land of her adoption, to the land which had given her the truth of some of her dreams. In the great heats of summer she went high up into the mountains, to Castro Giovanni, where Persephone wandered and was carried away, and where one may see children with silver-coloured eyes. All the rest of each year she passed at Montagneta. She still looked unmistakably

English, but she had learnt to speak Sicilian as well as Italian; she ate Sicilian dishes and she loved Sicilian ways. At the neighbouring village fairs she was generally to be seen mounted upon her donkey, Napoleone. She laid money upon the painted wooden lap of San Giorgio when he held court at Castel Mola; on mild and balmy evenings peasant boys often danced the tarantella upon her terrace; two or three times a year the village "musics"—there were two of them and the rivalry between them was bitter—serenaded her and received handsome contributions to their funds; in Carnival time she "assisted" at the Veglioni in a box; on Christmas Eve she threw flowers to "the Bambino" as He went by in procession, laid a brand upon the bonfire which was lighted in His honour, and heard the Pastorale at midnight in the Duomo.

"La Verde è una vera Siciliana!" said the people of Montagneta.

And many of them really cared for her, because she loved them as they were, and did not wish to change them. For the people of Sicily are quick to read the characters and the hearts of those who come among them, and they give affection only in return for affection! The thin Englishwoman like a bit of macaroni had found the way to their hearts. She respected their ways, and did not wish to impose hers upon them.

"È veramente una donna distinta, una donna per bene!" was said of her by all in Montagneta.

Even Don Marco, long since married to a dark little lady with a nice little dot from Catania—even Don Marco subscribed to the general opinion. He

TAORMINA SICILY
Arthur Hacker R.A.

TAORMINA, SICILY

Arthur Hacker, R.A.

had asked "La Verde" to stand godmother to his first child, and she had, almost eagerly, consented. Although she had never regretted having refused the volcanic doctor, she still felt grateful to him for having clamoured to her to be his wife. She still remembered some of the florid adjectives he had lavished upon her attractions and her virtues. She still occasionally thought of the episode of the eau de Cologne.

You see she had not had many tumultuous episodes in her life, even though now she dwelt within sight of the slopes of Etna.

VI

One day a terror rushed into Miss Fanny's life. England declared war upon Germany. If Italy should join in with the Central Powers! Miss Fanny turned faint at the thought. Suddenly she realised exactly what Sicily and the Sicilians had been meaning to her through many years. They had been meaning happiness. If she should become by force of circumstances technically their enemy! If she should have to give them up!

All Montagneta came to assure her that every Italian and Sicilian detested Austria. The Sindaco himself appeared in her drawing-room wrapped in his shawl, and said impressively to "La Verde":

"I have come to reassure you, Signorina. This is what our country thinks of Austria and of Germany."

He arose with dignity, went to the window and tried to open it, but failed. Solemnly beckoning to

Miss Fanny, he procured her perplexed assistance. The window at length gave way upon Etna and the Ionian sea.

"Observe what my country thinks of your enemies, distinguished Signorina," he said sonorously.

And he expectorated with massive force in the direction of Northern Africa.

Nevertheless Miss Fanny continued in her terror. She felt that if Italy were ever to fight against England it would be the death of her. She lost flesh, and became more like a bit of macaroni than ever, while Bülow in Rome intrigued and Giolitti pulled numberless wires. Her looks went from bad to worse; at night she could not sleep; her appetite failed.

And then at last a poet came to Rome and spoke to Italy. He spoke to "the people," and the people heard. He spoke to the soul of the people, for he knew that Italy had a soul, and the soul of the people answered. He summoned Italy to hardship, to suffering, to blood, to tears, to bereavements, and to sacrifices, in the cause of the liberty of nations, in the cause of humanity against bestiality.

And Italy answered as by fire.

On the day when Italy marched towards the frontiers, in the evening many Sicilians of Montagneta made their way to the house of "La Verde." Upon the terrace a long table was set out with bottles of wine and many glasses. Miss Fanny wore a handsome dress of blue silk, with the Italian colours pinned in the front by the side of a small Union Jack. Her usually pale face was flushed, but

all her English self-consciousness had dropped from her. She was feeling too intensely to be self-conscious. And when the glasses were filled, to the delighted astonishment of her excited and enthusiastic neighbours, she struck one bony hand on the table for silence, and, having obtained it, she told them what she thought of them and of their country.

She told them that to her Italy—which included Sicily—stood for the land of happiness, and of dreams come as true as dreams ever come in this world. She expressed, and almost with eloquence, what thousands of English men and women think about Italy and the people whom Garibaldi once led to victory. And she ended by saying that Italy called to the English not merely because it was a land of sunshine, of song, of art and of beauty, but because it was the land of "The Thousand," the land with a soul of fire.

That night, when the little gathering dispersed, and made its way home in the darkness, the Sindaco announced emphatically,

"La Verde è un grand' oratore!"

And from all sides eager Sicilian voices rose up in the night,

"Davvero! La Verde è un grand' oratore!"

ROBERT HICHENS.

ARIETTA

STAMMO int' aùsto e chiove,
nun pare cchiù 'a staggione,
ma nun mme fa 'mpressione,
anze mme piace.

Mme piace st' aria fresca
ca p' 'a fenesta trase
e ca mme pare quase
aria 'e ll' autunno :

mme piace si p' 'a strata,
addò nun passa gente,
io sento sulamente
parlà ddoje voce. . . .

Malincunia, tu forse,
tu mme l' 'é fatta amà.
E tu resuscità,
tu 'a faie, stasera.

S. DI GIACOMO.

NAPOLI, *Agosto* 1915.

LITTLE SONG

It is August. There's a little rain.
The summer may be over, as it seems.
What does it matter? I am happy so.

I like the little cool breeze blowing in,
Here at the window, blowing in my face.
It is the autumn wind. I am content.

I am contented if I only hear
Two single voices in the empty street.

Melancholy—was it melancholy
That made me love her first? . . .
And you, Melancholy, you create her now
again to-night.

S. DI GIACOMO.

Paraphrase by Harold Monro.

THE LAND OF MUSIC

E lò a m'dmanda:—Ci piace il *Trovatore?*
Mo al m'al dis int un mod tòtt arrabè.
Io ci arispondo franca:—Sissignore,
A vagh mâta per ql' opera che lê!

A. TESTONI, *I Sonetti della Sgnera Cattareina.*
Bologna, 1904.

THIRTY years ago those whom it was my duty to respect used to tell me that Italy was The Land of Music. They said it in a way that admitted of no contradiction; one could as soon think of doubting that London was the capital of England. Italian music was represented for me at that time by "La donna è mobile," as arranged for small hands in *Hemy's Pianoforte Tutor;* and as my later musical education, like that of everybody else in those days, progressed from Beethoven to Bach, and from Bach to Brahms, with a certain amount of Wagner, I grew up curiously ignorant of even the most hackneyed Italian tunes. But I cherished a vague faith in the doctrine instilled into me in childhood, and the few examples of Italian music that impressed themselves on my youthful memory —the page's song from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, sung by a lady when I was about fourteen, a Rossini overture played as a pianoforte duet, the discovery of a copy of *Mefistofele* just before I left school—gave me a strange hankering after it as a sort of

forbidden fruit, the more delicious because I knew so little of it.

Many English music-lovers, I imagine, must have experienced the same disappointments as I did when I first pursued Italian music on its native soil. We enter an Italian cathedral expecting the subdued voluntary, the level intoning, the sweet-voiced choir, all that goes to make up the discreet seemliness of an Anglican service, and hear instead boys who seem to have been trained as vendors of newspapers, harsh and perfunctory bawling of plainsong, with an organ that squeals and crashes like that of a steam merry-go-round. Concerts are few and far between, and the audience inclined to behave more as if it was at a circus than at a programme of classical music. How well I remember a performance of the Choral Symphony at Naples—the first ever given there! The great *cadenza* for the four solo voices, ending *pianissimo* on a high B for the soprano, was a prolonged and agonising scream; then, before the orchestra could pick up the *allegro* after the pause, the whole audience burst into shouts of "Bravo! bravo! bis! bis! bis!" lasting some five minutes, after which we had the *cadenza* over again.

It is not by these things that we must judge of Italian music. We must not expect to find in Italy the same sort of music under the same conditions that we are accustomed to in our own country. We must forget our national prejudices; we must keep our ears open, and pick up music wherever we can. To most English people, music is something external to themselves. It is part of

" culture," like a knowledge of French, an accomplishment, a thing to be bought, a thing to learn, or, it may be, a thing to find provided, like hassocks and hymn-books. In this time of war I am constantly being told that music is a luxury, one of the things that people will give up when increased taxes enforce economy.

Italians could no more give up music than they could give up breathing. Considered by the standards of what we in England call " musical people," their judgments of music are much less critical than ours—that is to say; they are not so willing to weigh the merits and demerits of a composer or performer dispassionately and intellectually. Their audiences have the reputation of being critical, because they are often hard to please ; but they are not really critical—they are extremely sensitive, and extremely outspoken. English travellers often think that hissing is common in Italian opera-houses. What they take for a sign of disapproval is really nothing more than a demand for silence, the equivalent of our " sh ! " Italian disapproval, when it does find vent, takes a more terrifying form. You perceive it first, not as a sound, but as a sort of collective shudder ; then it may become a murmur, rising to a cry of " Uh ! bestia ! " or even to whistling on door-keys. But such demonstrations are not really very common. Besides, it must not be forgotten that demonstrations of pleasure are equally violent, and much more frequent.

To understand what music means to Italians, we must take into consideration the music of the less-edueatcd classes, the music which in England would

STRADIVARIUS

J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

be either negligible or merely annoying. In Italy it is neither; indeed it is often much more delightful than the music which professes to be high-class, just as *cucina casalinga* is always better than the cosmopolitan cookery of expensive hotels. Not that there is anything in Italy corresponding to the folk-song cult which has recently been so remarkable and so important a feature of English music. Only a very little has been done in Italy towards the systematic record of real folk-song. The Neapolitan songs, of which "Funiculi, funiculà" is the best-known example, are of quite recent growth, and indeed the festival of Piedigrotta, for which they are composed in hundreds every year, does not date back, at least as a musical event, much further than the days of Donizetti. The real songs of the peasantry are generally of much more primitive character, so primitive, in fact, that the modern musician has great difficulty in noting them down.

Take no notice of the people who sing the vulgarities of twenty years ago—English and Viennese as well as Neapolitan—outside the big hotels at Naples or in a boat decked with Chinese lanterns on the Grand Canal. But if you walk up to Monte Pincio, instead of driving, you may come across the blind man with a harmonium, who plays "Casta diva" and "Ah! che la morte" with a real sense of phrasing. Go and have supper at one of the humble restaurants near Sant' Agnese, and listen to a street piano, which, if it does not play an air of Verdi, will give you an old-fashioned waltz or polka dressed up with a really clever accompaniment instead of the stupid scales of our English instruments. The

tune will have been properly arranged by a musician who knows his business, and the instrument itself will have a quality of tone that is positively pleasing, unless by some evil chance that horrible invention of Naples, the mandoline attachment, forces its strident tone upon the ear. Guitar-players appear everywhere, I need hardly say, and I confess that it is rare to find a good one who can accompany a song with a reasonable bass. It is perhaps in the provincial towns that you will hear the most curious and often attractive combinations. Dr. Burney, who travelled in Italy in search of music about 1770, notes the performance of the *bravi orbi* at Bologna, and I have often derived great pleasure from blind musicians there and in Parma.

But the most remarkable street music that I ever heard was at Verona, some fifteen years ago. The performer was a tall and dignified old man with a long white beard, who accompanied himself with great skill on the guitar. To one coming fresh from a winter in Germany, as I did, saturated with Wagner, it was a revelation to hear him sing all the classical Italian tenor songs—the Count's serenade from *Il Barbiere*, "Spirto gentil" from *La Favorita*, "Dai campi, dai prati" from *Mefistofele*. The *tenore robusto* airs of Verdi were rather beyond his strength, but his execution of the more lyrical type of song was a lesson in the purest art of *bel canto*. He was evidently so complete an artist that it would have been discourteous to ask any question as to his past history. The waiter at a café told me that his name was Maurelli, and I asked a musical friend in Florence if he had ever heard of

him. "Maurelli? but of course I have heard him. I knew him when he was singing at the Pergola. He was one of our greatest tenors. And now you tell me that, at the age of seventy, he is singing in the streets of Verona!"

I went back to Verona a year later, attracted more, I think, by the hopes of hearing old Maurelli again than by any of the architectural wonders of the town. I searched for him in vain, and nobody could give me news of him. Two years later I read in a newspaper that he had died in Verdi's House of Rest for destitute musicians.

It was from old Maurelli more than from anyone else that I learnt to appreciate the real beauty of Italian music. If you go to La Scala or the Costanzi you may hear admirable performances of *Meistersinger* or *Salome;* but if you want to hear real Italian music you must go to some humble little theatre in a back street, where you can get a box for two francs, to hear *Il Barbiere* or *Lucia di Lammermoor*. You need not even pay your twenty-five centimes admission; for you can do almost as well in the piazza, be it Piazza Colonna or Piazza San Marco. A good Italian military or municipal band is unrivalled, and even if you can get nothing better than the band of some casual Orfanotrofio or Ricreatorio, you may be sure that it will always play good music. Here is perhaps the best proof of Italian musicianship; the music provided gratis for the humblest of the people, the music which the humblest of the people evidently enjoy, as you can see by their rapt silence as they cluster round the band-stand, is invariably of sterling quality. The

programmes are mainly drawn from the national classics: you may sometimes hear a whole act of Verdi or Boito played from beginning to end, with so expressive a delivery of the recitatives that you can almost think you hear the words. But you will hear Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, and even Bach as well; incredible as it may seem, I once heard Bach's G minor organ fugue played by a band in the Piazza Colonna on a stifling August evening when there was hardly a soul in Rome who could afford the railway fare to Ladispoli or Anzio. It was not only played: it was applauded, it was positively encored.

Verdi's early operas were so closely associated with the movement for Italian liberty—everyone remembers the interpretation of *Evviva VERDI* as *Evviva Vittorio Emanuele, Rè D'Italia!*—that people have sometimes supposed his success to be due merely to his expression of popular patriotism. This is unjust, and may be disproved by the fact that Verdi's most popular operas—*Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*—belong to a later period, and although composed before 1859, have no specifically patriotic allusions such as distinguished *I Lombardi*, for instance. Verdi's greatness needs no bolstering up with sentimental associations. He was accepted as the singer of united Italy not merely because of the words he set, but because of the irresistible appeal of his melodies. And their appeal was irresistible, because it was made to a fundamentally musical people. Dante is credited with having given the Italians a common language. But the musicians of Italy many centuries ago contri-

buted their share towards united Italy, when national drama such as we had in England would have been impossible south of the Alps, owing to differences of dialect. The opera brought Venice, Florence, and Naples together even in the seventeenth century. Goldoni and Alfieri, great as they are, are obscure names compared with Verdi and Rossini. It is opera that represents the soul of Italy ; and that is why, while Dante stands for Italy at Trent, the Italians of Trieste have symbolised their national aspirations in the figure of Verdi.

The musical quality of a country is not to be assessed solely by the great musicians which it may have produced in the past. We shall be much safer in judging by the general standard of music amongst the humbler classes. If ability to sing correctly at sight is an appropriate test, England would probably stand a good deal higher than Italy. But a knowledge of reading and writing is not the whole of education, as we learn when we listen in amazement to the natural elegance of phrase which is the birthright of every unlettered Tuscan peasant. We can sing at sight in England, but is the stuff we sing worth the paper on which it is printed ? Italy prints less for popular consumption, and even then prints abominably ; indeed at Naples there is still a large trade in manuscript music, not altogether in accordance, I imagine, with the law of copyright. But all Italy sings, if only by ear, and what is more important, all Italy is saturated with its musical classics. The vulgarities of the music-halls have no significance in this connexion ; the attraction of the *chanteuse* does not lie in her song,

or even in her voice. Modern composers may experiment in "international opera" with a view to success in America or in London as being worth more financially than they can expect from Milan or Rome. These are only passing phases of an activity commercial rather than artistic. The real Italy is the land of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CORPUS DOMINI PROCESSION, COMO

Edwin Bale, R.I.

GIORNO DEI MORTI

ALONG the avenue of cypresses,
All in their scarlet capes, and surplices
Of linen, go the chanting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
The dark, round heads of the men crowd silently,
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, at the mystery . . .

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunk, bowed head, and forgotten, folded hands;
And by the side of a grave a woman kneels
With still, rapt face, and neither hears nor feels

The coming of the many villagers
Along the avenue of cypresses,
The chanting of the scarlet choristers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

GARGNANO, 1913.

VIGILIA

Il ritorno del contadino, a quell' ora insolita, prima del tramonto, turbò la servetta: tanto più ch' egli le sembrò pallido e preoccupato. Si fece da parte, riparandosi dietro il portoncino aperto, mentre l' uomo faceva entrare nel cortiletto prima uno poi l' altro dei suoi buoi gravi e neri, così grossi che occuparono tutto il breve spazio lasciando appena il passaggio lungo il muro; poi chiuse, mentr' egli legava le bestie e dopo averle spinte una verso l' altra, si lasciava cader seduto, un po' affranto, sulla pietra davanti alla porta della casetta; e gli fu tosto accanto, accovacciandosi per terra col suo istintivo atteggiamento di schiava.

— Malato, siete? — domandò, guardandolo di sotto in su.

Egli teneva le mani rugose come artigli aperte sulle ginocchia; il suo viso olivastro, dorato dalla barbetta rossiccia, pareva indurito da un pensiero fisso e triste; e anche gli occhi di solito maliziosi erano vaghi e immobili come quelli di un uccello malato.

— Malato sono — affermò — e d' un male che fa morire.

Lei balzò in ginocchio mettendogli sulle mani le sue piccole mani brune; e sembrava così spaventata che egli sorrise, con tutti i suoi denti bianchi: un sorriso che aveva però qualche cosa di ringhioso.

— Ascoltami — disse — è venuto un tale da me, questo mezzogiorno, mentre guardavo il mio frumento; fratello di uno col quale ho fatto il soldato. Ebbene, mi disse che questa notte scorsa, a mezzanotte in punto, suo fratello ha ricevuto ordine di presentarsi subito al Comando militare, ed è stato immediatamente vestito da soldato e mandato lontano, per la guerra che scoppierà fra giorni. Ebbene, ragazzina mia, questa notte sarà forse la mia volta.

— È questa la malattia? — disse lei ridendo; ma il viso di lui era ritornato duro, triste, e lei si lasciò ricader seduta sui calcagni mormorando:

— Si può morire, in guerra.

— Si può morire. Ma questo non importa: è nulla. Morire si deve, una volta o l' altra. Il malanno è che io ho il frumento da raccogliere, i buoi a cui badare. Non ho nessuno. Tu sei ancora così giovine. Ti avessi almeno sposata prima. Adesso, se voglio lasciare a te la roba, bisogna che faccia testamento.

— Io non voglio nulla. Voglio solo che voi tornate. E perché dovete andare, voi? Non ci sono già, i soldati? Non andate. Perché non vi nascondete?

— Tu sei un' idiota, — gridò lui respingendola. Taci, almeno! E lei tacque, fissando con gli occhi spauriti la porta chiusa come se il nemico ignoto col quale il suo uomo doveva combattere fosse già lì fuori e tentasse d' invadere la piccola casa per portarsi via i buoi, il frumento, la cassa, e ammazzare il padrone. In fondo, però, le rimaneva accesa la lampada della vita: la speranza.

— Non tutti muoiono, in guerra, — disse solle-

vandosi. — Eppoi voi siete svelto e vi salverete. Ne avete passate tante.

Anche lui era certo di salvarsi ; ne aveva passate tante, sempre in guerra con uomini e cose, e si era salvato sempre, dai suoi nemici, dai ladri, dai banditi, dalle insolazioni, dalla malaria, dal fulmine e dalla tarantola : perché non doveva salvarsi in guerra ?

Digrignò i denti.

— Lo voglio masticare come carne di cane, il nemico : giacché mi vuole mi avrà !

E si alzò, si strinse la cintura come stesse per partire ; poi entrò nella piccola cucina e guardò attorno ogni oggetto, salì la scaletta di legno, andò nella camera da letto.

La ragazza lo seguiva, silenziosa e flessuosa come un gattino.

La camera era vasta, bassa, con una cassa antica di legno nero, scolpita, col letto di legno ove era morta pochi mesi avanti la moglie del contadino. Al ricordo della moglie morta egli si fece piu triste : fosse almeno vissuta ancora lei, egli sarebbe partito sicuro della sua roba. Della serva si fidava fino a un certo punto, sebbene la sapeva fedele come un cane. Ma era così ragazza ! Lontano lui poteva anche mettersi a far l' amore con un altro. La guardò. Ella s' era accovacciata davanti alla cassa, con le mani giunte sul grembo. Pareva adorasse il cuore, il pesce, la colomba, gli astri e la croce incisi sulla cassa : pareva pregasse come davanti a un sarcofago ; ed era davvero il sarcofago con dentro tutti i suoi antenati quella cassa istoriata coi simboli dell' amore, della fede, del dolore.

Egli sospirò. Trasse la chiave della cassa, la guardò, sospirò ancora. Aveva giurato di non consegnarla a nessuno, se non si sposava una seconda volta. E la ragazza lo sapeva, e arrossì di gioia e di pena quando egli le gettò la chiave in grembo.

Solo allora intese che egli doveva partire davvero e forse mai più tornare. Si alzò e disse:

— Vi giuro che nulla mancherà di casa vostra. Come lasciate troverete.

Allora egli l' afferrò e cominciò a baciarla, con gli occhi che gli scintillavano un po' cattivi un po' dolci.

— Cosa deve mancare se tutto è tuo? Che io torni o non torni tutto è tuo, tortora!

— È vostro, è vostro, — ripeteva lei, a occhi chiusi, ubbriacata dai baci di lui. E gli si abbandonava con fede perché sentiva che egli, consegnandole la chiave della cassa della prima moglie, l' aveva già sposata.

Dopo, ridiscesero nel cortiletto; sedettero di nuovo, lui sulla pietra, con le mani sulle ginocchia, il viso e gli occhi schiariti: lei accovacciata per terra.

— Così avrai un figlio, — disse lui, con accento malizioso. — Così, se io non torno la popolazione non diminuisce: e tu baderai alla mia roba per lui. Oh, che fai adesso, donna?

Ella piangeva, d' un tratto fatta donna davvero; ma egli le strappò il grembiale dagli occhi, le diede un colpo alle spalle ed ella trasalì e si raddrizzò. Ed egli le mise una mano sulla testa e cominciò a darle istruzioni precise sul come far mietere e raccogliere il frumento, e a chi consegnare i buoi e come pagare le imposte. Poi tacquero. Il tramonto mandava

giù per gli alti muri del cortiletto un chiarore violaceo che dava ai grandi buoi neri immobili un riflesso di bronzo. E quei due tacevano, aspettando il carabiniere con l' ordine del Comando militare come un essere misterioso con un ordine del destino.

GRAZIA DELEDDA.

THE VIGIL

THE return of the peasant at that unusual hour, before sunset, troubled the little servant-girl—all the more as he seemed pale and preoccupied. She drew out of the way, taking refuge behind the open gateway, while he drove into the courtyard, one after the other, his sedate, black oxen, so large that they took up nearly the whole space, hardly leaving room along the wall; then, when he had fastened up the beasts, after having pushed them together, and when he had sunk down rather wearedly on the stone by the door of the hut, she closed the gates and was immediately by his side, crouching on the ground in her instinctive attitude of a slave.

"Is it ill you are?" she asked, looking up at him.

He sat with his hands, wrinkled and like outspread claws, on his knees; his olive-tinted face, aureated by his ruddy beard, seemed immobilised by some fixed, sad thought; even his eyes, which usually had a malicious look, were vacant and set like those of a bird that was sick.

"Aye, ill," he asserted, "and of an ill that kills."

She sprang on to her knees and placed her little brown hands on his; she seemed so frightened that he smiled, showing all his white teeth—a smile, though, that was something of a snarl.

"Hear me," he said; "there came to me one this mid-day while I was watching my corn, brother of one who was a soldier with me. Well, he told me that last night, on the point of midnight, his brother received an order to present himself at once to the Military Authority, and he was immediately dressed as a soldier, and sent far away for the war that will break out in a few days. Well, little girl, this night maybe it will be my turn."

"You're ill of this, is it?" said she, laughing; but the look on his face had become once more hard and sad, and she sank back on her heels as she murmured: "One can be killed at war."

"One can be killed. But that does not matter; it's nothing. One must die, one time or another. The misery is that I have the corn to gather in and my oxen to mind. I have no one. You are still so young. Had I married you sooner. Now if I want to leave the things to you I shall have to make my will."

"I don't want nothing. I want you only to come back. And why must you go—you? Isn't there all the soldiers already? Don't go! Why don't you hide?"

"You are an idiot," he said, pushing her away from him. "Keep quiet, at least!"

And she kept quiet, fixing with her scared eyes the closed door, as if the unknown enemy with whom her man was to fight was already out there, and was attempting to invade the little house, to carry off the cattle, the corn, the chest, and to murder the patron. In her innermost, though, there remained lit the lamp of life—hope.

"All are not killed in war," she said, raising herself. "Then you are quick and will escape. You have saved yourself so often."

He too was sure of escape. He had saved himself so often; always at war with men and things, and he had always escaped, from his enemies, from thieves, bandits, sunstroke, malaria, lightning and from the tarantula. Why was he not to escape in war?

He gnashed his teeth.

"I'll chew him like dog's meat—the enemy: since he wants me, he shall have me!"

He rose up and tightened his belt as if about to start; then stepped into the little kitchen and looked around at each object, went up the little wooden steps and into the bedroom.

The girl followed him as silent and lissom as a cat.

The room was spacious and low, and contained an ancient chest of black carved wood, and the wooden bed where the wife of the peasant had died a few months back. At the thought of his dead wife he became even sadder: had she but still been alive he would have felt sure of his belongings. He trusted the servant-girl to a certain extent, although he knew her to be faithful as a dog. But she was such a child! With him far away she might make love with another. He looked at her. She was crouched in front of the chest with her hands folded in her lap. She seemed to be adoring the heart, the fish, the dove, the stars, and the cross carved on the chest; she seemed to be praying as if in front of a sarcophagus—and it was, in fact,

a sarcophagus, having within something of all his ancestors, that chest ornamented with the symbol of love, faith and pain.

He sighed. He drew out the key of the chest, looked at it, and sighed again. He had sworn to consign it to no one if he did not marry a second time. And the girl knew it, and blushed with joy and grief when he threw the key in her lap.

Then, only, she understood that he must go and perhaps never come back. She stood up, and said :

" I swear that nothing shall be missed from your house. As you leave it, you will find it."

He then laid hold of her and began to kiss her, while his eyes flashed a bit wickedly, a bit tenderly.

" What can be missed if it is all yours ? If I come back or not it is all yours, little dove."

" It is yours ; it is yours," she repeated, with her eyes closed, intoxicated by his kisses. And she yielded to him in faith, for she felt that in consigning her the keys of his first wife's chest he had already married her.

Later, they went down into the little yard ; they again sat down—he on the stone with his hands on his knees, but with a more relieved look in his eyes and on his face ; she crouched on the ground.

" Thus you'll have a son," he said, with a malicious inflection in his tone. " Thus, if I do not return, the population won't diminish, and you'll mind my belongings for him. Ah, what are you doing there, woman ? "

She was weeping, having all of a sudden become a woman; but he tore the apron from her eyes, gave her a slap on the back. She started and straightened herself. And he, placing a hand on her head, began giving her precise instructions how to reap and gather the corn, to whom consign the cattle, and how to pay the taxes. Then they were silent. Over the high walls of the little yard the violet shades of the dusk seemed to turn the large, black, motionless oxen to bronze. And the two remained silent, awaiting the *carabiniere* with an order from the Military Authority as some mysterious being with an order from destiny.

GRAZIA DELEDDA.

Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye.

ELEGY FOR B. H. W. (1915)

I

I CALL you, and I call you. Oh, come home,
You lonely creature. Cursèd be the clown
Who plugged you with that lead, and knocked you down.
Stand up again and laugh, you wandering friend.
Say, as you would, " It's just a little hole :
It will soon mend."
Walk now into the room. Come ! Come ! Come ! Come !

Come ! We will laugh together all the night
(When I have poured you out a glass or two).
Sit down. Our mutual mirth will reach its height
When we remember how they called you dead ;
And I shall ask you how it felt, and you :—
" Oh nothing !—Just a tumble. Rather hot
The feeling in my side, and then my head
A trifle dizzy—but I'm back again.
I lay there rather long, and I've still got
(When I think of it) just a little pain."

II

I know the way you stumbled. Once you slid,
And landed on your side. I noticed then
A trick of falling ; some peculiar glide,
A curious movement, not like other men.

UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN

Sir J. George Frampton, R.A.

Elegy for B. H. W. (1915)

—But did your mouth drop open ? Did your breath
Hurt you ? What sort of feeling quickly came
When you discovered that it might be death ?

—And what will happen if I shout your name ?
Perhaps you may be there behind that door ;
And, if I raise my voice a little more,
You'll swing it open. I don't know how thick
The black partition is between us two.
You may be there—almost there—coming quick—
Listen ! The door-bell rang ! Perhaps it's you. . . .

You're in the room. You're sitting in that chair.
You are !—I will go down. It *was* the bell.
You may be waiting at the door as well.
And what a shout I'll give if you are there !
—They've rigged you in your uniform to-day :
You take a momentary martial stand,
Then step inside, and hold me out your hand,
And laugh in that old solitary way.

You don't know why you did it . . . All this while
You've slaved and sweated. Now you're very strong . . .
And so you tell me with a knowing smile :
" We're going off to Flanders before long."
I thought you'ld come back with an ugly hole
Below your thigh,
And ask for sympathy, and wander lame.
I thought you'ld be the same
Rambling companion, without self-control . . .
I never thought you'ld die.

III

Now let us both forget this brief affair.
Let us begin our friendship all again.
I'm going down to meet you on the stair.
Come! Come!—for I can see you, plain.
How strange! A moment I did think you dead.
How foolish of me!
. . . Friend! Friend! Are you dumb?
Why are you pale? Why do you hang your head?
You see me? Here's my hand. Why don't you come?
Don't make me angry. You are there I know.
Is not my house your house? There is a bed
Upstairs. You're tired. Lie down (you must).
Come home.
Some men are killed—not you. Be as you were.
And yet—somehow it's dark down all the stair.
I'm looking in the street. . . . You are not there.

HAROLD MONRO.

"THE SMILING SOLDIERS"

My month's tour on the Trentino and Cadore front has left me the impression of a harmonious whole, where every detail of the complicated machinery at work is accomplished thoroughly, serenely, and confidently both by officers and men.

I can see them now in their smart, serviceable grey-green uniforms, with their dark, vivid faces, and their bright black eyes as they come and go, some riding or walking, others building huts, chopping wood, mending their clothes—the sunny Italian smile always on their lips.

They have invaded the solitary grandeur of these mountain passes, undaunted by the obstacles which Nature has placed in their way to keep her solitude undisturbed; undismayed by the lack of roads, the snows, the wind, the rain, they have brought with them up here the sun and warmth of their homes, and the life and radiance of their cheerful, ever-ready smile. The beauty of the scenery is not lost on them either; perhaps as a compensation to the grim horrors of war, the Powers that be have conceded to the little grey-green Italian soldier the privilege to fight his battles in these beautiful surroundings, knowing how keenly susceptible he is to anything that appeals to his innate sense of beauty. Be this as it may, at any rate he is sensible to the grandeur and beauty that

he sees; it helps him, and keeps his cheerful spirit alive. Often have I heard the soldiers commenting enthusiastically on the glorious mountain scenery.

The keen mountain air exhilarates them; the knowledge that they are fighting to restore to Italy what was hers makes them absolutely confident of success, so they smile, and they sing as they work; thus do the sons of that land from which has come all the beauty and the art of the world, beautify and uplift even the dull routine of warfare.

The Italian soldier is sober, both in eating and in drinking. He has not many wants—a piece of bread and fruit, and, when he can get it, some of his beloved macaroni, that is all he needs. He is wiry, hardy, and enduring, notwithstanding this simple fare. He is also very handy and ingenious, and finds a way out of unexpected difficulties, as in the case of the remedy that he invented in an encampment which I saw.

It was in a heavily-wooded forest, the ground was muddy and damp, no ray of sunlight getting through the thick foliage. So in a few hours, platforms were built well above the ground, the little white tents were placed on them, nestling snugly amongst the thick branches; and from afar one could think that an immense flock of huge white birds were taking a rest on the green-topped trees. Up there the soldiers had air, light, and sunshine, and they were happy and could smile once more.

Another ingeniously built camp was the one I saw on a bare rocky hillside. The tents were placed irregularly apart from one another, so that, seen

from some distance, they looked like big round boulders practically undistinguishable from the grey rocks of the mountain.

This was done in one of our very advanced positions in Val d'Ampola, where the enemy could through field-glasses practically see every detail on our side, and the work had to be done at night.

The Val d'Ampola is sacred ground for us; it was there that Garibaldi and his handful of men won a victory over the Austrians in 1866. The men of 1915 know this, and they are proud to feel that to-day, after all these years, they are again treading the same road, this time, please God, to keep it for ever.

My last memory of Val d'Ampola is one that, more than any words can do, typifies the spirit of cheerfulness that prevails amongst our soldiers. Near the mountain stream that rushes down the narrow valley, our men have built with tree branches a little "pergola" about four or five feet wide, they have placed in it a rustic bench and table, and during their leisure time they sit there, discuss the war, and talk about their distant homes. A big square signboard has been nailed on a post near the entrance, and on it, in uneven order, is written in awkward, ill-formed letters, "All' Osteria del Buon Umore."

That is how our men understand their war—"the guerra santa," as they call it. They fight it willingly, cheerfully, smilingly. They have not gone into it lightly; they know full well the greatness of the task before them, the many hardships and the weary days they will have to face; they realise all

this, but yet they smile and sing as they work, for they went willingly into this great enterprise, and when at last they come to meet their long-lost brothers of Trento and Trieste, they want to greet them with joy and laughter in their hearts, and bring to them all the warmth and the light and the radiance of the gentle smile of their common mother Italy.

That is why I want henceforth our soldiers to be called by all "the smiling soldiers," for in their smile is their strength, and by their smiling courage will they gain their victory!

MAGDELEINE COTTA VER MEHR.

THE ITALIAN RED CROSS

On the blood-stained field of Solferino, during the second war for the unification of Italy, Henri Dunant, the Swiss philanthropist, conceived the idea of a voluntary association having for its object the ministering to the sufferings of the wounded in war; and in the year 1862 the inspired pages of his *Souvenirs de Solferino* sent forth to the world the heartrending cry of the wounded on the fields of battle.

But prior to him, a Neapolitan physician, Ferdinando Palasciano, at the siege of Messina in 1848, by boldly replying to the Bourbonic General Filangieri, who threatened to shoot him, "A wounded man is no longer an enemy!" had already had a clear and accurate vision of the legal and humane principle of rendering aid to the wounded in war.

In a paper which he read in the year 1861 to the Accademia Pontaniana of Naples, and which was later to acquire historical importance, Palasciano said: "It should be incumbent on belligerent powers to reciprocally recognise the principle of the neutrality of wounded and sick combatants until they are cured, and the powers should also respectively adopt the principle of the unlimited increase of medical and nursing staffs for the whole duration of the war."

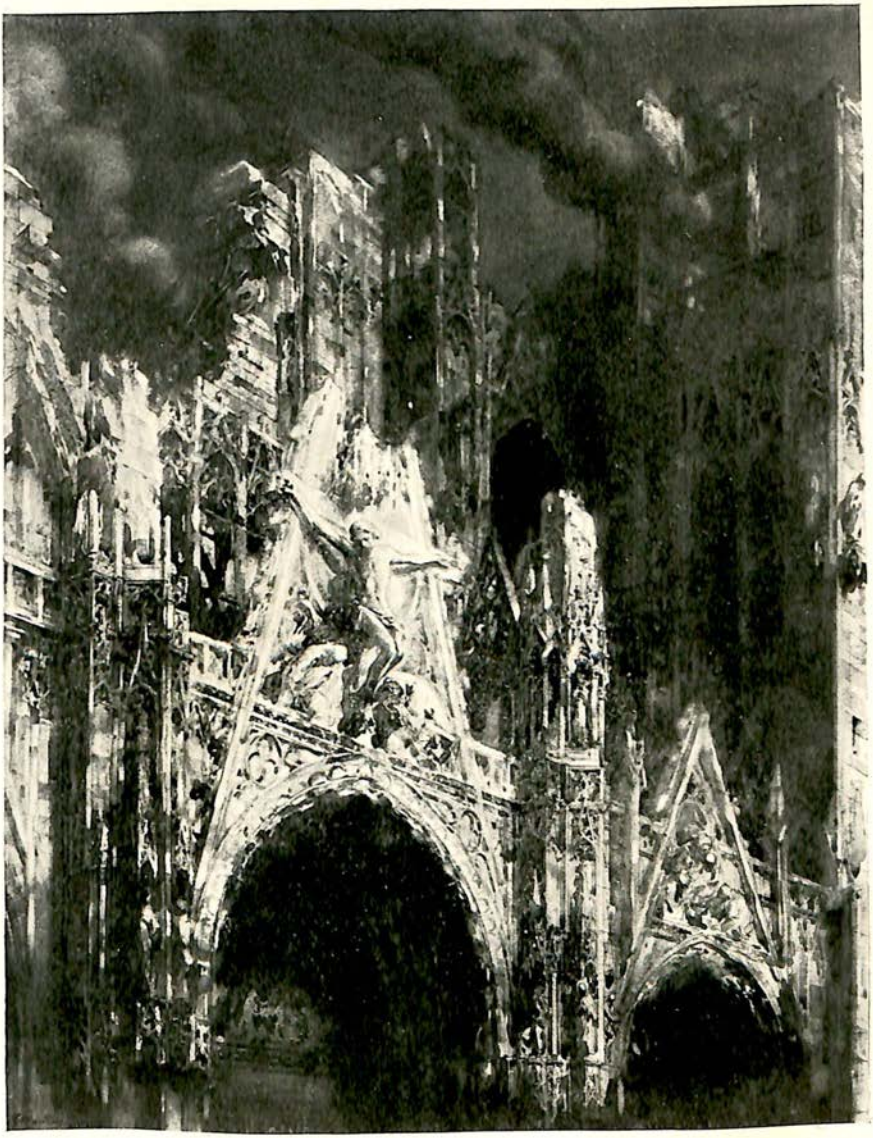
Indefatigably persevering in his propaganda, in the year 1862, in another paper he even more definitely set forth his idea that the principle of the neutrality of the wounded combatant should be adopted as the result of a stipulated agreement " in an International Congress, or by mutual and special consent of the belligerent powers in the act of their declaration of war."

On August 22, 1864, the International Conference at Geneva, by establishing the " Red Cross," sanctioned the principles upheld by Palasciano, Dunant, and Arrault, as well as that work of voluntary aid to the wounded to which Florence Nightingale, who had hailed the landing of the Italian Bersaglieri at Balaclava, had so nobly devoted her life.

Ferdinando Palasciano's conception, which corroborated the principle of the Italian jurist of the Renaissance, *Hostilitas cum nullo tollet obligationem naturalem*, was thus blended with Florence Nightingale's ideals under the safeguard of the Red Cross. The ratification of the Geneva Convention by the powers gave to that covenant its character of a true and essential international law.

Thus only fifty years ago, after so many centuries of wars and treaties, due provision was made for the wounded by an international agreement.

Since the year 1864 the Italian Red Cross has been associated with each one of New Italy's triumphs, with every one of her misfortunes. We thus find it in the war of 1866, then at Monterotondo and Mentana in 1867, with the expedition to Erythrea in 1895, again with the Italian troops in China and in Candia, and finally in our Libyan War.



THE TARGET

Giuseppe Mentessi (*Milan*)

Conscious of its mission, the Italian Red Cross provided assistance and supplies for the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, to the British in the Transvaal, to Spain, to Japan, and in Morocco, Greece, and Montenegro, not circumscribing its work to war alone, but extending it to public calamities and to the reclaiming of malarial regions.

The anti-malarial campaigns in the Campagna Romana and in Sicily will remain among its most splendid records, as will also the assistance it rendered on several occasions, viz., the earthquake in Calabria in 1905, the eruptions of Vesuvius in 1906, the earthquakes at Reggio and Messina in 1908, the cholera epidemic in 1910–11. In every one of the long series of public calamities during which Italy in her severe trials affirmed the manliness and tenacity of her race, the Italian Red Cross plied her task, symbolising as it were the national spirit.

And now, in this fourth war for the unification of Italy, which was to reveal to the world so many hidden treasures of strength, bravery, and spirit of self-sacrifice of the Italian people, the Italian Red Cross has once more proved itself equal to its high calling by the efficiency of its *personnel* and of its services, and by the self-abnegation of its motives.

The canteens, the first aid and dressing stations along the railway lines afforded relief to the soldiers during the anxious period of concentration at the front; later, hospital trains, river ambulances and the Venice lagoon ambulances were mobilised, while field hospitals and mountain ambu-

lances were despatched to the firing line. All the most modern and perfect appliances were put to use for the great charitable work. Motor-ambulance units of the Red Cross went through the war zone for the rapid conveyance of the wounded, store-houses were established along the advanced lines, and staff depots all over the kingdom. The whole service was quickly expanded and made to meet the new requirements.

Thus the Italian Red Cross, enrolled with the Army Medical Service (*Sanità Militare*), which is always true to the traditions of its reorganiser, Senator Riberi, and in conjunction with the Cross of Malta, the glorious remnant of the Hospitaller Orders of the Middle Ages, has attained complete efficiency for its work of valid assistance to the Italian Army.

All over Italy Red Cross territorial hospitals have come into being, equipped with the latest improvements in hospital gear suggested by science; an army of nurses, having at their head H.R.H. the Duchess Elena of Aosta, has been raised, who all fulfil their merciful duties with a deep feeling of disinterestedness and self-denial; moreover, the whole administration and all the different services have been admirably organised.

By means of an active propaganda the Italian Red Cross has everywhere strengthened the ranks of its trained staff, thus truly and adequately interpreting the solicitude and gratitude of Italy towards her sons, who against enormous difficulties are so bravely doing their duty to their country. It is a real competition of noble energies that

the Red Cross has stirred up and made subservient to its noble ends.

Thus the great institution, of which Florence Nightingale and Ferdinando Palasciano were the pioneers, has now, in the hour of Italy's supreme ordeal, found a worthy scope for the earnest accomplishment of its work and the achievement of its aims.

The lamp of Florence Nightingale, who was born in Florence, and to whose memory a monument rises in Santa Croce by the side of our greatest men, is the symbol of mercy of the Red Cross.

The work of Florence Nightingale was not done in vain for Italy.

ANDREA GALANTE.

Translated by William De la Feld.

SWEETWILLIAM

A CHILD'S STORY

It was a hot evening in September. Two children, a boy and a girl, were alone in the old wainscoted room of an ancient market town. They were very quiet, almost sad, as children are wont to be after romping all day and when bedtime is drawing near. Dusk was stealing in; the lamplighter had gone on his rounds; the blue, green, and red lights were shining most beautifully in their huge vases at the chemist's, across the road.

Mary loved to watch the lamplighter every evening, and the bright colours of the shop opposite her own house had been like friends to her ever since she could toddle up to the window. Just now she was flattening her face against the casement, drumming a slow tune on the pane with her small chubby hand. A feeling of great loneliness, even of fear, came over her—she did not know why, for her brother George was sitting on the table quite close to her. He was trying to read in the quick fading light; his beautiful young face was grave, the white brow under the golden hair was puckered.

The whole house was mysteriously silent. Little Mary could stand that silence no longer.

"What are you reading, George?"

The boy put down with a light sigh the printed card he was holding.

"I am studying the Scouts' laws, Mary."

"But you are a Scout yourself, George; don't you know your own laws?"

"Not all of them, at least not the new ones, now that we are at war."

"That horrid war!"

"You don't know what war means, Mary; no little girl understands anything at all about it."

"I am a big girl now, and I know quite well what war is."

"What is it, then?"

"It is . . . it is everything and everybody being different."

"You talk nonsense, Mary, and bad grammar too."

"I don't. Everything *is* different; everybody *is* different."

"Is Father different?"

"Most different."

"But he is at the front, and you have not seen him for a year?"

"That's exactly why he is different. He was always here before, he always came in after the lamplighter had passed, and he carried me on his back, and he laughed, and I laughed and shouted, and Mother laughed, and everyone laughed. Is it not different now? The house is so dull, so quiet."

"Of course; but Father is just the same, I know, though he is not here. Fathers never change. Only boys and girls change, because they grow."

"Well, Mother is quite, quite different now," said Mary with a little sob in her voice.

"I don't see any change in Mother."

"Don't you, George? She was so pretty before; now she is not pretty at all. She always told me lovely tales every day about the Magic Prince and the Ugly Mouse, and about the dreadful robbers in the dark cave by the sea. Now she never tells me any exciting stories. She sits all day long, knitting, in the window, and watching for the telegraph-boy or for the post-woman. Her eyes are red—they were blue before . . . she is quite changed. George, come a little nearer to me; I want to whisper a secret into your ear."

"I hate secrets—they are so silly."

"This one is not silly, and it is just one—only one: I think, George, that Mother does not love us any more, not since the war began."

"What rubbish! Mothers don't change; they change even less than fathers. But we ought not to expect stories about robbers and mice and princes in war-time. Grown-up people have other things to think about than that; they are busy and anxious."

"That horrid, horrid war! All was so very jolly before! George, I want to tell you another secret."

"Another? You said 'just one.'"

"Only one more; it is about Nurse. She is different too; she never scolds now, and she never pulls my hair when she combs it."

"What more do you want?"

"I want her to love me, I want her to talk to me, I want her to play with me; but she reads the newspapers all day long, and at night, when I have said my prayers, and when she thinks I am asleep, and when I only half open one of my eyes, Nurse

reads an old and very dirty letter. She cries, and her nose gets red, as red as the red glass at the chemist's; and I cannot go to sleep because she sighs so loudly. Before the war she used to sing and to bring me my dolls to say good-night to them, and she was such a dear, jolly nurse."

"Well, your dolls have not changed, have they?"

"Most changed. They are now hospital nurses, or post-women, or tramway-women."

"And before the war?"

"They were lovely, fashionable ladies, with long trains and jewels and hats with big feathers. One of them was a Russian—she was a dancer, called Palowna; she had a very short skirt of all colours, quite shiny, and flowers in her hair. Now she is called Nurse Jones of the Red Cross Society. It is so dull! Before the war my dolls all slept under blankets in their little beds beside mine."

"And now?"

"Now they sleep under little silk flags—the national flags of all the countries which fight for England. I keep changing them every day, but to-night I put the Italian flag on top of the others."

"Why?"

"Because it is very pretty; it is green, white, and red. We bought it in the street yesterday. So you see that I am quite right, George, that war changes everybody and everything."

"Am I changed?"

"Most changed. You were a nice little boy before, and a very nice bigger brother to me. And now you are not a real, real brother; you forget me for hours and hours and days. You are only a

Scout, you only think of war and ships and aircraft and guns, and you keep drawing these ugly fortresses and submarines. I hate the war, which changes everybody and everything except my pet robin in our back garden."

"The robin is just the same, is he?"

"He is, and he is not. I had to change his name. He was called Sweetwilliam before the war, and he always flew to the open window when I called him in that way."

"And now?"

"Now he is called Garibaldi, because he has a red waistcoat. You know, Garibaldi was an Italian hero in a scarlet shirt. When the war broke out, you were away, George, and as you were away, you cannot remember. It was very strange. One day, soon after Father went to the front, I offered a little cheese to the robin, as I do every morning. He loves cheese, and always takes it out of my hand. That day I called him, as I always did, 'Sweetwilliam,' but he would not come. He perched on a branch near the window, and I could see he was very hungry. He is always hungry when it is cold weather, and when he has small children, because he gives half of the cheese to his children and eats half himself."

"Well?"

"Well, he hopped about wildly from branch to branch. I held out the cheese so long that my fingers were quite blue. I called him over and over again by his very own name. He would *not* come, he would not take anything out of my hand; he turned his head away, as if he was sick, and then

ORTA, LAKE OF ORTA

Graham Petrie, R.I.

he got quite angry and ruffled his feathers and screamed and flew away."

"Did he come back?"

"Yes; but not all that day. I was so sad, so lonely, as sad and lonely as I am to-night—I don't know exactly why. Then next day I told Uncle Fred all about it at breakfast. Uncle Fred knows much about birds, but he was in a great hurry, because he was going to Belgium, and he only laughed and laughed loudly. Then he said, 'Well done, little patriotic robin!' and as he kissed me good-bye, he said: 'Mary, you should christen your bird Garibaldi;' and he told me about the Italian soldier who was so good, so brave, and so true, and who wore a red shirt. Next day I opened the window, and I shouted: 'Garibaldi, Garibaldi,' and the robin came at once. He was very, very pleased, and he ate quite a lot from my hand. Nurse said it was French cheese, and since then he takes it every day. He has two children now, a boy and a girl—brother and sister like you and me; and I have called them Joffre and Joffrette—pretty names I saw in Nurse's horrid paper. . . ."

"Listen, Mary. There is a regiment coming—do you hear the band? The soldiers are in the street. I want to be a soldier too."

"And leave me all alone?"

"I must defend England, and Mother, and you."

"But you are only a boy!"

"Even a boy can help."

Before Mary could turn round, George had left the room, and had joined the soldiers in the street below.

The old house was very still. It was almost dark now; the music of the drums and fifes had died away in the distance; no sound was heard excepting the sobs of a very lonely little girl; and in the back garden a robin was chirping his young ones to sleep in their nest.

LILLY FRAZER.

THE POET AND THE STOCK-BROKER

THERE were two men who had been friends at school together and afterwards at Cambridge; and the friendship continued when life called them in different directions, for one became a poet and, by his cerebral output, earned a sufficiency, but the other, going about his father's business, became a stockbroker and amassed real wealth; so that the poet could, and did, say, "Dine with me at the Restaurant Quelquechose in Soho," and the stockbroker replied, "Thanks, old man; I should like it. Just one condition, though—if you pay for the dinner, you must let me pay for the wine." And to this the poet agreed. Incidentally, one may add that the bill for the dinner was five shillings, and the bill for the wine was thirty-five.

And afterwards they went to the poet's chambers in one of the old inns of London. This was partly because, in recompense for their sorrows, it is given to poets who live in old places to make the best coffee in the world, such as stockbrokers, with many to serve them, may not hope to attain, and partly because these rooms gave facilities for private talk, and partly because of certain licensing restrictions.

There, in the quiet (though so near to the roar of London), these two men smoked rich cigars, about four inches over life-size, and provided by the stock-

broker. And the poet proposed that, using the agency of the stockbroker, he should buy a very large quantity of a certain stock for an immediate rise, and so become really wealthy.

To this the stockbroker replied that his firm did not do that class of business. He said, further, that the speculation was insane, and told what fate awaited weak bulls. And then he added that the poet did not need wealth. He might think he did, but he was mistaken. For the materials of poetry were sorrows, and sunsets, and the love of women, and these things were without money and without price.

And then the poet tried to speak the truth. And as this did not happen every day, I here put his words on record. Whether they be erroneous or not, you who read shall judge.

"You'd be all right, old man, if there were no other people in the world. The one reason why I want money is to buy the opinion of other people, and to shelter me from the terrible effects of having anything to do with other people. As it is, almost all the money I spend is spent, quite cheerfully, to buy opinion. I cannot conceive that, if there were no other people, I should ever have bought a safety-razor or a trousers-press. So far as the climate allowed, I should not wear clothes at all. I should never dine, in the accepted sense of the term. I should never read—few really creative minds care much about reading—they would sooner be doing their own work. I should not, as at present, be fool enough to buy needless furniture, pictures, and books, to pay rent for a place to store them in, and

to pay again for an old woman to come in and keep them clean—which, by the way, the blighter doesn't. I should rarely have recourse to alcohol, or coffee, or other stimulants—which are necessary now, directly or indirectly, from the friction of intercourse with other people. You cannot conceive how little I really need. You speak of sorrows, sunsets, and the love of women. My dear chap, you forget that you are speaking to a poet, or you forget what the word means. Sorrows? I make them in my own factory. Sunsets? Nature limps miserably miles behind our best colourists. The love of women? If the women are real, that love is never without its price. But think of the golden power of imagination. I have held Helen of Troy in my arms, I have climbed up to Juliet's balcony, Lady Hamilton has stepped from a Romney picture to dance with me. Listen, my portly stockbroker, whose income-tax by far exceeds my income. You sit there, with your fat old fingers, crooked round the glass, and you think you see before you an old friend who is a poor devil of a scribbler. Why, you're looking at a man who has kissed Aphrodite on the mouth.

"You are also looking at a pretty mean specimen of the common worm. When I leave your house after dinner, I tell the footman to get me a taxi. I could perfectly well walk, but I do not want the footman to think badly of me. I once spent far more than I could afford on a fur coat, not to keep me warm, but in order that other people should think me richer than I was. At this moment I want a good motor-car, to a lesser extent for the

pleasure of driving and to take me about, and to a far greater extent in order that other people may know that I have a good motor-car. Pretty vulgar, isn't it?

"Yes, but it's not my vulgarity; it's the vulgarity of the other people. One pays something to be a poet. One pays for it by an excessive, hypertrophied, damnable sensitiveness. I cannot live in a hostile atmosphere. I don't know that I want admiration, but I cannot tolerate contempt. If other people have vulgar standards—and they nearly all have—then I must conform to vulgar standards. There are plenty of people whom I despise, but there is not one person on the earth whose good opinion and good will I would not make sacrifices to get. If I met an imbecile Aztec pauper, I should try to impress him.

"So you see my point. I don't care about money, and don't want anything, if I may be alone. But because other people do care for money, and do think that one wants many things, and could never understand me, I am driven to falsify myself. Because I am a poet, I must also be a worm, and a snob, and a bounder."

And at this the stockbroker, after observing that worms did not bound, turned the conversation, justifiably, to a discussion of the Balkan Crisis.

BARRY PAIN.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ITALY

LOOKING towards the long range of snow-covered mountains from Lombardy, one wonders what strange secrets are shrouded in their mists. They are ever-changing—one moment all is hidden beneath heavy storm-clouds, then a snow-peak, flushed by the rising sun, gleams out, and gradually the clouds roll away in weird fantastic shapes like wandering spirits. The mountains change from grey and purple to the loveliest blue, the peaks lose their terrifying aspect, and in their tranquillity tempt one to explore their wildness.

In the plains the peasants often go to their work singing, and are communicative and eager to talk; but in the mountains they become silent, for they are much alone—sometimes in the high pasture-land for weeks at a time without seeing a human being. They watch the storms and sunsets, and grow most observant of nature, and living in these surroundings it is not surprising to find they have such vivid imaginations. But it is not until one has gained their confidence that they will talk of their beliefs and fears—and then one realises what a great part these play in their lives.

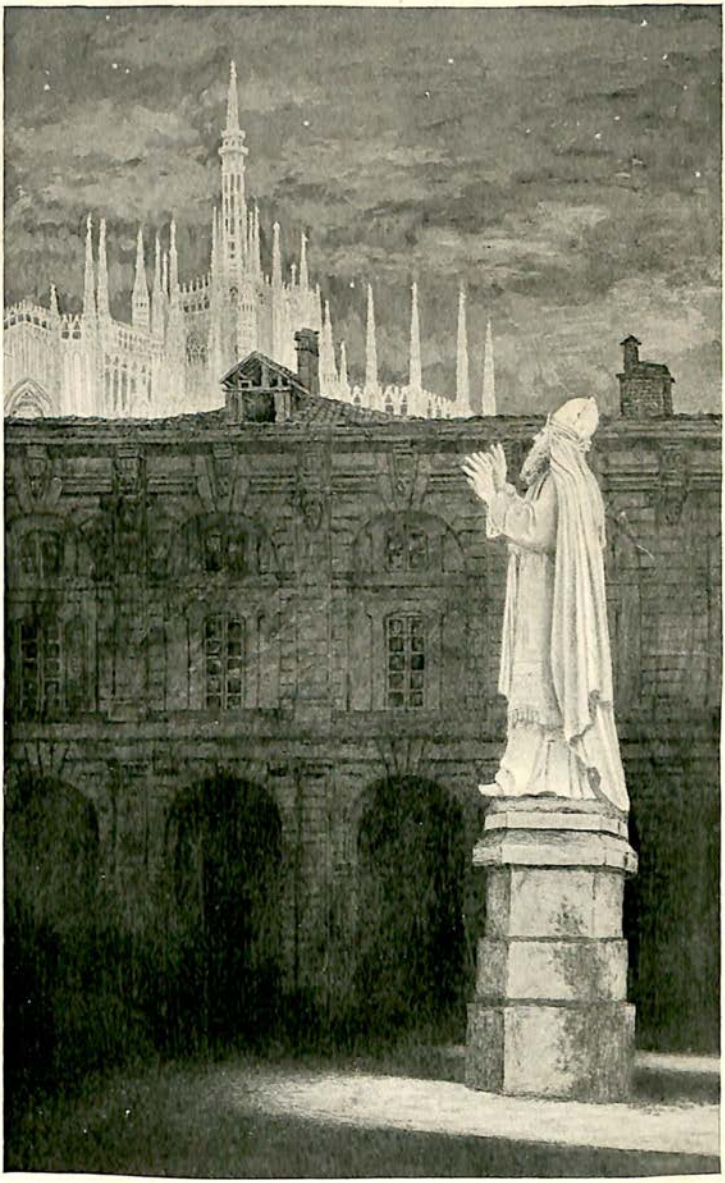
When near a glacier, every peasant will tell how they have seen the "cours," the strange procession of the spirits of the dead winding through the

mountains on their way to the glacier singing the "Miserere." For a penance they have to pick out steps in the ice with a pin, so that at last they may pass from purgatory to paradise. The peasants even say that they have walked along by the side of these weird companies, and have seen the shining halos round their heads and hands.

Sometimes they describe the spirits as being dressed in ordinary clothes and carrying bundles wrapped in white tied to staves held on their shoulders, and when they speak it is so low that their conversation cannot be understood.

Two girls I knew, said they walked along with the procession to see if they could recognise anyone. At last the younger girl said to her sister: "Let us turn our lantern on their faces, perchance we may see some one we know." When the lantern was flashed, the spirit said: "We go our road without disturbing you; you go your road without disturbing us," and two by two the spirits passed on in silence.

Other peasants say these companies are led by living flames, or by the ghost of the wickedest one very richly dressed, who when he comes to a precipice has to bend down his body, which is miraculously lengthened out to reach the other side, thus forming a bridge over which the other spirits can pass. Children, they say, often mistake these phantoms for human beings carrying lights, and when they have asked for one, they have been given something luminous which in the morning has turned out to be the phosphorescent bone of the spirit's little finger. Until the child returns the



AARON, PALAZZO DELL' ARCIVESCOVADO, MILAN

Estella Canziani

luminous bone, the spirit is forced to go weeping at the end of the procession, for otherwise he will have no light to guide him on his way to Paradise.

If there is a queerly-shaped rock it is certain to have some legend connected with it. An old shepherd told the following story about a boulder at a place called Piantalor. A hunter named Gebbe went off hunting one night; he walked all day into the higher mountains, arriving at Piantalor in the evening, and lay down to sleep on the rock. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the flare of a burning pine-tree, which was so brilliant that it lighted up the grass and moss even in the surrounding valleys. Seated on every stone near where he lay, he saw the shadowy figures of beautiful maidens. At first all was silent save for the sound of the burning wood. Then one by one the girls burst into song, singing as they rose and danced:

"O del Cielo gran Regina
Tu sei degna d'ogni amor;
La beltade tua divina,
Chi non ama, non ha cuor."

As each phantom glided by with her flowing veil, Gebbe thought she was going to seize him, and was very frightened. At last the flame died down, and there was nothing left except a column of smoke rising to heaven. His fear subsided, and he watched the singers rise and follow their leader, who touched the mysterious stone, which opened, revealing a cavern with a staircase descending into the depths of the earth. The spirits went down the

stairway, and when the last had disappeared, shut the cavern with such a crash that it shook the whole earth. Who knows whether the cavern contains immense riches, and will its mystery ever be fathomed ?

In every district there is a strong belief in witches, and in their evil spells, especially over children. Sometimes a baby is said to have been snatched from its cradle, and a witch-baby put in its place. This changeling is always naughty, is often very ugly and cannot speak. After years of trouble the mother will by chance put eggs and polenta to roast on the hearth, and this so excites the witch-baby that it cries out : " In all the hundreds of years that I have lived, I have never seen so many eggs and so much polenta before." The peasant then knows that he is a witch-child, and has lived hundreds of years. She thereupon seizes him and beats him, until his cries bring his own witch-mother, who snatches him away, returning the human baby to its parents.

A peasant living in a little lonely village told the following story : A tinker once strolled into the house of two witches, mother and daughter. He did a day's work for them, and asked if he might rest the night there. As he was dozing off to sleep he overheard the following conversation : " A baby was born to the tinker last night—shall we take it from him ? " The witches agreed to do this. They greased themselves with some ointment out of a pot, and flew away, calling out : " High and low, carry me out of the reach of shrubs, branches, and trees." The tinker then greased himself with some

of the same ointment, and called out: "Carry me one hour sooner." In his anxiety to save his baby he forgot the other words, and he arrived home torn and bleeding in his rush through the bushes. He lay down and watched his child, and soon a black cat appeared, who stretched out a paw to seize the infant. The tinker was ready with an old sword, and, aiming well, he cut off the cat's paw. Once more the witches uttered their magic words and flew back home, followed by the tinker.

Next morning, when he asked to be paid for his day's work, the old mother counted out the money with her left hand. The tinker insisted that it should be done with the right. He then saw that she only had a stump, and drawing the cat's paw from his pocket, he found to his amazement that it fitted exactly.

Besides legends, there are numerous songs and proverbs which the peasants sing and teach their children. What could be more charming than the following cradle-song?

I	I
Fa la nina,	(Sleep, my little one,
Fa la nana,	Sleep, little one,
T'ses le gioja	Thou art the joy
D'tua mama.	Of thy mother.
II	II
Fa la nina,	Sleep, my little one,
Fa la nana,	Sleep, little one,
T'ses la gioja	Thou art the joy
To papà.	Of thy father.)

What could give better advice than these two proverbs ?

" Chi a là pasienssa cun el fil,
A l'à pasienssa cun el marì "
(" Who has patience with the thread,
Has patience with the husband " ;

and :

" Chi l'à paura dël cauld dl'istà
A chërpa d'fam an tl'invern "
(" He who fears the heat of summer,
Will die of hunger in the winter ").

But it is only when wandering from valley to valley, entering into the lives of the peasants, working with them, nursing their babies whilst the mothers attend to their duties, that gradually one sees how endless and varied are their ideas. Every plant is known for its value as a medicine. If one gathers a bunch of flowers for the sake of their beauty, the first question asked is : " For what sickness art thou going to use them ? "

The real time for stories and song is in the evenings, when the family with their goats and cows have come down from the mountains, and are gathered together in the stable. The door is shut to keep in the warmth, and the mother of the family warms the soup over a fire smouldering between a few stones in the middle of the floor. Through the smoke and gloom the faces of the peasants peer forth strange and gnome-like. The silence is only broken by the cows chewing the cud ; the chickens fluttering up to roost on the rough wooden beds. When snuff has been offered and accepted by host and guest alike, it is then, and only then, that the reserve of the peasant is broken and the evening is passed in story, song, and game.

ESTELLA CANZIANI.

DONNA ROSA

Rose of the south, whose young fair face
Has borrowed all the rose's grace,
Straight as a lance, you aptly claim
The heritage of Manfred's name:
Slight as its shaft—to me you seem
To glide from out some old-world dream,
Some rare and unensanguined page
Of story from the middle-age;
The princess of some castled isle
Who earned a ransom with a smile,
Or held at bay man's brute offence
Disarmed before her innocence.
Still, though you grace our graceless days
And meet me in romanceless ways,
I see across your eyes' dark glance
The flashing of the Suabian's lance,
And through the smile of your young mouth
Immortal roses of the south.

RENNELL RODD.

ANIMA MIA

- Anima mia -
Paolo Tosti
Lento
pp
A - nima mi - a sai anche tu che questo a -
- mo - re basta per mo - ri - re ma per vivere o - mai non basta più!..
col canto
p.
Roma Agosto 1915

GONDOLAS

THERE is no creature in the world so proud as a gondola, unless perhaps it be a camel in his own desert, or in the market-place of some desert-bordering city. Possibly this seems so because we only see him in his own ancient town, stabled underneath palatial porticoes in the Grand Canal, or prowling silently down little secret ways where ever and anon an old green door aswing in a wall of marble suggests some mystery that the gondola knows. I cannot say how he would appear to us if we saw him on the Thames—whether he would go drifting under the bridges as the barges do, wearing the weary air of some captive pent in Babylon, or whether, even though a slave, his pride would not desert him, and he would go by, though piled up high with merchandise, still wearing that lofty, haughty air of his and standing out jet black, even against London, an alien fierce and notable, so that some Venetian by chance beholding him would burst into song. I think it is more likely that on being transported his timbers would rot asunder, and that when they launched him he would instantly sink, dying as was the custom of barbarian kings destined for some triumph of old Rome; and his soul would go home by the long ways of the sea, round Cape Tarifa, through the Mediterranean, and up the Adriatic to the Lido, and into Venice with the rise of the tide.

Certainly, seen in his own land, the bearing of a gondola is magnificent. Easily moved to anger, they are splendid even in their wrath. Nothing else dares to dispute with them the right of the ways of Venice except the steamers on the Grand Canal. When these go by, the gondolas stand absolutely motionless at their moorings with their disdainful heads in air. But a moment afterwards their fury vents itself. They toss their stately heads and stamp on the water; they, the descendants of the old sea-horses, whose crests they bear to-day, to be disturbed by the snorts of a modern ship made out of machinery without a soul! And they jostle and quarrel with one another in their fury, and the gondoliers awake from sleep and swear, and for a long time there is anger among the gondolas.

In spring and summer, as soon as the night has fallen, lanterns are lit on rafts out in the open lagoon, and men and women sing, and then from the palaces whereby they are stabled, and from little alleys and by-ways of the sea the nodding gondolas come one by one, peering toward the lights. And more and more glide quietly in, all nodding as they come, and draw themselves up in rows all round the music, like great wise moths that some beautiful candle has lured out of the night, who are content to watch it without ruin. And gathered there around the music and lights, their shapely heads lift slowly sleepily up, and fall again in rhythm to the faint echo of the throb of the pulse of the Adriatic elate with some far-off storm.

No two gondolas are alike. You tell them by

RIVA SAN SEBASTIANO, VENICE

Harry Wood, R.I.

RIVA SAN SEBASTIANO, VENICE

Henry Woods, R.A.

Venice. 1913.
Henry Ward

their faces as one tells men, and the steel face of every gondola differs from every other in Venice.

I am fond of the gondolas. I know that the great steamships whom the gondolas despise, and who hate the gondolas, can move much faster than any one of them, if one must needs be in a hurry. I know that the whole system under which the gondolas exist is an artificial one. I know that the Adriatic will one day sweep away the mud-banks and whelm Venice, and that not one gondola will ever weather that storm.

Nevertheless I love the gondolas. For they have in their hearts the pride of the old sea-horses, and theirs is the grace of princely bygone times. And they have carried me into their favourite haunts, to and fro through little darkening ways, where strange faces peer from little windows and songs begin to arise, when the sunset, unseen from the waterways, is turning the palaces into haunts of faery in which dwelt the princes of Once-upon-a-time and the people of Over-the-hills-and-far-away.

All this the bats know, who the whole day long hang silent under marmorean eaves, but at sunset drop head downwards from their homes, when all the bugles speak in foreign tongues, and the great alien vessels furl their flags, and the bats pass up and down and to and fro and know all the ways of Venice.

DUNSANY.

NIGHT

VESUVIUS, purple under purple skies
Beyond the purple, still, unrippling sea;
Sheer amber lightning, streaming ceaselessly
From heaven to earth, dazzling bewildered eyes
With all the terror of beauty: thus day dies
That dawned in blue, unclouded innocency;
And thus we look our last on Italy,
That soon, obscured by night, behind us lies.

***

And night descends on us, tempestuous night,
Night, torn with terror, as we sail the deep,
And like a cataract down a mountain-steep
Pours, loud with thunder, that red perilous fire . .
Yet shall the dawn, O land of our desire,
Show thee again, re-orient, crowned with light!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

TRE CIME DI LAVAREDO

Most of us who have lived a good long time have found some part of the world to look on as the happy hunting-ground of our spirits, the place most blessed by memory. And within that sacred circle there will be some spot above all others, enchanted.

Tre Cime di Lavaredo! Drei Zinnen! You three rock mountains above Misurina of the Italian Tyrol—how many times have we not climbed up, to lie on your high, stony slopes, steeping our eyes in wild form and colour, wherefrom even a dull spirit must take wings and soar a little. Width of thought is surely born, in some sort, of majestic sights—cloud forms, and a burning sky, rock pinnacles, and wandering, deep-down valleys, the grey-violet shadows on the hills, the frozen serenity of far snows. All the outspread miracle there lies fan-shaped to the south, south-east, south-west, having the southern warmth, that something which so makes the heart rejoice the moment one passes over and looks southward from any mountain. What traveller does not feel strange loveliness steal up into his soul from southern slopes? Domodossola below the Simplon; Val d'Aosta beyond the Matterhorn; Bormio beneath the Stelvio; and many another holy place. It is not merely charm and mellowness—the south can be savage as the north—it is some added poignancy of form and colour, and a look of being blessed.

Tre Cime di Lavaredo! Music comes drifting up your slopes, from pasture far down enough to give magic to the cow-bells.

And now, up where but three years ago we watched a little white cow licking its herd's sprained hand, they are fighting to the death. Batteries must be adorning that steep forcella running from the refuge hut. A new kind of thunder reverberates, in whose roar the stones that were for ever falling will have lost their voices. And the beasts—the grey, the dun, the white, mild-eyed—their pasture below must be a desert! Even the goats surely have gone. Or do they and their young masters attend placidly on these new mysteries, just pricking their ears now and again at some too raucous clap and clatter of guns?

If men are being killed up there, let them be buried in their tracks! Out of their bodies on the lower slopes a few more flowers will spring—gentian, mountain dandelion, alpen rose; round the peaks they will be grateful food for root of edelweiss. And may their spirits—if men have such after death—stay up there on those wild heights! Nowhere else could they have such pure, free flitting space! Friend-spirit, foe-spirit, they will fight no more, but on the winter nights in comradeship haunt about the frozen hills, where no shred of man or beast or bird or plant is left, till Spring comes again.

To fight up here, where Nature has designed one vast demonstration of her own fierce untameness, of all the stubborn face she opposes to the arts of man! What irony! Up in this wild,

stony citadel, among these rock minarets and red-and-gold-stained bastions, above ravines remote from man—up here, where in winter all is ice, and even in summer no green thing grows; on these invincible outposts of an Earth subdued by incalculable human toil throughout a million years; among these sublime unconquered monuments, reminding man of labour and peril infinite in his long death-grip with Nature—up here man has fellow-man by the throat. Yea! It is irony complete! Nor the less perfect, in that each soldier on these heights who in duty clubs his fellow-Christian's brains out, or sends forth the shell that shall mingle his body with the rock rubble and the edelweiss, and sets up a little cross, perhaps, to the departed soul, is a true hero, holding his life in his hand throwing it down grandly for his country's honour. Verily we are strange animals, we men—little walking magazines of too great vitality! Out of our sheer rampancy comes War; as though superfluity of vital fluid were for ever accumulating, to free ourselves of which we have found as yet no better way than this. Shall we never learn to spend the surplus of our vital force in efforts of salvation, rather than destruction? If the mountains cannot teach us, and the wide night skies above them, sparkling with other worlds, then nothing will. For—on mountains and beneath such skies, man feels at his greatest, flies far in fancy, dreams of nobility; yet does he perceive what a puny midget of a creature walks on his two feet, glad of any little help he can get or give, avid of goodwill from any living thing. In loneliness up here he

would soon be frozen and starved, or slip to death. His tiny strength, his feeble cunning, should avail him but short span. Unroped to other men, he is but a sigh in the night, a cross of bleaching lime in the sunlight. . . .

Tre Cime di Lavaredo! Golden sounds of a golden speech! When, if ever, we see your beloved rocks again, that will be your only name; no longer will the words Drei Zinnen compete for you. . . . And will you know the difference? As of old, gigantic—silent, or, desolately, in the loosening rains and heat casting down your stones—you will lift up your black defiance in the clear mountain nights, your grandeur to the sun by day.

Once we saw you with the young moon flying toward, like a white swallow, like an arrow aimed at your hearts, as it might be in duel between bright swiftness and dark strength. The moon was vanquished—for she flew into you that stood unmoved.

Tre Cime di Lavaredo! You will outlast the race of men upon this earth. When we, quarrelsome midget heroes that we be, are all frozen from this planet, you will be there, whitened for ever from head to foot. Only, you will have no name —neither of north nor south!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

September 3, 1915.

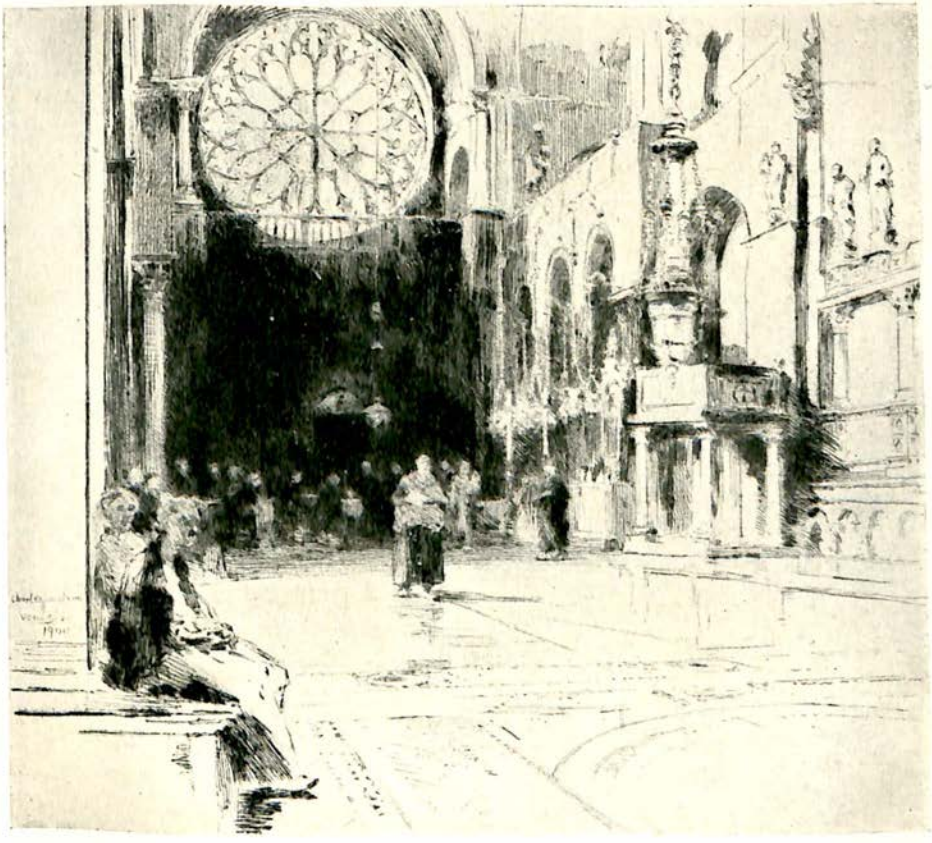
NOTTI VENEZIANE

Sogno Veneziano

I SLEPT in Venice. The bright windy day
Merged into night, along the Zattere,
Over the long Giudecca luminous.
The night was bright and windy; and 'twas thus
I fell asleep and let the moonlight fall
Across my face, and scatter on the wall;
And thus I came into the moonlight spell.
I dreamed; and in my dream a darkness fell
Upon the land and water, and the night
Poured like a flood across the infinite.
Then, as I dreamed, the billowy darkness broke
At some soft, slow, insinuating stroke,
And lo! a little core of light began
To waken softly, and its rays out-ran,
And, by insensible degrees, increased
Into the semblance of a phantom East;
And the whole night gathered and overflowed,
Flood upon flood, until a shining road
Of level water lay out endlessly
Into the outer reaches of the sea.
I floated forth lightly upon it, and
Suddenly, round me, there was no more land,
But rioting from the depths of the sea's caves,
The shining floor broke into hollow waves,

And rocked the house about me, and drove me on
Into the night of waters. Land was gone,
The whole live Earth shrank like a startled snail
Into the shell of heaped-up waters, pale
As moonlight in the moonlight, and now curled
Under and over and round about the world.
And the waves drew me, and the treacherous night
Into the circle of its infinite
Would fain have sucked me, and I saw the moon
Laughing an evil laugh, and the stars swoon
Into an ecstasy of merriment.
Then, knowing I was wholly lost, I sent
A great cry shouting up into the sky,
And leapt upright, and with an echoing cry
Over my head I heard the waters hiss;
And I fell slowly down the sheer abyss,
Age after endless age of such intense
And unimaginably sharp suspense,
That soul and body parted at the stroke;
And with the utter anguish I awoke,
And saw the night grow softly into day
Outside my windows on the Zattere.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



VESPERS, ST. MARK'S, VENICE

Charles J. Watson, R.E.

A TUSCAN EPISODE

THE two sat looking at me with that wistful, pleading expression in their eyes that most of us have seen in the eyes of a suffering animal which knows its pain, but would seek also to know from us the reason why that pain should have come to it. It is a look which we hate to see in the eyes of any stricken creature; in those of a stricken human being it is well-nigh intolerable, because it brings home to us our own impotence to answer the greatest question of all. We know that if we could answer this question satisfactorily, or even plausibly, whether to man or beast, we should be the wisest of all mortals, sharing our knowledge with the angels alone.

It was difficult to believe, as I walked through the vineyards and *campi* that morning in late summer, that the world lay groaning under the scourge of war. Peace and tranquillity seemed to be writ large on the face of the smiling Tuscan landscape. The dew still lingered on the grapes, and on the banks of the vineyards gay with wild geranium and starred here and there with the autumn crocus. There was no sound in the still air save the shrilling of grasshoppers, the occasional lowing of great, white oxen, and, every now and then, a snatch of song from some concealed *contadino* working on the fields down in the valley.

The contrast between the world as God intended it to be, and the world as man was making it, seemed to be brought into a sharper relief than ever by a sermon which was being preached by Nature herself, the greatest of all teachers. The incredible, unutterable folly and wickedness of man, deliberately planning and seeking his own misery and destruction, needed no deeper or more ironical condemnation than that conveyed by Nature speaking in her own clear language that summer morning. And the pity of it was that she was speaking the same language and teaching the same divine doctrine not only here in these peaceful Tuscan hills and valleys, but also within a stone's throw of trenches and battle-fields where twenty centuries of vaunted Christian civilisation were being undone, and the doctrines of Christ denied and trampled under foot—speaking, alas! to those who, having ears, hear not, and whose understanding is blunted by the lust for power and blood.

Perhaps it was the sudden snatches of *stornelli*, which ceased almost as soon as begun, which made me realise that the sorrows of war lay much closer to the tranquil, pastoral scene around me than might be suspected. To one unacquainted with the Tuscan country, these snatches of song at once dying away into silence would have conveyed little or no significance—a peasant singing to himself, and too lazy to sing—nothing more. But to one knowing Tuscany, these spiritless snatches of *stornelli* spoke of a shadow brooding over the usual Tuscan light-heartedness, the shadow of war ever creeping closer and closer, and stealthily enveloping

the land. In ordinary times the *stornello* would have been taken up by other young peasant voices. It would not have dropped into silence as though the singer's mind were occupied by other thoughts than love or a malicious desire to *prendere in giro* his neighbour—thoughts too grave to find their utterance in song. Indeed, the singer on this occasion must have known very well that there were none to take up his refrain or to challenge his sentiments ; those who would have been prompt to do so at other times were now far away, fighting the hated Austrians. Half-way on the rough track leading down into one of the innumerable little valleys in the Pisan hills, a peasant's house and out-buildings nestled beneath a group of plane-trees. It was here that I was bent, for I had heard the evening before that to this cottage one of those fatal letters had come, announcing to the *contadino* and his wife the fall of the elder of their two sons in an assault on one of the mountain positions occupied by the Austrian troops. The second boy, luckily for the parents, was still a child. But with the fallen lad had gone, as I well knew, the main support of the family, for the father had for long been in ill-health, and could do but little work on the *poderi*. What comfort could one bring to such a home as this ? To others, stricken in a similar way, it would, no doubt, have been customary to dwell upon the honour and glory of having given a son to the cause of *la Patria ;* to have pointed out that the sacrifice had not been made in vain ; to have attempted consolation by suggesting that this was a grief which was daily visiting thousands of other

parents and families; to have offered, in short, any one of those stock platitudes which are usually deemed to be consolatory and also fitting in similar circumstances, with occasional allusions to resignation to the will of God thrown in. I had scarcely entered the dwelling before it became evident to me that, even had I any desire to offer consolatory platitudes, this was neither the time nor the company in which to utter them. Something, I know not what, made me realise that silence was the best sympathy I could offer to the *contadino* and his wife, who, for several minutes after my entrance, stood and looked at me with that unuttered question in their weary but patient eyes; and in silence I held their brown hands, knowing that neither I nor any man living had the knowledge, or the right, to answer their dumb appeal.

"I know that Italo was everything to you," I said presently, for the silence grew intolerable, "but you must remember that you have Sandro left. They will not take him, you know, for he will be a *figlio unico*, and by the time he is eligible for military service he will be able to show that he is the sole support of his parents."

"Italo was everything to us—everything, you understand, *signoria*—a good lad, one can say no more than that. But, *signoria*, you are standing," and the father drew a chair towards me. "Yes," he continued, "the letter came yesterday, to the *sindaco*, and they sent it down here. They say Italo has died for *la Patria*, and that we should be proud of him. *Ma, veda, signoria*, we were always proud of him. It did not need *la Patria* to make us

that, and what can the dead do to make us proud of them any more? And now the land will suffer, and the beasts, for Italo was no *vagabondo;* he worked, *signoria*, and he had learned from books, too—not like me, who am ignorant. Sometimes, when the winter came, he would go away and work at other things, but always he sent us his earnings, for he was a good son."

For a moment I felt an unpleasing sense of a certain sordidness betraying itself. I wished that the father of the fallen lad had not alluded to material matters. I turned to the mother. "You must try to have courage," I said, compelled to descend to platitudes; "Italo did his duty to you both in his life, and in his death he did his duty to his country—so even though he is no longer here, you should continue always to be proud of him." Without answering, Italo's mother went to a table and, unlocking a drawer, produced a card, which she handed to me.

"A money order!" I said, as I took it from her.

"*Signoria*, yes—a *vaglia*. It came yesterday morning—only a few hours before they sent us the letter from the *municipio*. You see? he sends us nearly two months of his pay—you can read what he has written on the side of the card. Sixty *lire*, he can have kept very little for himself. But our Italo is always like that!" Unconsciously, probably, she used the present tense, and the fact that she did so seemed to bring the dead lad strangely near to us.

"It is the last *vaglia* he will send us," said

the *contadino;* "and he has sent many, *signoria* —yes, many. When he was away at Livorno, or at Florence, nearly every fortnight he would send us the most of what he earned; but this *vaglia* —well, it is the last he will send, *sicuro!*"

"The money will be useful," I replied, perhaps a little dryly.

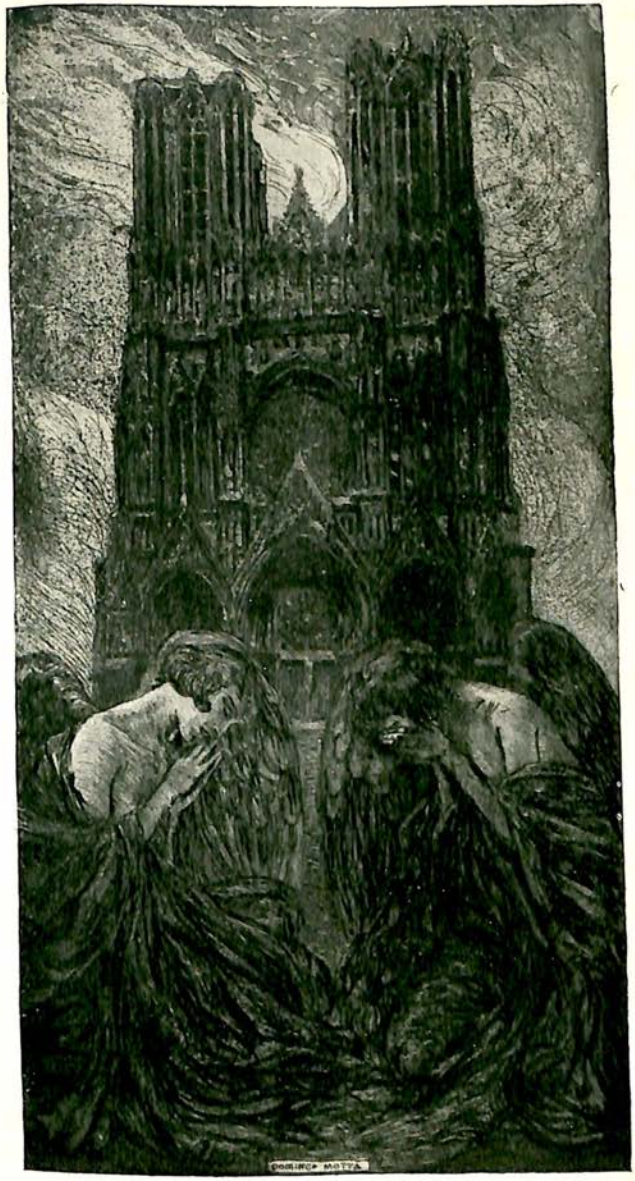
"The money?" repeated the *contadino*—"what money?"

"Why, the money of the *vaglia!*—you will change it, of course, at the post-office?"

The father and mother both looked at me. "No, *signoria*," they exclaimed in the same breath. "No; the post-office would take the *vaglia* away from us, and, *capisce*, this bit of paper was the last he wrote upon to us. No—the post-office may keep the money."

And soon afterwards I left them. It seemed to me that they were better alone with their dead. But as I left them, I saw that the question in their eyes remained unanswered, and that it would remain so until God should see fit to answer it. Also, I was bitterly ashamed of myself for having made the observation regarding the utility of sixty *lire*, and for having suspected sordidness where there was nothing but love.

RICHARD BAGOT.



RHEIMS

Domingo Motta (*Genoa*)

WHERE THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE PLAINS

THROUGH the blank horror of this war, many of us no doubt have prayed, even unconsciously, that the beauty of Italy might be spared for the refreshment of a world, beaten and bruised, lacerated and despoiled, as our world is to-day. We have prayed that the murky river of wrong and bitter pain—the cruel, the unimaginable material forces which one nation has let loose on neighbour nations for their destruction—might still be stayed. We have longed that it should not pollute yet one other of the gracious lands of Europe: that it should not touch Italy—that land more crowded with the artistic achievement of man than any land on earth. Morally, we have not wished that her new-formed people should escape the agonising struggle; but artistically, yes, we have longed for an escape. And our hearts these months have crept back surely to the old loved places; some have travelled here, some have gone there in memory. For myself, my thoughts have lingered most on the south side of the Alps which guard them, rather than amidst the palaces and cities of the plains.

* * * * * *

As the news of June leaked into our papers, a poignant memory of girlhood returned to me, and

round it seemed to focus all the mustering of the brave Italian armies. It was the memory of a May evening in 1888. I had spent that spring with my father [1] in our little house upon the Zattere at Venice. My brain was soaked with the art of Venice—my heart filled with rare new friendships and experiences. We were to travel back to our Swiss home by way of Pieve di Cadore and Cortina, one of the great highways which lead from Italy into Austria. Our first night was spent in the little town of Longarone. It was late in the afternoon. The heat of the day had been intense, but the inn to which we came, with all its large palatial rooms, felt curiously cool and sleepy. I remember how I rested in the shade of a great *salone;* sitting on one of those wide settees peculiar to old Italian inns, my feet cooled by the scagliola floor on which water had been lately sprinkled. Then the sun went down outside, and I threw the heavy wooden shutters open.

It is nearly thirty years ago, but the scene is vivid in my memory. Below was the main street of the little town, and beyond it the walled-in mountain torrent; immediately opposite was some fantastic, possibly a quite modern, palace, with a frieze of pomegranates and of fleur-de-lis, painted in white and brown, below its roofs. The street ended abruptly; the road wound up the hillside to the left. Then suddenly, in the hush of the sunset, a little band of Bersaglieri ran quickly up the street, and up the road and away into the first gaunt crags of the mountains up beyond. My

[1 John Addington Symonds.—THE EDITOR.]

father came from his room and told me how the Bersaglieri always run into action and are never allowed to walk. We went out on the iron balcony, and we watched them up the mountain road till they disappeared amongst the shadows of the rocks. But long after we ceased to see their gay cocks' feathers and white gaiters, we could hear the shrill call of their bugles as they wound up the mountain-side.

And I remember how, later, my father and I ourselves walked up the street, and the road to the mountain; and how we came in the evening to a green meadow, where grew abundantly the white spiræa with feathery blossom, and amongst it, here and there, like torches amongst fair ladies, the splendid orange tiger-lily. Below us lay the brown roofs of the little town; above us towered the Alps —those amazing natural ramparts which guard the Lombard cities from the cruelties of the North, and which have broken, though they could not stay, the force of so many Northern invasions.

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I shall never forget that meadow. I shall never forget the Bersaglieri. I have wandered much since then amidst the pleasant cities of the plain—Milan, Bergamo, Brescia, Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and many others. I have crossed the next great natural rampart of the Apennines, and come to Florence and the gentle hills and towns of Umbria; and thence again I have passed to Rome and Naples, and those more fearful cities of the South. All the treasures of man's creative mind are here con-

tained—jewels set in a hundred natural crowns. I have read the history of these places, and thought and pondered on the whence and wherefore of their unparalleled loveliness, and on the genius of that strange mixed people who created them. Turning over the old chronicles, I have read of their wars —the fierce, fantastic wars of all the separate cities —cities which may be said to have arisen from the very blood of their citizens. What a gay and gallant clash of swords was theirs, after all—at least by comparison with modern methods. Hand to hand fights they were—things of the miraculous inconsequence of children's quarrels!

And what a wealthy heritage we have gained from all that curious jumbled history. For whilst the blood of the young men coursed through the piazzas, whilst citizens poured stones and boiling oil on the heads of the approaching hordes, up in some quiet room of an old palace, or down by the altars of a new-built church or chapel, men who were passionately acquainted with Beauty in all her forms, would set their easels up, or hang their mighty canvases; and there, through all the noise and stress, would sit the whole day through, painting their placid pictures, cutting their golden marbles—creating just because of, or in spite of the wrong and turmoil, those pictures and those sunny marble garlands which we may pray for power to make, in vain.

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Yes, they are very good to think about, the cities of Italy. But always, in memory, I myself come back to the delightful unfrequented places where

the mountains meet the plains, and where the spirit, rather than the achievement of the Italians, seems to me most to linger. When exhausted by the purposeless and often hideous crowd of red-brick English villas, I still can close my eyes and can remember, how somewhere, for miles on countless miles, the great Alps roll, down to the great plains. I can see the granite boulders at Chiavenna, with the fantastic curves of the chestnut trees which spring above them ; the sparkling mountain streams, the delicate green pastures where snowflakes and narcissus grow in spring. I can see the shimmer of lilac crocus round the tall barocco churches in September ; the slender campaniles with their bells against the sky ; and the wayside shrines with poor, but passionate, paintings of our Lord. And women I can see, beautiful as Titian's women, with copper pails or baskets on their heads ; and children, brown and lithe as fawns, dancing on autumn afternoons around the white ash of their chestnut fires, in woods where the traveller rarely goes, but where the Bersaglieri mustered this summer of dread and war.

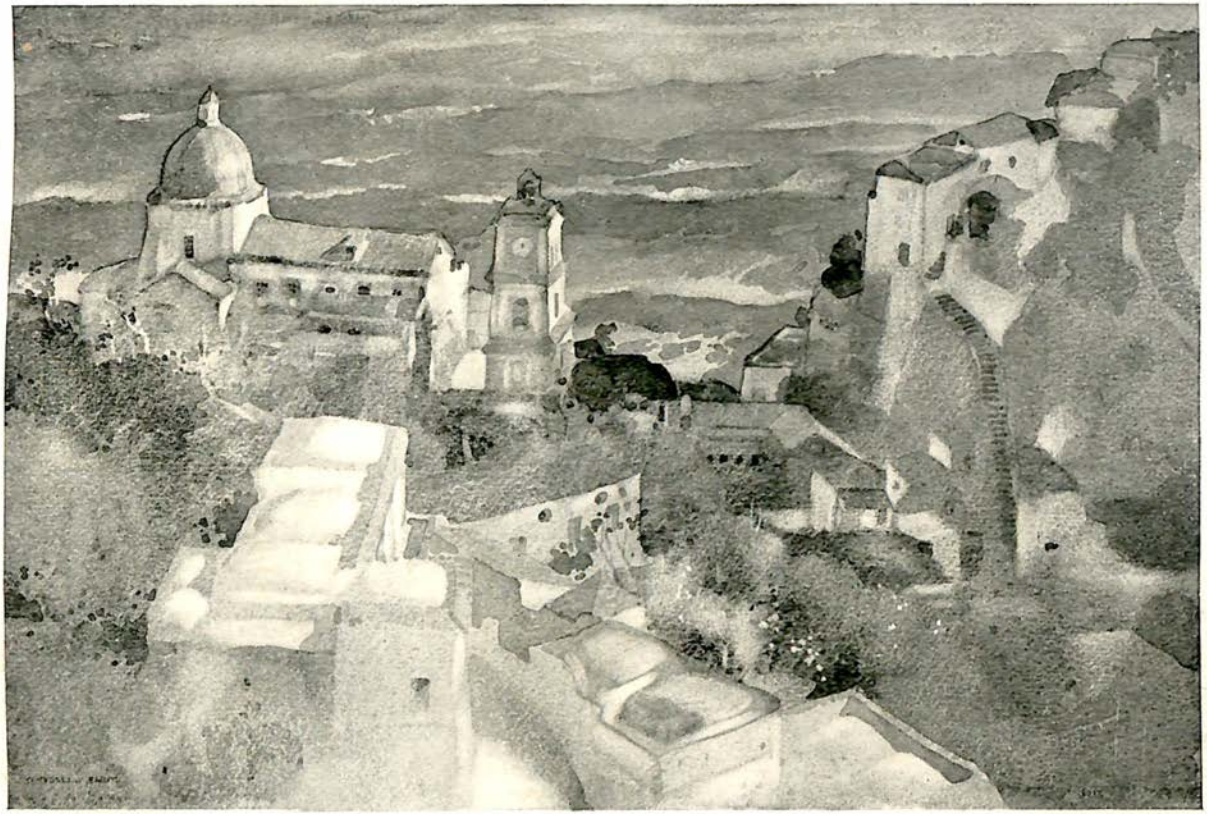
MARGARET VAUGHAN.

A FINE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

A REMINISCENCE OF SOUTHERN ITALY

TOWARDS the close of the last century the writer of these lines, investigating the social and economic situation of South Italy, alighted at a small wayside station in Old Calabria, in the far-away heel of the boot of Italy—a remote spot unvisited by the tourist, unknown even to the travelling Italian. It was before the days of State railways, and the infirmities of the way-and-weather-worn first-class carriage in which he travelled needed first aid with hammer and nails before it was in a condition to leave Lecce.

Comparisons are sometimes made between English and Continental standards of hospitality, to the detriment of the latter. The writer can truly say that, possessing no other credential than a brief, formal introduction, he was welcomed with a cordiality, a courtesy and delicacy of manner that formed the prelude to a lifelong friendship. "Here," said his genial host, "is your room where you can quietly write; such are the hours of our repasts; my sons will drive you about and assist you in your inquiries." It was a large palazzo, with lofty rooms and painted ceilings, a private chapel, a loggia, and charming garden with vine and orange, and a



A SOUTHERLY GALE, POSITANO

W. Russell Flint, A.R.W.S.

classic exhedra at the end containing a bust of Dante, with the inscription *Non surse il secondo.* A patriarchal household, with pensioners and dependents not a few, its mistress the Baronessa, a stately Italian gentlewoman of rare charm and matronly sympathy.

Much has been written of the evils and deficiencies of the Italian south; of absenteeism, of illiteracy, of poverty, of corruption, of laziness. Laziness! When the Southern Italian is he who, among all European labourers, will perform the greatest amount of efficient work for the smallest pay; who will cross the ocean to reap one harvest on the burning plains of Argentina, and return to reap another under the fiery sun of South Italy.

Truly in those days, before remedial legislation and emigration to America, with its consequent influx of money, its contact with a higher standard of living, had brought about the relative economic improvement now everywhere visible, material existence was low enough compared with Western standards. And what a land it was that met the traveller's gaze as he rolled along in the roomy ancestral *berlina* from the railway station to his destination! A vast, torrid, stony plain, curiously Eastern in aspect, with its low, flat-roofed houses, and here and there a palm tree lifting its tall fronds over the scene—a land significantly known as the *Sassonia*, where the bare bones of mother earth protruded, gaunt and sterile, through her scant, tattered vesture of soil. Meagre harvests of barley, fig, and olive were wrested from her novercal breast —the local plough in use, a prehistoric, unshod

wooden implement drawn by one or two cows, which could be hired, cows and all, for 1*s.* 3*d.* a day, or 2*s.* 6*d.* at seed-time. Owing to devastating attacks of the *musca olearia* on the olive crop, wages were as low as 8*d.* a day for men ; 4*d.* for women.

A primitive folk they ! Did the family need new boots or shoes ? The shoemaker would instal himself in your house, and for a wage of 10*d.* a day work up your own material. In the village of C—— the only baker's oven was the property of the parish priest. Every two or three months the peasant would prepare for a grand baking ; he would bring his loaves of barley meal and some fuel, paying for the use of the oven in kind by leaving a quota of the batch. Let a word be here said for the parish priest of the south as the writer knew him. Passing rich on £32 a year, he usually contrived to house and feed a poor relation—a grandparent, a nephew, a niece—and yet have to spare for outside charity. Truly a *padre* to his flock, he was welcomed in every home ; children kissed his hand, and their elders asked his blessing. In education far below the standard of the *parroco* of the more prosperous north, he was frequently the only educated man in his parish. In every crisis of a villager's life ; in contests with the hydra-headed local bureaucracy or the fisc, a marriage, a death (and succession duty is payable in Italy on inheritances as low as £4 sterling), he would be packed off on a donkey to the nearest town to see the business through. Often drawn from the peasant class, he retains the peasant's passion for land. One such I well remember, who, after showing me with pride

his well-cultivated orchard, asked, "What did we grow in England? Olives?" "No." "Oranges?" "No." "Lemons?" "No." "*Nespoli?*" "No." "Grapes?" "No; not out of doors." "What did we grow?" "Well, cherries, apples, pears, plums." Then, with a look of pitying scorn, he exclaimed, "*Ma che! Povero paese! Povero paese!*"

Equally admirable too the devotion of the village schoolmaster. At S——, teaching classes in three standards in one poor, bare room, I found a heroic pedagogue with a similar stipend of £32 a year valiantly educating the few children whose parents could afford to forego the two or three soldi they might otherwise earn in the fields, and generously giving his evenings to offer the elements of a higher education to the still fewer lads who were able to attend. The education of the village girls was entrusted to sisters of the Order of St. Vincent and St. Paul—gentle, devoted creatures—they too, full of enthusiasm. The children, sweet, dark-eyed things, sang in full, rich voices, time being set by castanets.

Under such conditions, then, lived Barone —— di C——, a cultured aristocrat of high lineage bearing a name famous in Italian annals, a fine example of the southern gentleman of the old school. Like so many absentee *Baroni* of the south, he might have existed in self-indulgent ease at Naples or Rome. But *noblesse oblige*. Choosing rather a life of service, he devoted his rare intelligence, his artistic sympathies, his frugal means—for the *Baroni* of the south are but poor compared with the English gentry—to the material elevation of his people, achieving a great work in a narrow sphere. Pos-

sessing a lofty ideal of the functions of a landed aristocracy, he sought by careful experiment and personal example to improve agricultural methods. After thirty years of indefatigable efforts and disappointments, he succeeded in wresting the concession from Rome of a local railway, whose inauguration he was not permitted to see. The Barone di C—— is said by the author of his funeral oration to have been the last of that company of *gentiluomini umanisti* that so long honoured the Terra d'Otranto. Certainly no other Italian correspondent of the present writer possessed in equal degree the lost art of letter-writing. His epistles were written in a precise, neat, and comely script which gave expression to a mind rich in knowledge and steeped in the writings of the great stylists of the past.

But what most impressed the present writer, and became a revelation to him, was the native dignity and absence of servility among the common people, and the intellectual atmosphere he breathed in this far-away corner of Southern Italy. How different the standard from our own gross conception of entertainment, where eating and drinking form the inevitable concomitants of social intercourse! After the frugal evening meal, open house was kept for any neighbour who cared to drop in for a chat—the schoolmaster; Monsignor B——, my host's brother, a tall, ascetic figure of the Manning type; a local officer, or other literate acquaintance. During the writer's brief stay, conversation ran on Darwinism, on Cardinal Newman and the Tractarian movement—for *Monsignor* had translated the *Dream of Gerontius*—local antiquities; agricultural

methods and markets; the talk always maintained with easy good-fellowship. No refreshment other than mental was offered or expected; no trace of social inequality apparent. This admirable note of intellectuality has recently been emphasized by an author who has a wide range of knowledge of South Italian life. Referring to this old province of the peninsula, Mr. Norman Douglas remarks:[1] "The number of monographs dealing with every one of these little Italian towns is a ceaseless source of surprise. Look below the surface, and you will find in all of them an undercurrent of keen spirituality, a nucleus of half a dozen widely-read and thoughtful men who foster the best traditions of the mind. You will not find them at the Town Council or the *Caffè*. No newspapers command their labours; no millionaires or learned societies come to their assistance; and though typography is cheap, they often stint themselves of the necessaries of life in order to produce those treatises of calm research." Thus has it availed amid the thunders of a world at war to catch the whisperings of a still small voice recalling a life of faithful service, of duties nearest at hand nobly performed? These are they who turn aside from the strident ambitions, the petty personalities, the bitterness of political factions. They are not heard of abroad; they are not received at courts; no honours decorate their breasts. But they are the salt that keeps a nation sweet; the wholesome, purifying life-blood of a great people. Happy the land that nurtures them!

[1] *Old Calabria.*

THOMAS OKEY.

A VISIT TO GARIBALDI

"ALLA gentile Miss Cobden. G. Garibaldi" stands at the foot of a photograph which is one of my most cherished possessions. The photograph represents Garibaldi seated; around his shoulders is wrapped an Algerian burnous, and on his head is a smoking cap. With this photograph before me I recall very vividly to my memory the visit to him in 1875 in the modest apartment of his son in Rome.

Garibaldi had been the hero of my youthful days. In my childhood I had the privilege of seeing a lock of his hair sent by him to my sister Kate, in reply to her ardent appeal to Garibaldi himself! and over my desk in our Sussex schoolroom had hung a coloured print of the hero of the Resurrection of Italy, standing with drawn sword on a hilltop—a silhouette against a bright blue Italian sky—leading the Thousand to victory.

In 1875 I was in Rome for the first time, and one day without warning, and without preparation, the gates of our hotel—Hotel Costanzi—were flung wide open, and into the courtyard dashed an open carriage drawn by two horses, and within it sat General Garibaldi. He had, I think, come unexpectedly to Rome on a visit to his son, Menotti, his first visit, I believe, to Rome as the capital of United Italy. Though his visit was unheralded, the crowd about his carriage, as he drove from the

A NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE

SANT' APOLLINARE

TRENT

Sir Charles Archibald Nicholson, Bart.

station, was so great that it was found necessary to take refuge within the gates of the Costanzi Hotel. And from the carriage Garibaldi was carried to a balcony from where he spoke to the people gathered in multitudes below. He spoke, I remember, of Freedom, and of their beloved Italy, and the streets echoed with their *vivas!* At the hotel was my father's old friend, T. B. Potter, M.P. for Rochdale, whose enthusiasm for Garibaldi was so great that in 1864 he brought to Caprera from England a yacht as a gift to the General, and by him I was taken, with his son Richard, to visit Garibaldi.

We drove to a modest house in a quiet street in Rome, and we climbed the three flights of stairs to his son's apartment. There in a small room, seated beside a desk, surrounded by his wife and two young children, sat General Garibaldi—in all the simplicity of greatness.

We were not fluent in Italian, and I believe Garibaldi knew little French, but in parting I tried to express to him my feeling that both he and my father had been fellow-workers in the great and sublime cause of Liberty. Then, as we left, with fingers stiff and knotted with rheumatism—as those of our Sussex labourers—he wrote beneath his photograph :

" Alla gentile Miss Cobden. G. Garibaldi."

And now to-day the soldiers of the Alpini tell us the spirit of Garibaldi is there with them among the snow-clad mountains, and he will, they say, surely lead them to victory.

JANE COBDEN UNWIN.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE VENETIAN ARSENAL

In the present European conflict the problem of the industrial organisation for war is the one which is engaging public attention to an unprecedented degree. By many it is regarded as an altogether new development, arising out of modern and more scientific conditions of warfare ; but, though these may have accentuated its importance, the efficiency of the industrial organisation has always, since mankind has emerged from barbarism, been a main element in securing victory. The workshop has always been of first importance in the successful conduct of war, and it is only the fact that it does not lend itself to picturesque literary treatment that has prevented the historians of the old school from giving proper attention to it. They have found it easier to interest their readers in the brave deeds of warriors, and in the character and cunning of their leaders, than in the more commonplace labour of the artificers who wrought the weapons by which victory was achieved.

One of the chapters of history in which the importance of the industrial organisation for war can best be studied is that of the maritime supremacy of Venice, which persisted for nearly eight centuries, in spite of the fact that many of the wars which it

waged were most disastrous. Rarely have there been more disastrous naval defeats than that in 1298 at Curzola, or than that in 1354 at Sapienza, where every vessel of the Venetian fleet was captured. But in spite of these, and many other severe defeats, Venice always managed, within a comparatively short time, to recover completely the command of the sea, which was of vital necessity to her existence. This power of recuperation cannot be explained by superior strategy or seamanship. The Venetian system, which aimed at keeping down the really strong man, was not specially favourable to the production of genius, and, in their long history, the Venetian fleets had, as might well be supposed, their ordinary share of efficient and inefficient commanders. The seamanship was good, but it would be hazardous to say that it was superior to that of some of the rivals, notably the Genoese. Nor can the power of recuperation be ascribed to advantages given by nature. On the contrary, in the essential materials for naval construction, timber, iron, and hemp, Venice was at a disadvantage when compared not only with the Byzantine and Turkish empires, with their endless resources, but also with the Italian rivals of Amalfi, Pisa, and Genoa. These coast towns possessed considerable mainland territories, containing good local supplies of timber, whereas Venice was separated from the mainland, and in the first five centuries of its history acquired thereon no permanent foothold. It had to obtain all its supplies by sea, and these supplies were often liable to interruption, in the earlier centuries, by the Dalmatian pirates, who found shelter in the number-

less islands of their coast, and in later periods on those occasions when, after naval defeats such as those we have mentioned, Venice lost temporarily the command of the sea.

The persistence of the maritime supremacy of Venice can only be ascribed to the superior efficiency of its industrial organisation for war, which was specially fostered by legislation subordinating the private to the public interests of the community. It is difficult in a short paper to describe adequately an organisation which underwent many changes in the long history of the Republic, but taking the early part of the fifteenth century as that when Venice was most powerful, we find it, at that epoch, laid down by law that all ships, whether belonging to the State or to private owners, had in their construction to comply strictly to standard measurements. Practically all ships were state-owned, as, though private owners were tolerated as long as they complied with the Government regulations, they were not encouraged. All ships were required to be not merely uniform in measurements and type, but absolutely identical in all particulars. At some periods of Venetian history a choice was allowed between two or three approved types, but in the period we are discussing, only one type, which was found most suitable for both commercial and fighting purposes, was permitted. Several advantages resulted from this complete uniformity in construction. The first was the complete convertibility of her mercantile marine and navy, which enabled the fighting forces of the Republic to be rapidly expanded in case of emergency. Economi-

cally this was quite sound. The Venetian merchantmen did the carrying trade of Europe, and on the outbreak of war their occupation was gone. It was obviously a well-thought-out system which at once converted them into men-of-war, instead of keeping them idle in port. At the first moment of peace the State let out the ships to the highest bidder at auction, so that they could at once resume their mercantile functions. The uniformity of construction had also a distinct tactical advantage, inasmuch as ships of identical burden and rig would all behave similarly in varying conditions of weather, and the squadrons could be relied on to keep together. This was equally important in peace time, as the sea was never free from pirates, and the merchantmen had to sail in fleets under convoy. The standardisation of all parts of a ship enabled it to be constructed or put together with great rapidity and accuracy. It is recorded that in two hours, while Henry the Third of France was dining in the great hall of the Arsenal, a galley, of which the keel and ribs alone were in position, was entirely completed, equipped, and launched in his presence. This was an exceptional feat, and the galley was no doubt intended only for the calm waters of the lagoons, but it is a historical fact that, in the hundred days before the battle of Lepanto, a galley left the Arsenal each day ready for battle. A similar advantage was gained in refitting and repairing vessels, the Venetian consuls in the various ports being provided from the Arsenal of Venice with a supply of standard masts, rudders, shrouds, and other fittings, which enabled them to meet all demands

promptly and accurately. The most important result of this standardisation of all parts of which a galley was composed was that specialised training could be given in the manufacture of each part, leading to that minute subdivision of labour which is the first necessity of intensive industry. In the Middle Ages the Arsenal of Venice was famed throughout the world as the most perfect beehive of industry known in those days, and was visited by monarchs and other distinguished travellers. All parts of a vessel, the masts and yards, the anchors, screws, locks, keys, and rivets, as well as sails and ropes, were made there from start to finish. The Arsenal never employed less than ten thousand, and at times as many as sixteen thousand workmen, figures which, in those days, could not be equalled elsewhere. It was not merely a dockyard for naval construction, but the centre of the whole industrial organisation for war, and was so organised as to be able to supply at all times all naval wants without recourse to the assistance of any other institution, Venetian or foreign. The duties of the administrators, the *provveditori all' Arsenale*, included everything appertaining to naval construction, the training of seamen, the supervision of the workmen, armament, the purchase of materials, provisions, contracts, and storekeeping. Later on a special department supervised the artillery, and a permanent committee was created for testing and examining inventions submitted to them by Venetians and foreigners. It is on record that among those who sent in models was Leonardo da Vinci.

The most interesting department was that of the

provision and storekeeping of timber and hemp. As we have stated, the Republic started at an obvious initial disadvantage in having no local supplies of timber, but, in the course of time, the necessity to have recourse to foreign supplies was turned into a real gain, inasmuch as it gave a much wider power of selection, and enabled qualities of timber to be obtained continuously which were far superior to what any locally restricted supply could have given. Timber was brought to the Arsenal from Istria, Dalmatia, Albania, and even from Germany, and on its receipt was at once cut into solid beams, measured, stamped with the Winged Lion as State property, and then immersed in a deep sea-water basin near the Lido, where it was kept soaking for ten years, by which time it became impervious to warping influences. If not immediately required, it was then stored in immense warehouses, which still exist, and the State held thus ready for use for all emergencies a larger supply of seasoned timber of high quality than was at the command of any of its rivals.

In the earlier days of the Republic hemp was imported from the East, but later on it was successfully grown on the territories acquired on the mainland, especially in what is now the province of Padua. To secure an ample supply, the State not only imported large quantities on its own account, but opened at the Arsenal warehouses where private individuals could store hemp of a certain grade without charge, the only consideration being the right of the State to pre-emption in the case of national emergency.

We find, as a consequence of these well-thought-out methods, the curious result that, though Venice started with disadvantages in obtaining supplies of timber and hemp, it was to her superiority in these materials that her rivals ascribed her supremacy at sea. According to a Spanish author of the early seventeenth century, the cordage of Venice had a life half as long again as that of Spain, and this was not due so much to superiority in grade as to improved methods of preparation and spinning.

We see that even in the Middle Ages the workshop was of primary importance in the conduct of war, and the industrial organisation of the Venetian Republic deserves careful study. All systems have their defects, and in the writer's opinion the rigid stereotyping of the shape and measurement of ships made it difficult for Venice to adapt itself to the gradual improvement in naval construction which took place after the discovery of the New World. Not that Venice was backward in inventing new types, but the change involved in the substitution of new and continually altering types was unsuitable to the system in force, and the complaint of the inferiority of Venetian ships is a common one in the history of the decadence of the Republic.

ALBERT BALL.

PALAZZO DEI CAMERLENGHI, VENICE

Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL

1350–1915

HISTORICAL parallels, though interesting and curious, cannot safely be pressed too closely in the hope of acquiring rules and lessons for future guidance. History does not repeat itself, as the experiment can be repeated in the laboratory to demonstrate a conclusion. And yet no one can fail to be struck by certain resemblances, not merely between historical personages, but also between crises in national history.

The Italian peninsula, one of the centres in Europe where the human spirit has shown itself most fully and most frequently in process of development, is peculiarly rich in such analogies. Roughly speaking, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, Italy, with her numerous independent States, was the focus and field of European diplomacy, owing, first of all, to the wealth, widespread commerce, and rivalry of her component parts, which made the possession of Milan or the fate of Florence a matter of universal European importance, and, secondly, at a later period, to the fact that her plains and cities became the battle-field of wider interests, which developed with the growth of European States after the close of the Quattrocento.

During the earlier period of internal struggle

and rivalry between the various States, it is natural that we should find, in miniature, a series of situations which in many ways resemble situations that were subsequently developed on the wider field of European politics; and not merely situations, but also principles and doctrines of Statecraft, begotten and exemplified in the microcosm of Italian politics. The fundamental principles of the balance of power were worked out in the insistent tendency towards antagonistic alliances based on and governed by geographical and commercial conditions. The doctrine of buffer-States, and the inherent dangers to which they were exposed, was illustrated in the long struggle between Venice, the Scaligeri, the Carraresi of Padua, and the Visconti of Milan; even the modern theory of "sea-power" seems to have been divined and implicitly laid down in Paolo Sarpi's maxim, "Chi può venire per mare non è lontano" (whoever can reach you by sea is not really far away).

Among the many historical parallels furnished by the microcosm of mediæval and Renaissance Italy, the rivalry between Genoa and Venice in the fourteenth century bears a striking resemblance to the situation between two of the great powers engaged in the war now raging. The rival republics challenged each other for supremacy in the field of Eastern trade comprised within the basin of the Black Sea, much as Germany and Britain are now at grips largely, if not chiefly, for dominating influence in Asia Minor. The possession of Tenedos in the one case, and of the Tigris and Euphrates delta in the other, was the key to the situation. The

decision was sought in fields far removed from the bone of contention. The struggle was for very life. In the earlier example it was dragged on through a series of campaigns ending in the overthrow of Genoa, when the war of Chioggia closed triumphantly for Venice in 1380.

The history of this struggle is rendered peculiarly interesting for us, because about the middle of its long-drawn course it came under the observation and criticism of that great humanist, that man of wide worldly-wisdom and sympathy combined with supreme literary accomplishment, Francesco Petrarch, poet and diplomat, who in his letters to the Venetian Doge, Andrea Dandolo, soldier and chronicler of his native city, sums up with impartial perspicuity the probable issue of the struggle between two such distinguished members of the Italian group of States.

Petrarch opens an impassioned appeal for peace by stating that Venice and Genoa seemed to have been so placed by Nature as to render a clash unlikely and unnecessary. Genoa looked west to the Tyrrhenian Sea, Venice east, down the waterway of the Adriatic to the Levant; why not divide and rule? But the fair dream of the poet-diplomat was shattered by the facts. The East was the source of wealth; both powers desired supremacy there. And so it come about that "latens bellum nunquam non defuit"; for years a suppressed or latent warfare, really a war of the pocket, the "war before the war," as it has been called in the present case, had been waged between the rival States, preluding an inevitable rupture into patent and actual war. "And

now," says Petrarch, "these two powerful peoples, these two flourishing States, these two eyes, as it were, of Italy, have flown to arms, and certain it is that Italy must perish if you thus turn your conquering swords against each other's breast. The foes of Italy will rejoice over our self-sought calamities, though they will have no just cause for pluming themselves on their gains. The overweening, headstrong counsels of youth, that it is which fills me with profoundest alarm. And what must be the end of this war, whether you win or lose? Only this, that of the two eyes of Italy one must be dimmed, the other put out. (Necesse est ut unum e duobus Italiæ luminibus extinguatur, obscuretur alterum.) Between such foes what hope of aught but a blood-draining victory? And is all our wealth and all our garnering to pass into the hands of others? Remember that war cannot be kept within bounds at our pleasure; it is a contagious disease that easily infects its neighbourhood. (Suis in finibus non stat bellum, nempe contagiosa res est et quæ facile serpat in proximos.) What I say to one of you I say to both."

So Petrarch—"pareva sognatore e fu profeta"—in words of wisdom and prophecy, which fell on deaf ears. The Doge replied in terms of the soldier and the statesman. With a compliment he brushes aside the appeal of abstract wisdom. "Such a noble effusion could only have sprung from a pure and noble heart. Your praise of peace is beyond praise; nevertheless, the prosecution of a just war such as ours is argument for comfort, not for blame. Is patience under injuries a virtue?

An Historical Parallel

We have always been taught that laws human and divine forbid us to let the wicked live or to allow perfidy to go unpunished. The iniquities of Genoa drove us, unwilling and reluctant, into war, as all the world well knows. And now our foes have rendered the sea dangerous for themselves, the whole world hostile, and every single State their foe. (Mare sibi reddiderunt infestum, terrarum orbem exosum et inimicas singulas nationes.)" Could words more truly describe the present situation?

HORATIO F. BROWN.

LEONARDO DA VINCI AND CESARE BORGIA

SEVERAL of Leonardo da Vinci's biographers refer to the personal relations of the artist with Cesare Borgia, generally called Il Valentino, in the years 1501–2, and do not refrain from assigning special importance to that intercourse which according to them lasted some time. But even if there is little occasion to wonder, allowing for the conditions of the times, that Leonardo should have met Il Valentino in his peregrinations through Italy after the downfall of Ludovico il Moro, this fact does not lessen our aversion to the idea that Leonardo should have been for long in the service of the man who was the personification of guile, violence, and murder. It may be, therefore, worth our while to restore this episode in the lives of Leonardo and Borgia to its due proportions.

It is quite conceivable that Il Valentino, on the point of consolidating the Duchy of Romagna, the possession of which he owed to his audacity and treachery, should in the year 1502 have turned his eyes to Leonardo. Twenty years before that date the artist had already offered his services to the Duke of Milan, asserting his experience in military science with words which might be deemed presuming, were they not justified by hundreds of drawings and sketches contained in the Codici Vinciani, and bearing upon the art of war.

SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, MILAN

A. N. Prentice, F.R.I.B.A.

Indeed, Leonardo studied not only the arms of antiquity described by Volturio and those of the Middle Ages, which he improved and brought to perfection, but, being faced by the quite recent and radical innovation caused by fire-arms, he made notes of his inventions and improvements, both for offence and defence, which anticipated the advance in military science for some centuries to come. In the days when Il Valentino had cast his eyes on Leonardo, the latter had studied a scheme to stem the newly threatened Turkish invasion across the Isonzo; and at the same time, with a view of fighting the Mussulman fleet which constituted a danger to the Gulf of Venice, he conceived and planned submarine boats to sink the Turkish galleys. For the Turks, emboldened by their victory of the Zonchio, had dared to raid the country west of the Isonzo, and after having burnt 132 villages and towns, invaded Friuli and even threatened Vicenza.

It was the boast of Venice that she could resist against her enemies by sea and by land for ten years with a monthly expenditure of 300,000 ducats. Leonardo betook himself to the imperilled frontier, and speedily laid down a vast defensive plan, based on the principle of obstructing the massed advance of the Turks by establishing a movable dam across the river, and thus flooding the plains along the Isonzo; for "*per qualunque parte di terraferma vi passino i turchi alle parti di la Italia, al fine conviene capitino al detto fiume.*" [1]

[1] "By whatsoever way the Turks should choose to come to Italy over land, they must in the end reach the said river."

In the midst of the panic that had beset the population, Leonardo embarked on another enterprise: that of planning and constructing a device in order to approach the Turkish galleys under water, "*per rompere i navili in fondo e sommergerli con li omini che vi son dentro.*"[1] He first plans an apparatus by means of which it should be possible to sink under water, leaving above the surface only "*la bocca della canna onde alitare.*"[2] He then contemplates to free the apparatus from this only connection with the air, making it quite independent for a length of time of at least four hours, indeed as long as a man could remain in it without food. Together with the technical notes of this apparatus, studied in its minutest details,[3] are intermingled not only cautions for the strictest secrecy to be observed during its construction, but even the transactions to ensure due compensation for the enterprise "*senza alcuna eccezione.*"[4]

We may discern a consideration of an elevated moral character, truly worthy of that powerful mind, in the very determination of secrecy, not limited only to an obvious reason of tactics against the enemy, but inspired by a feeling of humanity. Indeed, Leonardo studies with the hope of being able "to smash the ships in the keel and sink them with the men that are inside" because it is necessary for the defence "*delle nostre parti italiche,*"[5]

[1] "To smash the ships in the keel and sink them with the men that are inside."

[2] "The mouth of the pipe to breathe through."

[3] See Codex Atlanticus, fol. 7, 237, 333, 346, 377; Leicester MS., fol. 22; British Museum MS., fol. 81.

[4] "Without any saving clauses."

[5] "Of our Italian lands."

for the ultimate fate of Venice; but at the same time he remarks: "*Il mio modo di star sotto l'acqua, quanto io posso star senza mangiare, questo non pubblico e divolgo, per le male nature delli omini, li quali userebbero li assassinamenti ne' fondi dei mari.*"[1]

Does it not seem as if we were reading a lesson of morality addressed to the barbarity of the present day which so cynically exceeds the harsh necessities of warfare?

It was after he had completed these studies that Leonardo da Vinci in the latter half of the year 1502 made a journey to Romagna along the Adriatic coast. Brief entries in Codex L at the Institut de France enable us to follow his itinerary. On July 30th Leonardo was at Urbino, and two days later at Pesaro; on August 8th at Rimini. At Cesena he stopped from the 10th to the 15th of that month; at the beginning of September he was at Porto Cesenatico. The small Codex in which Leonardo entered his various notes does not contain any further items concerning him personally from September 1502 to March 1503, at which time the artist had returned to Florence to undertake the painting of *The Battle of Anghiari* for the Hall of the Grand Council.

Father Guglielmo della Valle in the edition of Vasari's *Vite*, published in Siena in 1793, produced an inedited document to prove that this journey of Leonardo to Romagna was in connection with a mission with which he had been entrusted by

[1] "My device to remain under water as long as I can without food, I do not publish nor divulge, because of the evil nature of men, who would make use of it to commit murder at the bottom of the seas."

Duke Valentino to inspect the fortresses of the latter's dominions. The document in question was a Letter Patent by which Cesare Borgia conferred on Leonardo, in his capacity of General Engineer, the most unlimited powers for the fulfilment of his task. Father della Valle published this important document on the strength of a copy taken at the instigation of the Secretary to the Government of Maria Theresa, De Pagave, by the notary Consonni from the original vellum then preserved in the Melzi Archives at Milan. Other students of Leonardo recopied that Letter Patent, but Giuseppe Bossi, in the year 1810, in his work on Leonardo's *Cenacolo* had already announced that the original vellum " had been lost in quite recent times."

For more than a hundred years the numerous researches of students were fruitless. Gustavo Uzielli († 1911), who ardently devoted himself to the study of Leonardo, and brought to light a large quantity of inedited documents now preserved in the Raccolta Vinciana in the Castello Sforzesco, could not account for the disappearance of the precious vellum so soon after its importance for Vincian studies had been made known.

It will therefore afford special satisfaction to hear that the original document, after more than a hundred years, has been found. The fact that Father della Valle's copy had come to him from De Pagave, to whom are due several papers on art concerning Lombardy, which still lie unpublished in the Archives of the Counts Melzi, fostered the belief that the original of the Letter Patent was preserved in those Archives. It is instead in the

Archives of the Ducal House of Melzi in Milan that the document has been quite recently rediscovered among other papers and vellums on different subjects and of secondary importance. I owe to the gracious concession of Her Excellency the Duchess Joséphine Melzi d'Eril Barbò the possibility of presenting here a photographic reproduction of the Letter Patent, not only for the benefit of Vincian studies, but also as a contribution in keeping with the noble aims of this book.

The name of Melzi enables us to establish how this vellum came to us. In fact, it was young Francesco G. Melzi who from Amboise, on June 1, 1519, announced to the Vinci family the death of Leonardo; he had accompanied the old artist in his voluntary exile to France, and had assisted him up to his last moments. The circumstance that Leonardo appointed him his heir explains how it was that Melzi brought back to Lombardy with Vinci's manuscripts the vellum of Il Valentino.

The Letter Patent runs thus: *Cæsar Borgia de Francia Dei Gratia Dux Romandiole Valentie*que, *Princeps Hadrie, Dominus Plumbini etc. Ac Sancte Romane Ecclesie Confalonerius et Capitaneus Generalis. Ad Tutti* nostri *Locotenenti, Castellani, Capitanij, Conducteri, Officiali, Soldati et Subditi; A li quali de questa peruerra notitia; Commettemo et Commandamo che al* nostro *Prestan*tissimo *et Dilectissimo Familiare Architecto et Ingengero Generale Leonardo Vinci dessa ostensore; el quale de* nostra *Commissione ha da considerare li Lochi et Forteze de li Stati* nostri; *Ad cio che secundo la loro exigentia et suo iudicio possiamo prouederli Debiano*

dare per tutto passo libero da qualunque publico pagamento per se, et li soi Amichevole recepto et lassarli uedere, mesurare, et bene extimare quanto uorra; Et ad questo effecto, Commandare homini ad sua requisitione, et prestarli qualunque adiuto adsistentia, et Fauore recercara, Volendo che dellopere da farse neli nostri Dominij Qualunque Ingengero sia astrecto conferire con lui, et con el parere suo conformarse; Ne de questo presuma alcuno fare lo contrario per quanto li sia charo non incorrere in la nostra Indignatione.[1] *Datum Papie die Decimo octavo Augusti, Anno Domini Millesimo Quingentesimo Secundo Ducatus Vero Nostri Romandiole Secundo.*

CESAR

Mandatus Ill^mi Domini Ducis

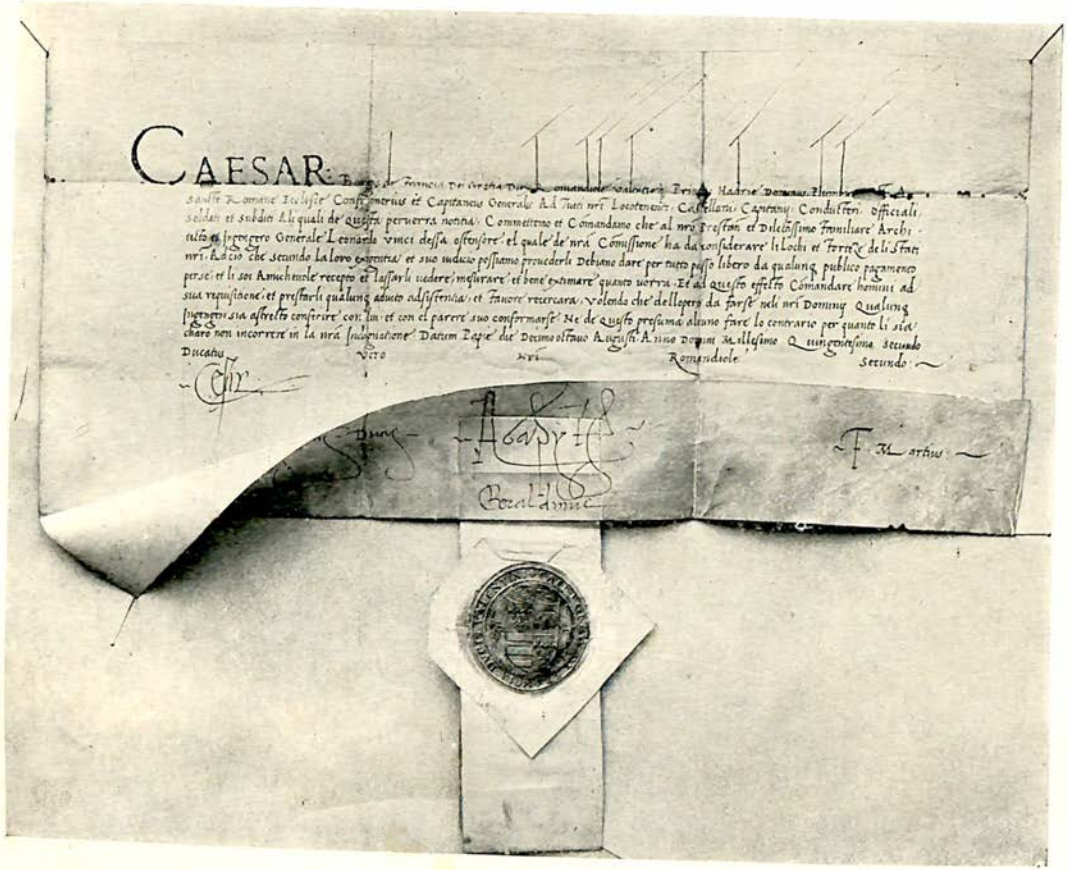
AGAPYTUS.

BERALDINUS. F. MARTIUS.

The vellum, folded as a letter, bears the seal of the Duke on the written side and the papal seal of Alessandro Borgia on the back.

We shall now briefly relate the circumstances in which the mission was given to Leonardo by Valentino.

[1] "To all our Lieutenants, Castellains, Captains, Condottieri, Officers, Soldiers and Subjects, to whom these presents may be known, we commit and command that to our Most Excellent and Most Beloved Private Architect and General Engineer Leonardo Vinci, bearer of the same, and who has our Commission to survey the holds and fortresses of our States, in order that according to their exigencies and his judgment we may equip them, they are to give free pass, exempt from all public toll to himself and his company, and friendly reception; and to allow him to see, measure and estimate all he may wish. And to this effect they shall order men on his requisition and lend him all the help, assistance and favours he may request, it being our wish that for all works to be done in our Dominions any engineer be compelled to consult him and to conform to his opinion; and to this may none presume to act in opposition, if it be his pleasure not to incur our indignation."



PASSPORT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

(*Cesare Borgia's letter patent*)

Leonardo da Vinci and Cesare Borgia

The power of Cesare Borgia had suddenly asserted itself in the latter years of the fifteenth century, owing its origin both to the protection of Pope Alessandro Borgia and to his marriage with the sister of the King of Navarre. Placed thus in condition to satisfy his unbounded personal ambition, and at the same time to be of service to the French cause in Italy, Il Valentino had succeeded through violence, intrigue, and treachery in securing for himself the Duchy of Romagna, not meeting with any resistance except from Caterina Sforza. This woman manfully sustained the siege of the Citadel of Forlì, and only surrendered when reduced to the last extremity, thus becoming the heroine of the sole glorious military episode that redeemed the close of the fifteenth century. Il Valentino also consolidated his power by forcing upon the House of Este the marriage of his sister Lucrezia Borgia to Alfonso, eldest son of the Duke of Ferrara. Furthermore, when Louis XII in the summer of 1502 again crossed the Alps and entered Milan on the 28th of June, Il Valentino seized the opportunity to strengthen his position against the recriminations of his principal victims, the Duke of Urbino and Giovanni Sforza. The King of France greeted and entertained Il Valentino with marked familiarity in the Castello Sforzesco, as we gather from a confidential letter dated August 8, 1502, from Niccolò da Correggio to Isabella d'Este: "*Sabato sera giunse quì il Duca Valentino, venuto per staffetta; la ch^ma^ Maestà lo accolse et abbracciò con molta alegreza et lo menò in Castello, dove lo fece allogiare ne la camera più propinqua a la sua,*

et lui stesso sollecitò la cena et ordinò diverse vivande, et per quella sera per tre o quatro volte li andò alla camera fin in camisa, quando doveva entrare in lecto. Et ha voluto che el vestisse de le camise, zupponi et habiti suoi, perché il Duca Valentino non ha carraggi come de cavalcature. In summa più non si potria fare a fiolo, nè a fratello." [1]

All these special marks of deference prove the importance that Louis XII attached to the friendship of Il Valentino, whom he considered a blind tool for his object of strengthening French rule, and as a sort of vedette placed between the Pope and the Venetian Republic. To consolidate by every possible means Borgia's power with a view of getting rid of him at the right moment, was for the King of France the most elementary policy. Therefore Il Valentino's resolve to order an inspection of the fortresses of his State as a preliminary measure for their defence was probably the immediate consequence of the meeting with the King of France at Milan. That meeting took place on the 6th of August, and on the 18th of the same month Il Valentino, proceeding in the company of Louis XII, who was on his way to Genoa, forwarded from Pavia the Letter Patent to his General Engineer.

In those days Leonardo was at Cesena, and the

[1] "Saturday evening the Duke Valentino arrived here, having come by estafette; His gracious Majesty very cheerfully greeted and embraced him and conducted him to the Castle, where he gave him the room nearest to his own, he himself speeding supper and ordering several courses, and that evening three or four times he went to the room even in his nightshirt when he was going to bed. And he insisted on giving the Duke his own shirts and gowns and clothes to wear, the Duke Valentino not having as many waggons as he has horses. In one word, one could not do more for a son or a brother."

first entry that refers to his successive peregrinations is precisely the one concerning the Port of Cesenatico, dated September 6th, where Il Valentino's decree of the 18th August probably reached him. Leonardo's notes on the Port of Cesenatico may consequently be in connection with his appointment. That Port had strategical importance for Cesare Borgia, as it had later when under Napoleonic rule it was bombarded by the British fleet, and again in 1849 during the march of Garibaldi to help Venice out of her perilous plight.

The fact of not finding other entries in Codex L which refer to Il Valentino's commission justifies the doubt as to whether Leonardo actually fulfilled it. It may be presumed that in October of that same year Leonardo was at Imola, where Il Valentino had at the time been obliged to barricade himself owing to a revolt of his troops. The interesting topographical sketch of the town drawn by Leonardo in his own hand—still extant—might lend a colour to that theory. But the lack of positive proofs compels us to conclude that Leonardo was not slow in breaking off all his engagements with the adventurer at the time when the latter was resuming his profligate vocation by crushing the insurrection of Urbino, sacking Sinigaglia, seizing Perugia, and besieging Siena. Before Il Valentino's star was on the wane in consequence of the death of Pope Alexander VI, Leonardo was already in Florence deeply absorbed in his studies for the cartoon of *The Battle of Anghiari*.

Thus the relations between Il Valentino and Leonardo, the theme of elaborate variations by several

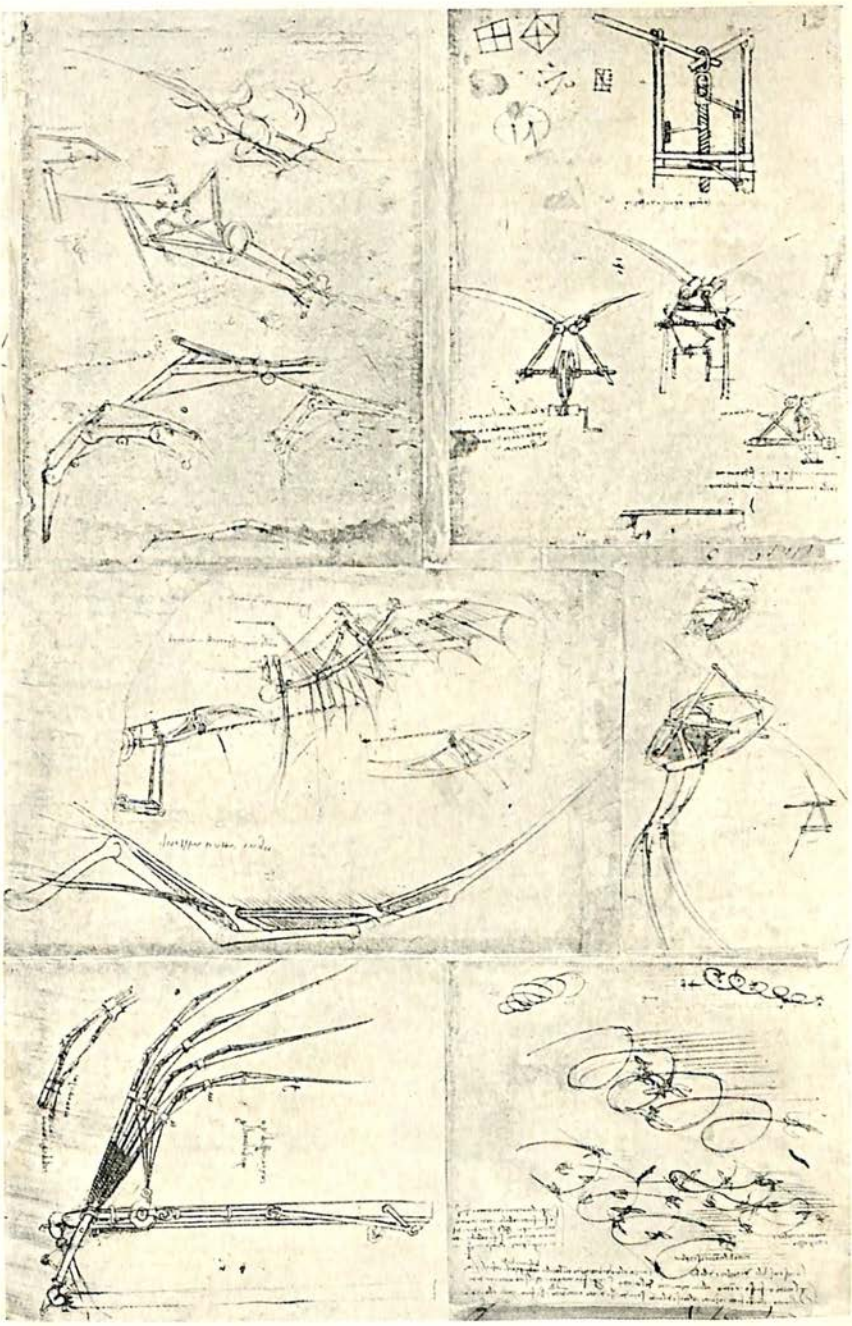
writers tending to place the artist for two years at the unrestricted service of the man who has passed into history for his acts of violence and cruelty, fail to stand the test of facts. Il Valentino's Letter Patent seems to be more than anything the outcome of his endeavour to secure prestige for himself by making use of Leonardo's name. But as much as the artist rose in the public estimation not only for his incomparable talent but also for the rectitude of his life, so did the power and the reputation of Cesare Borgia decline: an instance of the frailty and inefficiency of all that is based on violence and on contempt of humanity, justice, and loftiness of purpose.

The man who only a few months previously, on the completion of his studies for a submarine boat which was to perforate the keel of enemy ships, declared that he did not wish to publish the details of his invention lest it should be misused for foul deeds instead of being employed in the fair conduct of war, that man could certainly not be in the service of him who in January 1503, after providing Paolo Orsini, Vitellozzo Gravina, and Oliverotto da Fermo with a safe-conduct to come and confer with him in Sinigaglia, embraced them at the gate of the town and received them in his house only to have them treacherously put in chains and beheaded.

LUCA BELTRAMI.

Translated by "Hardelot."

[The reproductions of Leonardo's sketches relating to the study of the flight of birds and of flying machines, from the Codex Atlanticus, appended to this article, have been kindly lent to us by Senatore Luca Beltrami.—THE EDITOR.]



STUDIES OF THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS AND OF FLYING MACHINES

From the "Codex Atlanticus," Leonardo da Vinci

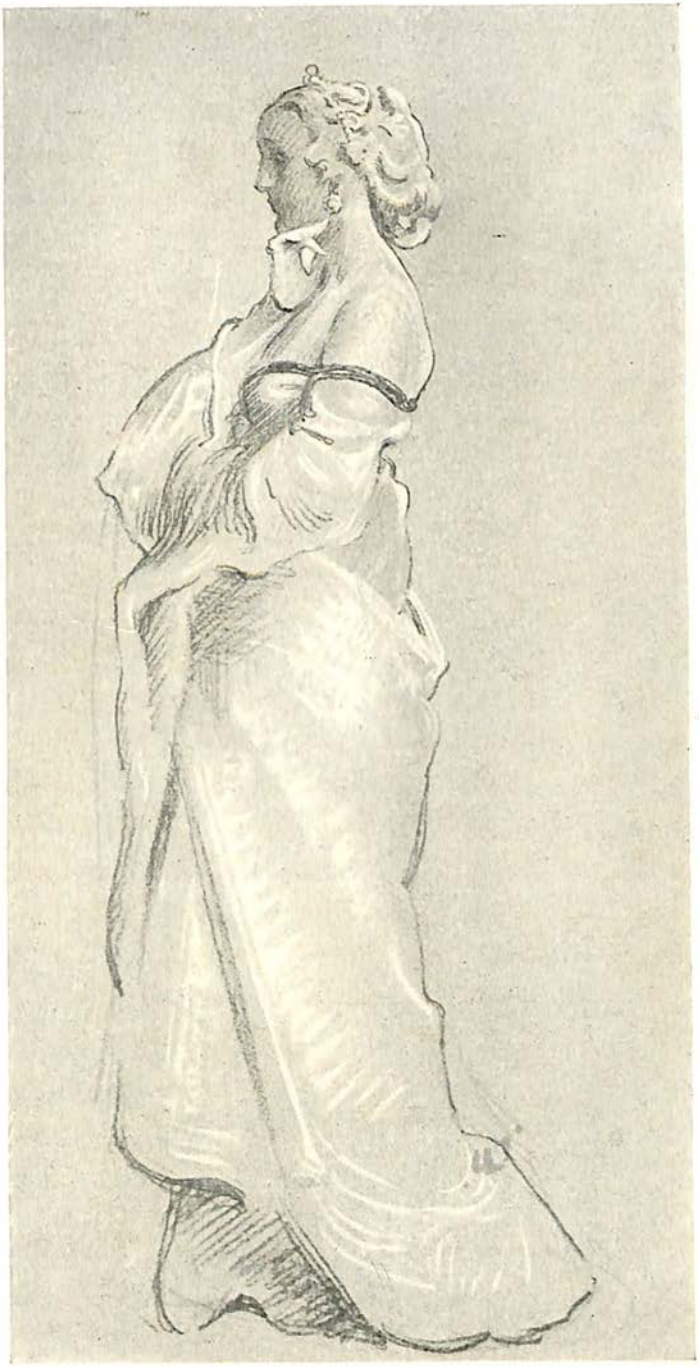
1. Flying machine.
2. Mechanism for the movement of birds' wings.
3. Details of the wing.
4. Details of the wing.
5. Movement of a wing.
6. Diagram of the track of a bird's flight.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ITALIAN NOVEL

IT is familiar knowledge that Shakespeare hewed many of his plays out of Italian stories. The most superficial studies of his plots show him to be beyond doubt a close student of a very distinctive species of literature which is peculiarly characteristic of Renaissance Italy. Boccaccio, of Florence, the herald of the new Italian movement in many of its directions, may be reckoned to have rendered his most conspicuous service to the amenities of civilisation by his creation of the art of the short story. In musical language, which eliminated once and for all the crudities of the old Tuscan dialect, Boccaccio pictured, with a softly glowing serenity, experiences of love and life of which he had read or heard or seen. He treats human nature with a frankness which often shocks the prudish. He is prone to dwell with a cheerful irony on the infidelities of husbands and wives. Yet he is a master of pathos as well as of gaiety, and blends varied ingredients harmoniously. Boccaccio the novelist founded in Italy a long-lived school, and though none of his scholars equalled his own powers, many who were especially active in the sixteenth century caught some touch of his vivacity. Bandello, a Lombard, who was a bishop in the south of France at the time of Shakespeare's birth, turned into lively

fiction of Boccaccio's type episodes in the social life of his day. Although he lacked his master's gift of style Bandello excelled Boccaccio in lubricity. Another sixteenth-century Italian novelist, Giraldi Cinthio, of the cultured city of Ferrara, also enjoyed a wide reputation in his day. In his methods, merits, and demerits he may be linked with Bandello. The Italian novel, indeed, engaged almost as much energy in Renaissance Italy as the drama subsequently engaged in Elizabethan or Jacobean England. It found readers, not in Italy alone, but, either in the original or in translation, in all countries of Western Europe. Imitations as well as translations soon abounded in France, Spain, and ultimately in England.

The Italian novel rendered the English drama the practical service of supplying it with a treasury of plots, and Shakespeare, like all the fellow-dramatists of his time, welcomed with enthusiasm such practical help. Most, but not all, the Italian stories which he employed were ready to his hand in his own language or in French. His indebtedness to Italy is not, however, greatly reduced thereby. The English and French renderings at his command, though differing among themselves in efficiency, were usually literal. Their temper was little changed. In whatever shape Shakespeare gained access to them, the main stories of *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Cymbeline*, of which Helena and Imogen are the respective heroines, remain the ripe fruit of Boccaccio's invention. Bandello is the parent of the leading episodes of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Cinthio was the



A LADY OF FLORENCE

Byam Shaw, A.R.W.S.

first to tell the tragic adventure of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, and the tragic trials of Othello and Desdemona. Even where Shakespeare seeks his plots in romances of English authorship, as in *As You Like It* and *The Winter's Tale*, the Italian influence is not wholly absent; for the English novelists commonly marched along the Italian road; they rarely travelled far from it.

The Italian fable, it goes without saying, formed as a rule the mere basis of Shakespeare's dramatic structure. Having studied the Italian tale and examined its dramatic possibilities, Shakespeare altered and transmuted it with the utmost freedom as his dramatic spirit moved him. It is by his changes rather than by his literal transferences that the greatness of his faculty, the breadth of his intuitive grasp of human passion and sentiment, may best be gauged.

Yet the scenes of his chief comedies and of many tragedies rarely leave Italy. The episodes are assigned to Venice or Verona, to Milan or Mantua, to Florence or Padua. He rarely takes the names of his characters from the Italian novels of his immediate study. He rechristens his *dramatis personae*, but the new designations are no less Italian than the old. It is curious to observe that, when in *As You Like It* Shakespeare is dramatising a piece of English fiction by his fellow-countryman, Thomas Lodge, he rejects Lodge's amorphous name of Rosader for his hero and substitutes a name so rooted in the traditions of Italian literature as Orlando. I think it provable that Shakespeare's Orlando, the hero of *As You Like It*, was deliberately

christened after the Orlando of Ariosto's great Italian epic. Shakespeare's Italian nomenclature may not always suggest quite so much as that; but it invariably proclaims him the pupil of an Italian school, paying homage to his masters.

At times Shakespeare's choice of Italian plot sets his work in the full tide of the Italian literary stream. The story of Romeo and Juliet, which Bandello first told to Europe, was made familiar to Italy by earlier pens. The tale, which has a right to be reckoned a national legend of Italy, was the theme of Shakespeare's earliest venture in tragedy of the great romantic kind. In his dramatic treatment of it, he gave indubitable promise of his glorious fertility and power. Manifold are the original touches of poetry, insight, and humour in Shakespeare's version of the Italian novel. Yet who can deny the Italian glow which lives in Shakespeare's radiant picture of youthful love?

The play of *Twelfth Night* is cast in a very different mould from that of *Romeo and Juliet*. Everybody knows the main plot, how a girl is disguised as a page; and how, while her master moves her love, she is sent by him to plead his suit with a proud beauty, who on her part is fascinated by the supposed boy. The fable is a fantasy of which all the elements are dyed in Italian colours. Bandello, although he gave the story its European vogue, was, as in the case of *Romeo and Juliet*, but one of its Italian narrators. No English alchemy could free the sensitive and intricate amours of their Italian note. Shakespeare's play, in spite of his manipulation of the Italian plot, and his fusion with it

of much original comic episode, echoes the strains which Boccaccio's youths and maidens voiced in the garden overlooking Florence at the dawn of the Italian Renaissance. What atmosphere save that of sensuous Florence does Duke Orsino breathe when in the first speech of the play he makes languorous appeal to the musicians :

> " That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

Shakespeare's tragedy of *Othello*, the best constructed of all his tragic dramas, presents life in its sternest aspect and passion in its fiercest guise. Yet it is based as directly as *Romeo and Juliet* and *Twelfth Night* on Italian foundations ; and, unlike the other Italian stories whence Shakespeare drew his plots, the fable of *Othello* is not known to have circulated out of Italy, or rather out of the Italian language, before Shakespeare handled it. The author of the story of Shakespeare's tragedy of *Othello* is the sixteenth-century novelist, Cinthio of Ferrara. Some of his tales had been rendered into French, and at least one into English. Before Shakespeare wrote *Othello* he had himself made a first draft on Cinthio's store of fiction. The plot of *Measure for Measure* was of Cinthio's devising ; but that painful Italian story was ready to Shakespeare's hand in an English version. Not so the little novel of the Moor of Venice. In the Italian alone was that tragic history to be studied. In adapting the incidents to his purposes, Shakespeare

here if anywhere exerted all his powers. With magical subtlety he invests the character of Othello with passionate intensity, of which the Italian novelist knew little. Iago is transformed by the English dramatist from the conventional Italian criminal of Cinthio's page into the profoundest of all portraits of hypocrisy and intellectual villainy. At every point Shakespeare has lifted the theme high above the melodramatic level on which the Italian had left it. New subsidiary characters are added. The catastrophe is wholly reconstructed. The master spirit is everywhere at work with magnificent energy. Yet Cinthio's guidance is not to be disparaged. His story holds the sparks which Shakespeare's genius fanned into brilliant flame.

Shakespeare's indebtedness to Italy has many parallels in the history of English poetry. Chaucer, Shakespeare's greatest poetic predecessor, was an admiring disciple of the work of both Dante and Boccaccio. Milton, Shakespeare's successor on the throne of English poetry, was an appreciative and grateful student in many Italian poetic schools. When we leap a century and face the great revival, of which Byron and Shelley were two exponents, we meet in English poetry with a passionate devotion to Italy, which was accentuated by Italy's contemporary suffering and oppression. The Brownings bore on high the same torch until it reached the hand of Swinburne, who was stirred by Italy's past and present fortune to his noblest poetic utterances. Swinburne was profoundly sympathetic with Italy in her manful struggles for liberty and unity, and

he greeted exultingly her restoration to a place among the great nations. He saw in the colours of her flag, green and white and red, symbols of hope and light and life. Had he lived to be with us to-day, we may say with confidence that he would have applied to Italy at this moment his own words of earlier date :

> " She feels her ancient breath and the old blood
> Move in her immortal veins."

Swinburne's poems on Italy worthily pursue a great tradition of English poetry. The Italian allegiance of Shakespeare, emperor of English poets, gives that tradition its most dazzling glory.

SIDNEY LEE.

BATHING IN THE RIVER

Words by
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Music by
PIETRO REGGIO.

FRUIT PICKERS

Charles H. Shannon, A.R.A.

Bathing in the River

tr
trea - cher - ous fish - ers shew, And all with
as much... .. ease can tak - en be, As
tr
tr
she at once took me; For ne'er did
tr
light so..... clear A - mong the.... waves ap -

- peat, Though ev - 'ry night the sun him -
- self set there, Though ev - 'ry night the
sun him - self set there.....
The a - mo-rous waves would fain a - bout her

Bathing in the River

stay, But still new a - mo-rous waves drive
them a - - way, And with swift cur - rent
to those joys they ..... haste, That do as
swift - ly waste. I laugh'd the wan - ton play to

view, But 'tis, a - las! at land so
too, And still old lov - ers yield the.....
place to new, And still old lov - ers
yield the place to new.....

Bathing in the River

PIETRO REGGIO was one of the numerous Italian musicians who settled in England in the seventeenth century. Born at Genoa, he was in the service of Christina, Queen of Sweden, during her residence in Rome, but came to England before 1677. He published a book of songs in 1680, from which the song here printed is taken. The words are from Abraham Cowley's book, *The Mistress, or several copies of Love-Verses* (1668); the original song has six stanzas, of which Reggio has set the first and third. Reggio lived mostly at Oxford, where he enjoyed a considerable reputation. He is supposed to be identical with a musician mentioned by Pepys as the "slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly" (*Diary*, July 22, 1664). He died in 1685.

EDWARD J. DENT.

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SINGER OF UNITED ITALY

At the beginning of the tenth century, an otherwise unknown Italian poet, in the stirring Latin lines of the *Carmen mutinense*, summoned his fellow-citizens to arms, to keep vigilant watch and ward over the ramparts of Modena. It is a splendid poem, in which reminiscences of the classical traditions of Rome blend with the religious faith of mediaeval Italy into a new national utterance, of which the echoes float proudly and confidently across the walls in defiance of the Hungarian invaders.

But, in the centuries that followed, the shadow of the Holy Roman Empire lay over the national life of Italy. In the eyes of the Italians, the Teutons were "barbarians." There is documentary evidence that the men of Milan and her allied cities, who, on May 29, 1176, defeated Frederick Barbarossa at the battle of Legnano, believed in an Italy as their common motherland over and above the communes for which they ostensibly fought. Nevertheless, those German kings, who at intervals descended the Alps and laid waste the Italian fields as they forced their way to Rome to receive the imperial crown, were regarded by Italian nobles and burghers alike as the source of law, their rightful suzerains, the true successors of Cæsar and Augustus

no less than of Charlemagne and the Othos. In Carducci's famous poem, *Su i campi di Marengo*, we may read how, on the night of Easter Eve, 1175, Frederick finds himself hemmed in by the army of the Lombard League, and the burghers are already raising the cry of victory. As the Alps appear in the dawn, the German Cæsar bids his standard-bearer display the sacred sign, the imperial eagle, in the face of the League, and the herald announce: "The Roman Emperor is passing, the heir of the divine Julius, the successor of Trajan":

> "Deh come allegri e rapidi si sparsero gli squilli
> De le trombe teutoniche fra il Tanaro ed il Po,
> Quando in cospetto a l'aquila gli animi ed i vessilli
> D'Italia s'inchinarono e Cesare passò."[1]

Dante attempted to establish a national language, "to create a form worthy of representing the national idea," as Mazzini so finely said of him. He already saw Italy, although divided in body, "united by the gracious light of reason."[2] But the old conception of the Holy Roman Empire, however idealised, still rules the politics of the *Divina Commedia;* although the poet may well have hoped that the Veltro, the Deliverer whose coming he announced, who would make Rome the true capital of the world, might be realised in the person of an Italian prince, under whom the Empire itself would be once more Italian and Roman in fact, as it was still Roman in name. It has been

[1] "Ah, how joyously and rapidly the blasts rang out of the German trumpets between the Tanaro and the Po, when in the sight of the eagle the minds and the banners of Italy bowed down, and Cæsar passed on."

[2] *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, i. 18.

said that the *italianità* of Petrarch is one of his finest and most salient characteristics. His famous canzone, *Italia mia*, conceives of Italy as one nation, and declares that Italian arms can still achieve her destinies :

> " Vertù contra furore
> Prenderà l'arme ; e fia 'l combatter corto ;
> Chè l'antiquo valore
> Ne l'italici cor non è ancor morto." [1]

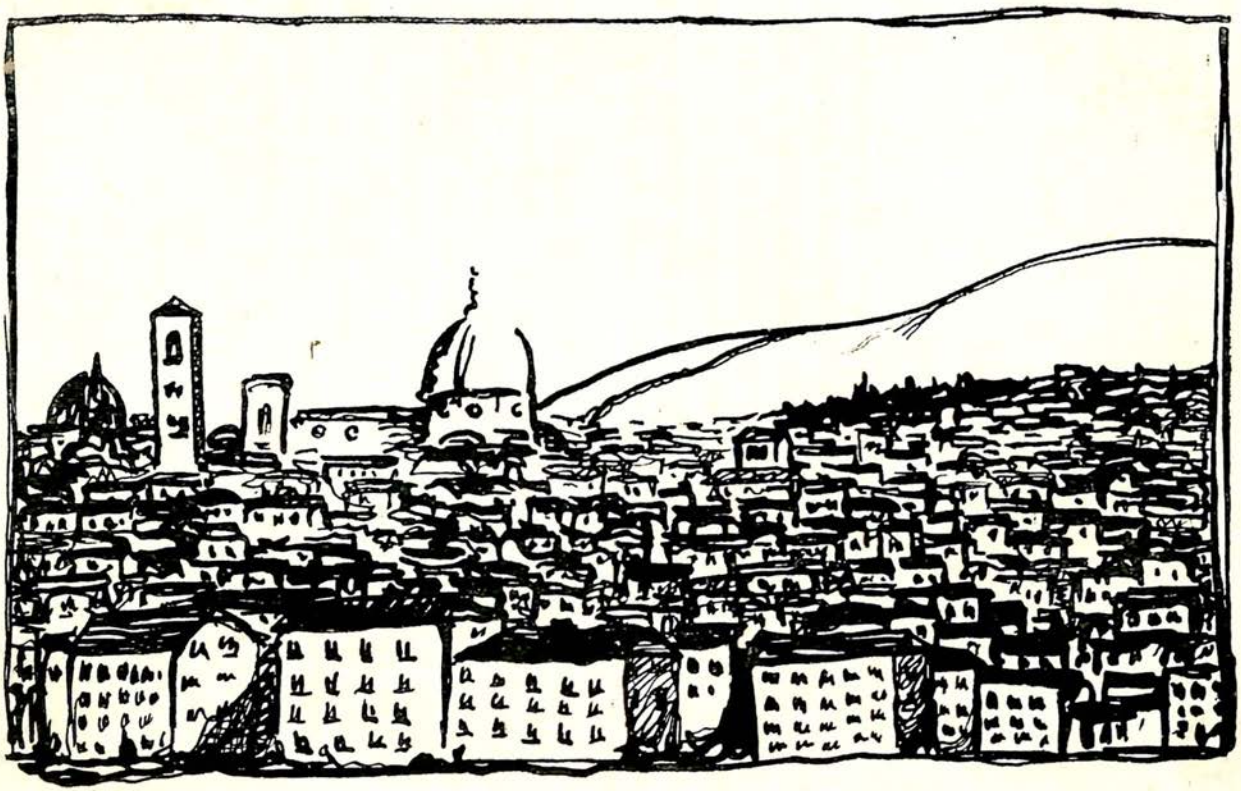
But the nationalism of Petrarch, though ardent, is vague and indefinite ; he has no settled conviction as to the form in which the national peace is to be secured, the aspirations of the Italians to be actualised. It is on the lips of a lesser man, one who was by comparison a minor poet, that the true voice of the nation made itself heard with no uncertain sound.

Fazio degli Uberti was a great-grandson of that Farinata whom Dante saw in the *Inferno* rising indomitable from his fiery tomb. Born in exile from Florence in the first decade of the fourteenth century, Fazio was a Ghibelline or imperialist, like the rest of his house. He had begun by exhorting Ludwig of Bavaria to come and revive the dead Ghibelline cause, to avenge Manfred and Conradin.[2] But he speedily outgrows this crude imperialism of an earlier epoch. In a famous canzone, *Quella virtù che 'l terzo cielo infonde*,[3] he prays love to give him grace to recite in defence of Italy what he has

[1] " Virtue will take arms against fury ; and the combat will be short ; for the ancient valour is not yet dead in Italian hearts."

[2] *Liriche*, ed. Renier, canz. xi.

[3] *Ibid.*, canz. xii.



FLORENCE

Loyal Fraser.

heard in vision from a white-haired Lady who told him that she was *alma Roma.* She has appeared to him in a dream, stately in aspect, but clad in mourning attire, poor and in need, surrounded by the ghosts of the mighty heroes of antiquity. She is abandoned by all who should aid her. Her Senate has mangled her with its own hands; the gate is barred against her, and reason shut out, whilst pride, envy, and avarice guard the threshold. She looks to the north, and there is none but the Emperor, Charles of Luxemburg, who has deserted her; to the south, and there is only Apulia (under Queen Giovanna), upon which the wrath of God is falling. So far, we have not got beyond the mediaeval sphere of ideas; but now the poem takes a new intonation:

"Però surgi gridando, figliuol mio;
Desta gl' Italïani addormentati.

. . . . . .

Di' lor, come a figliuoli, il mio disio,
Ch' e' sempre fur compagni de' mie' nati;
Non sien pigri nè ingrati.
A pormi nel gran seggio, ond' io cascai,
Un sol modo ci veggo, e quel dirai.

. . . . . .

O figliuol mio, da quanta crudel guerra
Tutti insieme verremo a dolcie pace,
Se Italia soggiace
A un solo re, che 'l mio voler consente!

. . . . . .

Di che seguiterà inmantenente
Che ogni pensier rio di tirannia
Al tutto spento fia
Per la succession perpetuale.

. . . . . .

Or vedi la grandezza, dove sale
Questa, ch' è donna dell' altre province,
Se 'l suo peccato stesso nolla vince.

. . . . . .

Canzon mia, cierca il talïan giardino,
Chiuso d' intorno dal suo proprio mare,
E più là non passare." [1]

Here, in a poem written about 1366, we have for the first time the conception, definitely and clearly expressed, of a united Italian kingdom, ruled by a hereditary line of Italian kings. Nevertheless, Fazio still conceives of Italy as dependent upon the Empire, inasmuch as this new king is to receive the investiture from the Emperor. There remains the further step of utterly repudiating the imperial authority, and, in the disgust caused by the conduct of Charles during his second Italian expedition in 1368, Fazio takes this final step. In his canzone, *'Di quel possi tu ber che bevve Crasso*, "Of that potion mayst thou drink that Crassus drank," [2] he brings the Italian nation herself upon the scene to rebuke the degenerate Cæsar :

[1] "Rise then, my son, and cry aloud; awaken the slumbering Italians . . . Tell them, as my children, my desire, for they were ever companions of my offspring: let them not be sluggish nor ungrateful. To restore me to the great seat whence I have fallen, I see one only way, and that will I tell. . . . O my son, from how cruel a war we shall all together come to sweet peace, if Italy be subject to one sole king according to my will. . . . From which will straightway follow that every evil thought of tyranny will be utterly quenched by the perpetual succession. . . . Now see the greatness to which she will ascend, who is Lady of all other provinces, if her own sin overcome her not. . . . My song, search through the Italian garden, closed round with its own sea, and pass not beyond."

[2] *Liriche*, ed. cit., canz. xiv.

" Sappi ch' i' sono Italia, che ti parlo,
Di Luzinborgo ignominoso Carlo.

. . . . . .

O d' Aquisgrana maladetta paglia,
O di Melano sventurato ferro,
O di Roma ancor l' oro, il qual te erro
Ha come imperadore incoronato !

. . . . . .

Chi vorrà più che 'l sia
Venuto dalla Magna in le mie parti,
Vedendo te aver tese tue arti
Con tor danari, e gir con essi a casa ?

. . . . . .

Tu dunque, Giove, perchè 'l santo ucciello . . . .
Da questo Carlo quarto
Imperador nol togli e dalle mani
Degli altri lurchi moderni germani,
Che d' aquila uno allocco n' hanno fatto ?
E rendil sì disfatto
Ancora a' miei Latini e a' Romani." [1]

It may reasonably be argued that, from the day when the barbarian conqueror dethroned the last of the old Roman Emperors in the West, to that on which the second Victor Emanuel first assumed the crown of the Italian kingdom, there was never a time when Italy was a mere " geographical expression," or when, somewhere or other in the utterances

[1] " Know that I am Italy who speak to thee, of Luxemburg thou ignominious Charles. . . . O cursed glitter of Aachen, O hapless iron of Milan, and eke the gold of Rome that has crowned thee Emperor. . . . Who will again desire one to come from Germany into my realms, after seeing thee use thy arts to extort money and return with it to thy home? . . . O Jove on high, why dost not take the holy bird from this fourth Charles Emperor and from the hands of the other guzzling modern Germans, who from an eagle have made it an owl, and give it back, thus defaced, again to my Italians and to the Romans?"

of her sons, a trace of the national idea might not be discerned. But it is in the poetry of this Florentine exile, of whose life practically nothing is known, that the national aspirations first ring out with such dramatic vividness, a century and a half before the burning eloquence of the closing chapter of the *Principe* of Machiavelli.

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

NEGLECTED PISA

TOURISTS are like sheep; where one goes, another goes. Also, tourism has its unwritten laws rarely disregarded. Of these one lays down that the city of Pisa and its sights can be adequately seen between two trains. How did this stepmotherly fashion of treating one of the most ancient and not least interesting of Italian cities arise? The laws of tourism have no logical foundations. But the fact remains, and even the more intelligent obey this behest. Howells, for some reason quite unexplained, goes so far as to label this attractively languorous city as "Pitiless Pisa." And the inhabitants, accepting this tourist decree, have laid themselves out to assist it; the cabs and touts know to a second how to steer the traveller from main sight to main sight within the given interval, the hotels think it unnecessary to vary their menu, since if the traveller should stay one night he will not stay two. And yet it was not thus in the days of Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, who abode here for months. But then there were no trains or motors, and hurry and rush had not yet invaded the world.

Whatever the cause, when some while ago I went to Pisa and answered the astonished *hôtelier* that I proposed to stay a week or more in his house, he looked me over rather dubiously, as though doubtful of my sanity.

Well, my previsions were justified, and I found my week so all too short that I shall shortly return to continue my sight-seeing. In point of fact, the famous Leaning Tower, which everyone goes to Pisa to see, is one of the least of Pisa's attractions, beyond its interest as a problem in geometrical engineering and the wonder that it excites that it should remain standing despite its perilous seeming list, which, as Dickens remarked, "certainly leans as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire." But architecturally, artistically, it is not the most beautiful of Italy's many beautiful campanili; its rows upon rows of columns, widening from floor to roof, grow somewhat monotonous to the eye that regards them long and often (which, however, the hurried tourist never does). It is characteristic of the Pisan style at its worst, with its over-ornateness and the monotony aroused to mind and eye from the multiplicity of identical details.

Obviously, I would not belittle the so-called Four Fabrics, that great group of the Leaning Tower, the Duomo, the Baptistery, and Campo Santo, which in their splendid isolation, "fortunate in their solitude and their society," stand in a wide space of greensward a little aside from the city, and are truly, as Rogers sings,

> "Four such as nowhere on the earth are seen
> Assembled,"

and whether seen in sunlight or, better yet, by moonlight, diffuse a peculiar opalescent radiance. But what I wish to insist on is that, however much this great group is the concentrated and concrete

COUNTRY IN ITALY, LUNIGIANA

The Hon. Walter James, R.E.

expression of the Pisan mind, and illustrates to perfection the modification she imposed on the Tuscan-Romanesque style by her love of splendour and of detail, so that the Pisan style has come to have a distinct meaning of its own, there are other objects of great artistic interest to be seen in and round Pisa which neither the lover of beauty, the student of art, or the historian can afford to neglect.

I will not dwell upon the Arno, wider, more rapid here than at Florence, dividing the city in a noble sweep, whose beautiful curve a fifteenth-century Florentine compared to the arch of a cross-bow; upon the bridges, four in number, that span it, bound up as they are with Pisan history and Pisan customs; upon the wide, silent streets, flanked by dignified palaces or mediæval houses, all more or less repeating the Pisan arcaded style. Nor will I dwell on Leghorn, twenty minutes distant, Pisa's trade rival and supplanter; on the fortress of La Verruca, that once guarded Pisan independence; on the fine Charterhouse of Calci, whose white buildings, set against a green hillside, form a landmark for miles around; nor even on Cascina, a tiny walled township, once subject to the Republic, and so small that its walls can be circumvented in less than ten minutes, while containing within these walls every feature of a real fortified township, with moat, towers, gates, and a citadel.

But I would like to speak of S. Piero a Grado, the first Christian church in Pisa, raised according to legend by S. Peter himself, close to the ancient port, then not yet silted up, when driven ashore by contrary winds, and styled a Gradus Arnensis on

this account. Though this vast basilica, which rises, a noble landmark, above the plain a few miles from Pisa, has been in the course of time altered, white-washed, plastered, even so the original Lombard style is marked and very different, in its austere simplicity, from the elaborations of the Duomo. In every respect an interesting basilica, built almost entirely of ancient materials, for its antique columns, stolen no doubt from Pagan temples, of Greek and Oriental marble and granite, are of every style, the capitals rarely fitting the pillars where chance has placed them. At each end there is an apse. The impressive edifice, which lies at lower level than the road, is entered by a single door on the north, which side is also the more ornate, Moorish majolica plates of rich colour and fine design being inserted between the blind arches, while here and there fragments of classical sculpture and broken Roman inscriptions and milestones have served as building materials for its flanks and its tall, dignified campanile. Further, the whole nave is decorated with three tiers of fourteenth-century frescoes attributed to Giunta Pisano—below, a series of Popes; in the centre, the histories of S. Peter and S. Paul; above, a series of angels quaintly peeping from open or half-open windows—too much and too badly restored to be valuable as works of art, but imparting a pleasant, warm, harmonious colouring to the interior.

Ancient temples have evidently, indeed, had to give their heavy quota to the building of Pisan Christian churches. A characteristic example is S. Michele in Borgo, transformed from a temple to Mars after designs by Niccolò Pisano, and still

owning its ancient granite columns. Huddled among the houses of Pisa's Borgo, her busy shopping street, only its façade is visible from outside, a gothicised copy of the Duomo's. Built upon the ruins and with part of the material of a temple to Venus is S. Andrea Forisportae, interesting to Dante students as the church where was buried the poet-statesman and friend of the Swabian Emperor Frederick II, Pier della Vigna—

> "I am he who both the keys had in keeping
> Of Frederick's heart"—

falsely accused of treachery to his imperial master, arrested in S. Miniato dei Tedeschi, and conducted ignominiously round on a mule through the streets of Pisa, in whose prison he dashed out his brains rather than live disgraced and humiliated.

Not far off—in shrunken Pisa nothing is far off—stands S. Francesco, one of those gaunt, bare churches consisting of a single nave, raised by the Preaching Friars and founded at the personal instigation of the poor little man of Assisi himself when visiting Pisa. Many faded frescoes decorate the chapels of the choir, the sacristy, the chapter-house, but its chief interest is the spot where Count Ugolino della Gheradesca and his sons were buried, the irons still on their limbs after the gruesome death in the Tower of Famine, so graphically told by Dante:

> "I saw the three fall one by one. . . .
> And three days called them after they were dead,
> Then hunger did what sorrow could not do."

The tomb is close under the tall elegant campanile, which must be seen from the inside of the church

to appreciate its uniqueness, for it is only partly planted on the earth, but chiefly supported on two brackets springing out of the side transept. It is attributed to one of the Pisanos; and to them also is assigned another unique campanile, far more lovely than the more familiar Leaning Tower, and also out of the perpendicular, for those to whom its list is its chief attraction. I refer to the octagonal tower of S. Niccolò. Its exterior has solidly panelled arches surmounted by an open loggia and ends in a pyramid. Its interior, too, presents a remarkable architectural feat, copied by Bramante and San Gallo. The easily-graded staircase is so contrived " that the spectator at the foot sees those who go up, those ascending see those below, while he who stands midway can see both those above and below," as Vasari puts it. These Pisani were unquestionable all-round geniuses.

To another Pisano, probably Andrea, is due that tiny, exquisite, fantastically lovely gem, the fishermen's shrine, S. Maria della Spina, where the mariners stayed their boats to invoke the Virgin's blessing ere quitting Pisa, and which harbours, tradition says, a fragment of the Crown of Thorns, whence its name. But this little shrine, with its exuberance of ornament, its canopies, its statues, perched on the wall of the embankment, is known even to the between-trains tourist. He has sometimes a moment, too, for S. Stefano, the conventual church of Cosimo I's Order of S. Stefano, founded to harry the Turk, ever Italy's secular foe, whose pirates infested the Mediterranean and plundered the coasts of Tuscany. The single nave is decorated with

Turkish trophies won by the knights, many coloured and often lovely silken banners, scimitars, lamps, and richly-carved galley poops. It is these trophies that inspired d'Annunzio's *Canzoni d'Oltremare*, composed during the Turkish-Libyan war, inciting the Italians of to-day to emulate the deeds of their forbears and make an end in Europe of the Ottoman.

The stately pile, standing in a lime-shaded square on the south bank of the Arno, is after the Duomo architecturally the most perfect church. As it stands it dates from the twelfth century, but it claims to have been founded by Charlemagne. Its Pisan-Romanesque façade is perchance more lovely than the Duomo, because less ornate and more reticent. It consists of five closed arches, two circular and two pointed, the entrance being through the central one, and over these arches rise two tiers of pillars, twisted, plain, and fluted, of vari-coloured marbles, in the true Pisan style, supporting open galleries ending in a gable. The side walls are panelled with lovely marbles of every hue—blue, white, black, and rose-coloured. The interior has suffered at the restorer's hand, the restorer of that destructive epoch the eighteenth century, for the modern Italian restorers are, as a rule, artists, and preserve everything they can. Of the many art treasures it once possessed, the chief survivor is now at the Museum, a quaint, curious work by Bruno di Giovanni that represents S. Ursula in the act of saving the city of Pisa from one of the many floods that have done so much injury to the city in the past, and still often injure the low-lying lands about it. Both Pisa, a sturdy matron, and the girlish Ursula,

are arrayed in royal mantles blazoned all over with the Ghibelline eagle; the turbulent Arno, crowned with many kinds of fish, is seen to retreat at the saint's command. Hidden away in the erstwhile cloister of the church, and only to be seen from a window of the Canonica, if the surly old waiting-maid of the Prior is willing, is a curious little heptagonal chapel with a high-pointed roof not unlike the cloisters of S. Stephen at Westminster. It is said to contain the skull of the Sicilian martyr, S. Agatha. Why her head is here, seeing she had no connection with Pisa, directly or indirectly, does not appear.

Two other greater saints, however, are more closely bound up with the city. They are S. Catherine of Siena and S. Thomas Aquinas. It was when staying for some months at Pisa during one of her various visits, endeavouring to keep the city faithful to the papal sway, and preaching the crusade that was never carried out, that in the ancient church of S. Cristina, now modernised out of all knowledge, S. Catherine, praying before the crucifix painted by Giunta Pisano, and now preserved in her oratory at Siena, received the stigmata as S. Francis had received it at La Verna. It was during one of these visits to Pisa that the yearly festival of the Giuoco del Ponte occurred. This game, not so long discarded by the Pisans, was a rather rough affair, a sort of mock battle played on the Ponte del Mezzo between the north and south sides of the city, who cudgelled each other with wide flat bludgeons generally painted and inscribed with vainglorious mottoes. Each faction also carried gay banners bearing their devices, banners now preserved in the Museo Civico,

together with a model of the game and an engraving showing Mr. George King and his illustrious lady, Isabella, Countess of Lanesborough, watching the game from a boat with an English flag flying from its prow. The noise of the drums and trumpets and the clashing of the combatants' wooden weapons disturbed S. Catherine at her devotions. She was divinely enjoined not to be afraid, and told the source of the commotion. Whereupon she prayed that never for all time to come might any evil happen by reason of the game to him who played it. Which thing was granted to her by Divine mercy. So runs the legend. And a proof that her prayers were heard is found in the fact that the first and only accident that was fatal did not happen till 1765. The church of S. Catherine of Alexandria is also connected with the Sienese saint, for into this Dominican convent church she would often glide quietly to pray. Situated in a large tree-shaded piazza, S. Caterina is an attractive object with its fine façade, once again repeating an adaptation of that of the Duomo, tier rising above tier of trefoil arcades. The border of heads round the windows are curious, and the whole is carved in white marble. The inside, being intended for a preaching church, is plain and devoid of aisles, so that the sound can travel unimpeded. And here preached and taught from a cathedra, reverently preserved under glass, that greatest Dominican doctor, S. Thomas Aquinas. Here, too, is preserved the interesting picture by Traini, one of the few painters Pisa has produced, the Glorification of S. Thomas Aquinas, a picture artistically and historically of rare importance.

S. Thomas, a colossal figure, with features taken from life—the broad and rather heavy face, the fine ample brow, the mild, thoughtful expression—is enthroned with a golden globe in the centre of the panel. Above his head is the Christ in a mandorla, and from Him proceed rays of light that fall on the head of S. Thomas, and from him again emanate through the Universe. On the saint's right hand stands Plato, holding open his *Timeus;* on the left Aristotle, pointing to his *Ethics;* Moses, S. Paul, the four Evangelists are seen above, each with his book. Under S. Thomas lie prostrate the three arch-heretics —Arius, Sabellius, and Averrhoes—with their books torn, while in the lower part of the picture a crowd of ecclesiastics look up to the saint.

So much, very roughly and rapidly, for the so-called minor sights of Pisa. On the major I have not space to dwell, and they are too familiar, "the labour of an age in piled stone." Less familiar again and deserving of several visits is the Museo Civico, which the between-trains visitor has not time to see—a vast collection of rooms containing many pictures and sculptured treasures removed from decrepit churches and dismantled convents. Here, too, in a damp, dark room of an outer cloister of S. Francesco, is housed a rare treasure, which it is much to be hoped the Italian Government may see its way to restoring to its ancient home. I refer to the remains of Giovanni Pisano's splendid pulpit, made for the Duomo in 1392, and broken by the great fire of 1595. So much of it is intact that it should not be difficult for some skilful Italian architect-sculptor to recompose it, as Boito did Donatello's altar at Padua or

Castellucci the della Robbia singing gallery at Florence. The nine panels that surrounded the upper part of the pulpit are magnificent testimony to Giovanni's dramatic power, and are intact, as is the central support, a lovely pillar encircled by the Three Graces, as well as the two side columns, allegorical figures of Pisa and Good Government. One of the single figures, a S. Michael, is an exquisite thing, as exquisite as one may ever hope to behold, and worthy to take place beside that other Christian knight, the chivalrous S. George of Donatello.

Indeed, we latter-day travellers can still truthfully echo Rutilius' description of Pisa as—

"Wondrous the aspect of the place."

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE LIGHTS OF FLORENCE

TWENTY years ago I saw Florence with the eye of sense for the first time, though to my "mind's eye" the old city, within the first circuit, which was "ancient" even in Dante's time (the area still contains much of what brings the perpetual stream of pilgrims to Florence), was more familiar than almost any other city space in the world.

We entered (my wife and I) on foot, between ten and eleven at night, having walked the last seven or eight miles of the way down along the old mountain road that runs direct from Bologna, just west of Fiesole. We chose this approach because I had a fancy that my first sight of Florence should be from the Uccellatoio, whence Dante tells us that in his day the splendour of "the great city on the fair stream," first breaking upon the astonished gaze of the traveller, outvied the glories of Rome as seen from Monte Mario. So we had made our plans accordingly.

Florence was the goal of our pilgrimage, but we had spent a few memorable days in Northern Italy on our way. One night we spent in Milan, one in Verona, two in Padua, one in Venice, and two in Ravenna. The apparent folly and the actual wisdom of this race through city after city (which was absolutely counter to all our theories and convictions) seem to me, to this day, equally incredible.

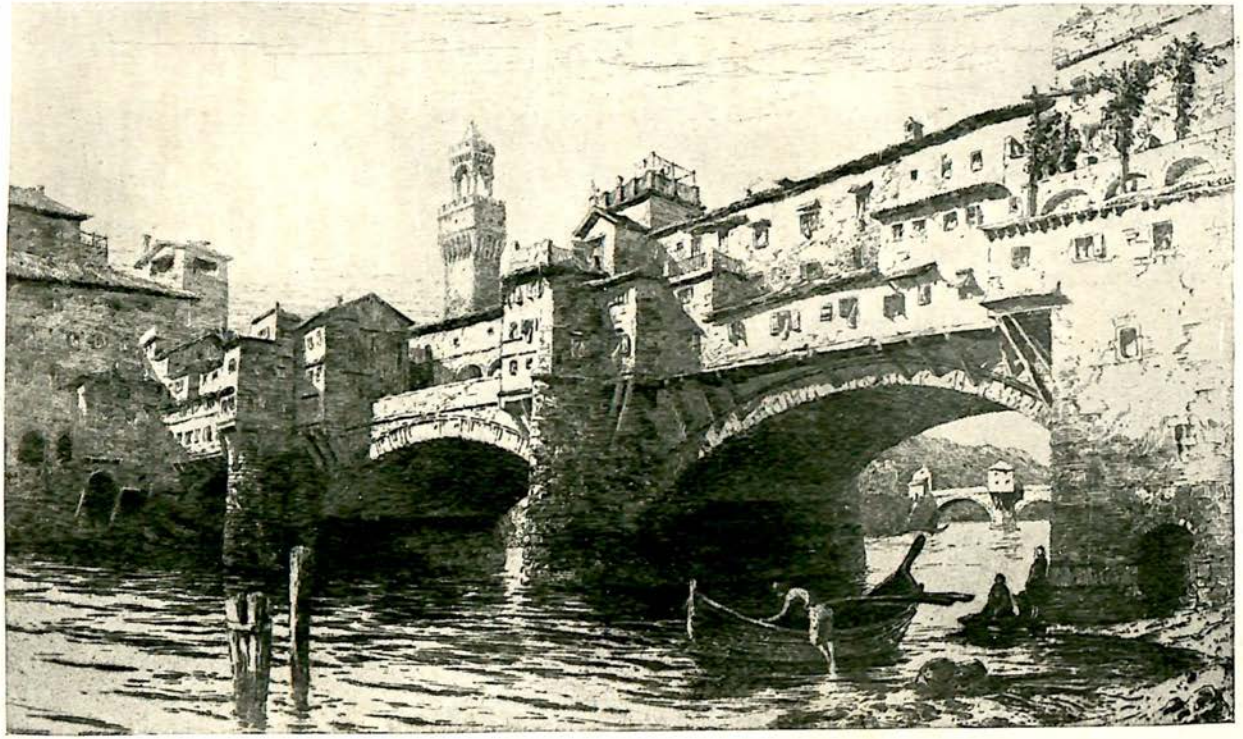
It appears so foolish to have planned so much. But then it was so wise to attempt so little, in the way of specific sight-seeing, in each city. For we never hurried, and we never came away from anything till we had got as much out of it as we could take in at a first view. We never came away from anything because " we really must see " something else. So in Milan we saw—nothing. In Verona we saw the Amphitheatre—and Verona ! In Padua we saw the Giottos in the Arena Chapel. In Venice we saw the opalescent light on the lagoons, we breathed the ozone, we saw the great panorama from the top of the Campanile, we felt the lurch of the gondola—and the golden glory of San Marco came into our lives never to depart.[1] Ravenna was more of a revelation than any other city. The period stretching from the fourth to the sixth centuries, that I had always thought of, or rather felt towards, as a kind of waste land, so far as any significance to human civilisation goes, opened up vista after vista. What if the lost history of Arianism could be recovered ! What if we could know the whole life of that age in which the great system of Roman Law—the most august instrument for the regulation of normal human relations that has ever been forged

[1] What must Constantinople have been in the early years of the thirteenth century ! The Venetians who joined the Fourth Crusade under Dandolo, knew San Marco in all its comparatively youthful glory, but they were one and all stupefied by the unimaginable splendour of Byzantium. The historian Ville-Hardouin was in their company, and I suppose his record would have meant nothing very particular to me if I had read it before I had had the opportunity of learning what the Venetian standard of splendour was likely to be. But now the very name of Byzantium seems to stretch the conception of earthly splendour beyond the dreams of oriental fable.

by man—was matured and perfected! What enlarged conceptions of art, and of the inexhaustible variety and beauty of the many phases and renderings of the Christian faith and hope, would be ours! Ravenna is still there just to give us a hint of the lights that once shone in the depths of what we still call the "dark" ages. And we saw the Pineta, too—Dante's Pineta, which gave him images for his description of the Garden of Eden. Nowhere indeed was he nearer to us than in Ravenna.[1]

And now we were to call a halt in this wild race, for we intended to make a stay in Florence. And we wanted to see her first from the Uccellatoio. So we took the light railway from Ravenna to Forlì, and then turned north-west on the main line towards Bologna, got out at Faenza, and took the little Apennine railway, to climb and bore the mountains till we could strike the direct mountain road from Bologna, a little above Florence. It was a wonderful journey. Now a great city spread itself upon an upland plain, and now the weird forms of desolate clay hills and rocks vindicated the realistic accuracy of the artists (whom we had always credited hitherto with the extreme of childlike *naïveté* of imagination) in their depicting of the scenes in which the "Fathers of the Wilderness" exchanged friendships with ravens, hinds, or lions. When we came to Vaglia we left our train and took lunch at a little inn, where we should have had meagre fare if we had not brought some provisions

[1] Though we soon found that the local hero of Ravenna was neither Dante, nor Theodoric, nor Justinian, nor Belisarius—but Byron.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE

Sir Ernest George, A.R.A.

from Ravenna. They gave us a pat of butter, however, and it was so white (being made, I suppose, from goat milk) that it made the plates and the spotless cloth look blue. I understood why Dante describes the heraldic shield of a certain usurer as bearing a "goose whiter than butter," and when I got home I persuaded a certain translator of the *Comedy*, who had substituted "curd" for "butter" in his version, to let Dante have his way in the next edition of his volume.

My wife was no great pedestrian, even twenty years ago, so we were glad to come across a peasant who was driving his eggs to the market in a donkey cart, and who cheerfully added the "signora" to his load, while I walked by his side, holding such converse as the Tower of Babel still leaves possible under such circumstances. When he stopped to bait, we parted from him, with mutual satisfaction as to terms, and pursued our way on foot.

The unwarned traveller by this road would see neither the Uccellatoio nor Florence. For when you have just passed, on your left, the tangle of byways that throws a net round the mountain village of Pratolino, the present road cuts inside a little ridge on a spur of Monte Morello, and so escapes a stiff rise up to the Uccellatoio—and misses the view of Florence! And the city, as a whole, is never seen if you miss it here. But we were forearmed. The very friend who had not dared to trust the British public with Dante's "white butter" (though I am sure he knew all about it himself, for what he does not know about Italy is hardly worth finding out) had told us what to do.

So we forked off to the right from the present highway, and, keeping the old road of Dante's day, climbed the ascent to the Outlook. But black care was already seated on our hearts; for we had miscalculated our time, and at first we feared, and then dismally acknowledged that we knew, that night would have fallen before we came in view of Florence. And so it was. We reached the spot, and all in a moment, as we turned a corner of the hill, there gleamed up out of the valley, like a cloud of fire-flies, the lights of Florence, still some miles distant. Tired travellers are apt to be over-nice as to accommodation (unless indeed they are dog-tired, which we were not as yet), and there seemed no remotest chance of finding any quarters at the Uccellatoio that I could in conscience ask my wife to accept, with a view to recovering in the morning the chance we had lost at night. So with a pang we relinquished the dream of years; but after all we were too rich to repine, and we tried to console ourselves with the idea that this "first view" craze was only a fancy, and had a strong flavour of sentimentality about it; and that we should have many other opportunities of looking down upon Florence from the Uccellatoio. As a matter of fact, neither of us has ever been there again.

So on we trudged, expecting soon to find some conveyance, perhaps a tram. But we were disappointed. Through Trespiano (which Dante seems to wish were still the northern boundary of the Florentine territory, as it was in the good old times) on into the outskirts of Florence herself we went, through interminable stretches of the modern city,

till suddenly, after just one moment of confusion, caused by a sight of San Lorenzo, we found ourselves right on the area of Cacciaguida's[1] Florence —and mine. There was the Baptistery, the transformed Temple of Mars, according to Florentine tradition, the Cathedral of Cacciaguida's day, and Dante's "mio bel San Giovanni," where he was baptized, and where he vainly hoped that his reconciled City might crown him as a poet when once he had completed the *Paradiso*. And there were the bronze doors, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise," added in the Renaissance times. Hard by was Giotto's Tower, and the great Duomo, of which Dante saw the foundations, but no more. It seemed only a few steps (but this I was prepared for) to the Loggia dei Lanzi and the Palazzo Vecchio, and then to the Ponte Vecchio—all actually here "if anywhere." Then a turn to the right, a pause on the Ponte Santa Trinita, as the moon rose over San Miniato and the Arno twinkled under her beams, and in a few moments we were groping our way in pitch darkness up the "well" of an old palace, now a hospitable *pension*, where we lay down with thankful hearts to sleep in Florence, and henceforth for a season to measure our hours by the boom of the great bell that still floods the air of Florence with its mellow wealth of sound, from the height of Giotto's Campanile, and is still a living presence in our hearts.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

[1] Cacciaguida was Dante's great-great-grandfather. In the *Paradiso* his spirit describes the Florence of his day, with its noble simplicity, to Dante, and also foretells his exile.

THE SONG OF ITALY

SOME words that Mazzini wrote in 1853 recall the old compact between England and Italy—words, as it happens, not unlike some addressed to his own people by an English writer the other day. "Tell the English people," said Mazzini, "that their actual duty is war—war, in order to ascertain whether Europe is to be given up defenceless to the successive encroachments of despotism, or to be God's Europe—free, orderly, and peacefully progressive. War; to solve once for all the problem of ages: whether man is to be a passive slave trampled upon by brutal organised force, or a free agent! . . ."

These words were paraphrased afterwards in the countersign that Swinburne gave in the poem from which the present title is taken. "Let the flags of the other nations that have denied liberty fade," he says:

> "Let England's, if it float not for men free,
> Fall, and forget the sea;
> Let France's, if it shadow a hateful head,
> Drop as a leaf drops dead!"

But for the flag of Italy:

> "Thine, let the wind that can, by sea or land,
> Wrest from thy banner hand:
> Die they in whom dies freedom, die and cease,
> Though the world weep for these;
> Live thou and love and lift when these lie dead
> The green and white and red!"

This was in a time of danger to the freedom of Europe, for whose light Mazzini taught him to watch with eager looks. And when afterwards, in his *Songs before Sunrise*, he made himself the trumpet of the new dawn, as he conceived it, the pages were dedicated to the regenerator of Italy in lines memorable for their ardent homage. This later book contains the most fervid of all the interpellations of Italy in his poetry. Indeed, the spirit of revolt it expresses is one to appeal to us now that a New Revolution in Europe is stirring our blood —now lifting and now drooping the colours :

> " Italy, what of the night ?
> Ah, child, child, it is long !
> Moonbeam and starbeam and song
> Leave it dumb now and dark.
> Yet I perceive on the height,
> Eastward, not now very far,
> A song too loud for the lark,
> A light too strong for a star."

And when it is a question of the effect of Italy at large upon the imagination of England, we see that this poet is not a solitary devotee by any means. He is one of a tradition, lyrical and artistic, freely borrowing, and not always able to repay. For our custom of using Italian loans in poetry began in good earnest with Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales* went to the *Teseide* of Boccaccio for the " Knight's Tale," and to the end of the *Decameron* for the " Clerk's Tale "—the tale of Griselda, which in its original form Petrarch said no one could read without tears. It is in his setting of the

tale that Chaucer refers to Petrarch, and uses for the first time, in English, the term of "poet laureate":

> "Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete,
> Highte this clerk, whos rethorique swete
> Enlumynd al Ytail of poetrie . . ."

Leaving Chaucer, who visited Ytail in 13—, we pass by Gower and his verse, as we might pass on the way, to turn to Sir Thomas Wyatt. He brought another subtle current of the Latin romance movement into the broad English stream.

Enough to mention his debt to poets and versifiers like Serafino Comino. Wyatt's sonnet declaring how "The Lover forsaketh his Unkinde Love," which begins:

> "My heart I gave thee; not to do it pain,
> But to preserve . . ."

was adapted from two of that writer's *strambotti*. And afterwards Sir Philip Sidney, another poet with Italian relations, took a cue from Wyatt's sonnet for his famous song:

> "My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Such are the intricacies of the lyric pedigree, that derives its branches from a Latin romance-stock.

With Wyatt and Surrey it was a new kind of amoristic melody that they learnt, and with Milton it was the use of the harmonic overtones that he gained from Italy and the South. One must slip some centuries to come now to Byron and Shelley.

Needless to say, Byron's Italy was not Shelley's; but in "Beppo" and the "Ode to Venice," where he laments over her decay, he shows himself a true

devotee. The "Prophecy of Dante," again, contains two eloquent detachable passages. One is on the language and the land:

> "We can have but one Country, and even yet
> Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
> My soul within thy language, which once set
> With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
> But I will make another tongue arise
> As lofty and more sweet . . ."

The other is an apostrophe to Italy (with which his editor compares a page in the *Purgatorio*); it is there Byron calls on the men of Italy—"Romans, who dare not die":

> "Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
> Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
> The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
> Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?"

The "Prophecy," to quote Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge, was written before "Byron took up the cause of Italian independence or threw in his lot with the Carbonari." It was in 1820 he wrote to Murray, and spoke of a coming storm: "There is THAT brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication." He adds: "I have lived long enough among them (the Italians) to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence; but they want *Union*. I was afraid they wanted principle too; and now we have learnt how their unity and their principle have waxed and strengthened together."

One might write a long chapter on Byron's Italian pages, and a longer still on Shelley's. For

the heart of Shelley led him to love Italy with the noblest love any foreign poet has given the land. It is to be traced in his poems and his letters alike. With a passage from his prose and one from his verse, these reminders of what Italy has been to England may end. The first is from a letter, written like Byron's, as quoted above, in 1820. Its radiantly phrased Roman passages come home to us anew, now that the triumphs and horrors of war again shake the very fabric of Europe:

"It is built of the finest marble, and the outline of the reliefs is in many parts as perfect as if just finished. Four Corinthian fluted columns support, on each side, a bold entablature, whose bases are loaded with reliefs of captives in every attitude of humiliation and slavery. The compartments above express, in bolder relief, the enjoyment of success; the conqueror on his throne, or in his chariot, or nodding over the crushed multitudes, who writhe under his horse's hoofs, as those below express the torture and abjectness of defeat. There are three arches, whose roofs are panelled with fretwork, and their sides adorned with similar reliefs. The keystone of these arches is supported each by two winged figures of Victory, whose hair floats on the wind of their own speed, and whose arms are outstretched, bearing trophies, as if impatient to meet. They look, as it were, borne from the subject extremities of the earth, on the breath which is the exhalation of that battle and desolation, which it is their mission to commemorate. Never were monuments so completely fitted to the purpose for which they were designed, of expressing that

VICTORY

Edoardo Rubino (Turin)

mixture of energy and error which is called a triumph.

"I walk forth in the purple and golden light of an Italian evening, and return by star or moon light, through this scene. The elms are just budding, and the warm spring winds bring unknown odours, all sweet from the country. I see the radiant Orion through the mighty columns of the Temple of Concord, and the mellow fading light softens down the modern buildings of the Capitol, the only ones that interfere with the sublime desolation of the scene."

The other is a mere verse fragment, written in 1819:

> "As the sunrise to the night,
> As the north wind to the clouds,
> As the earthquake's fiery flight,
> Ruining mountain solitudes,—
> Everlasting Italy,
> Be those hopes and fears on thee!"

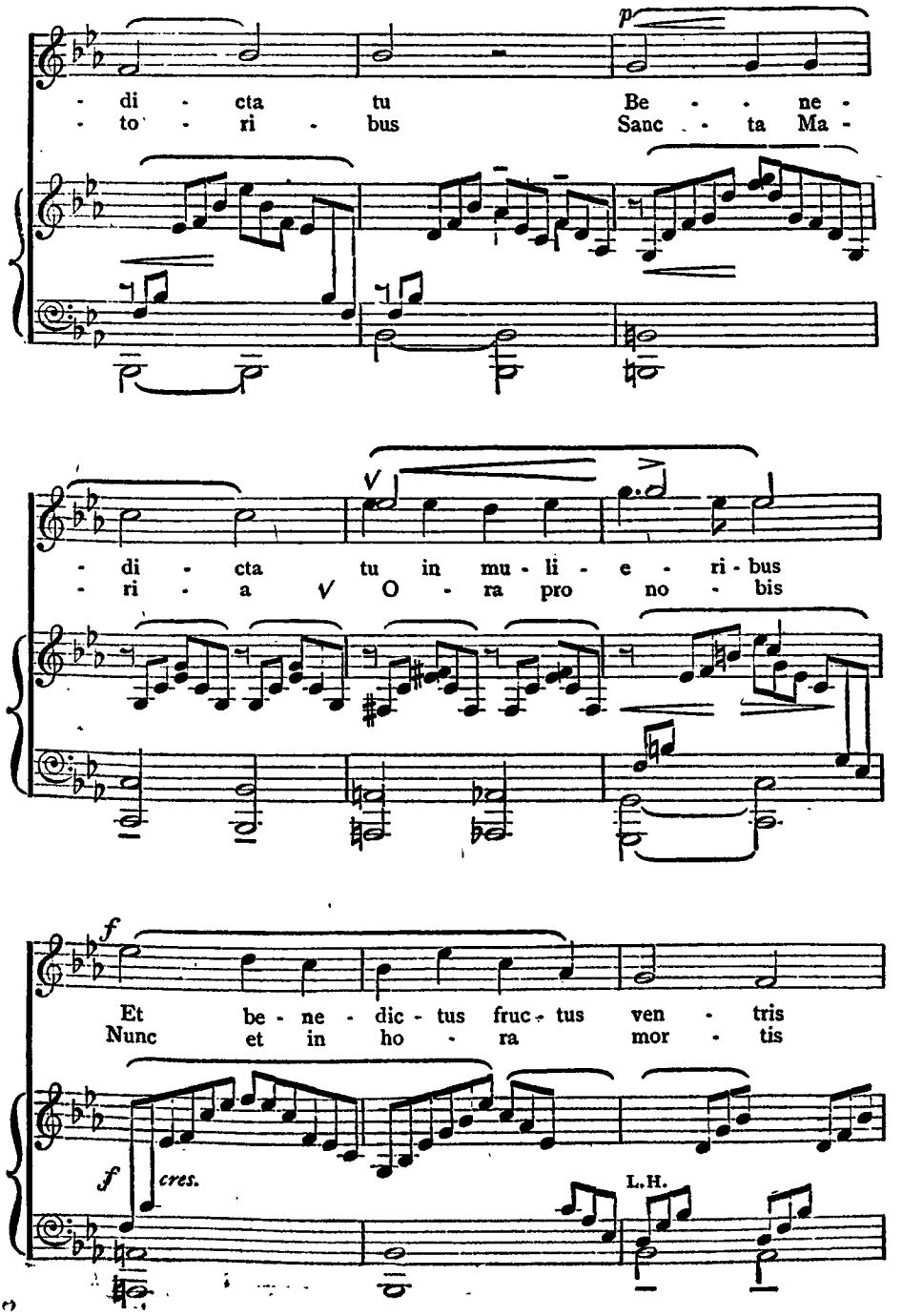
On that note, the symphony of the old and new Italy as found in English verse—telling how radiant the southern light she has reflected on our northern coasts, how splendid the idea she has given us of a region devoted to liberty, and congenial in all her elements to art!—may pause.

ERNEST RHYS.

AVE MARIA

Musica della
CONTESSA MARIA VANDEN HEUVEL.

Ave Maria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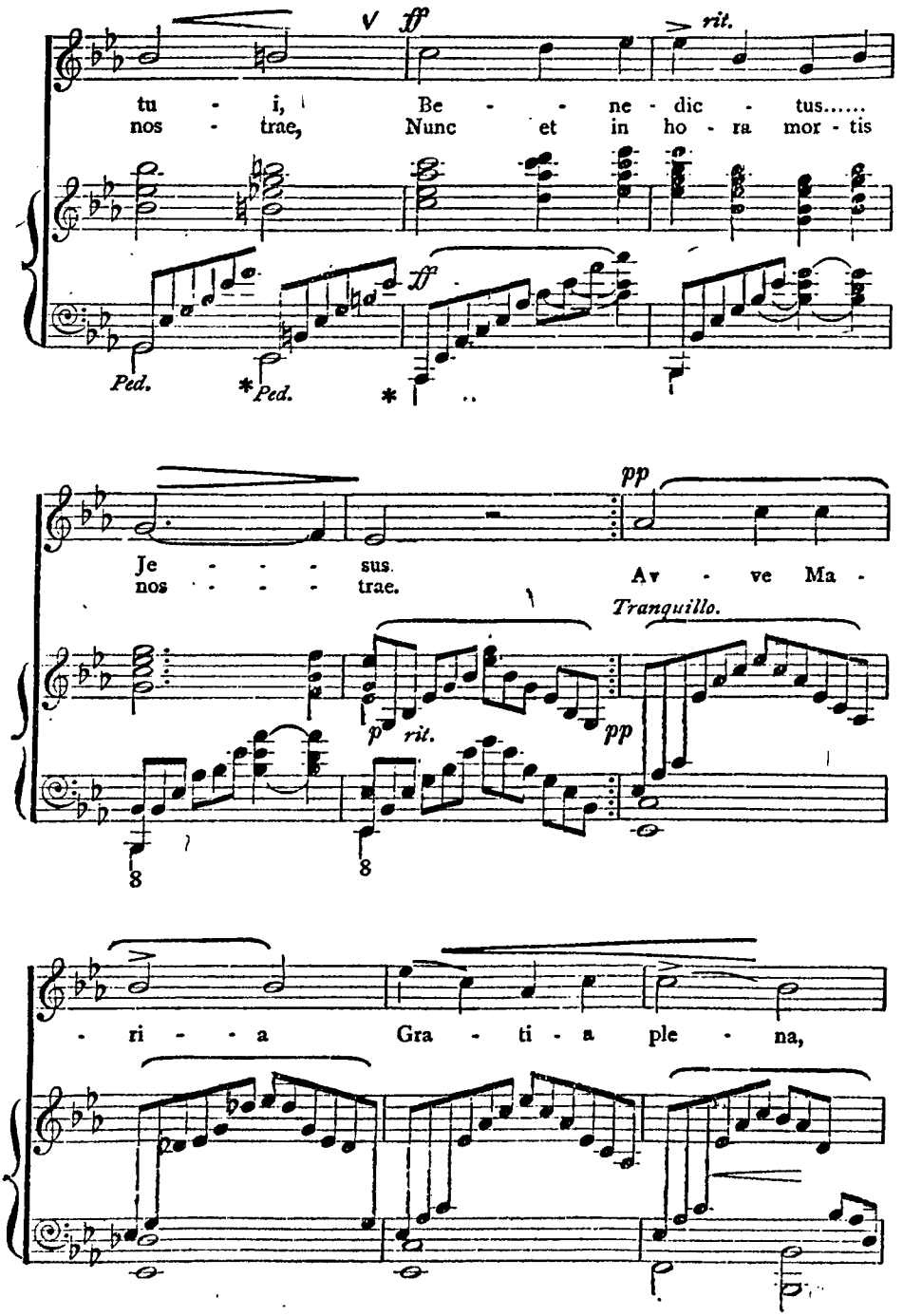
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Ave Maria

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rit. e dim.
Ped.

OUR WARRIORS DEAD

Ye have gone up unto the altar of God,
O glorious Dead!
With white souls mounting from the fields ye trod,
The fields blood-red.

To God who giveth you the joy of youth,
Your youth ye gave,
With all youth's joy, and hope, and generous truth,
The world to save.

God, who distinguisheth between the nations,
Has chosen you
To stand His champions through all generations
Twixt false and true.

He has brought you to His holy hill, and set you,
Living, a beacon light;
And, falling in the darkness, He has let you
Shine as the stars in night.

And ye, triumphant over death and fear,
Through unimagined hell
Flashed forward in your heavenly ardours clear,
And fought, and cheered, and fell.

Our Warriors Dead

You have died for us, your sweet lives you have given
For ours, outworn and sad,
Oh, we call you back, we need you, but high Heaven
To keep you is too glad.

H. E. HAMILTON KING.

1915

The first lines of the first four stanzas are the opening sentences of the Mass.

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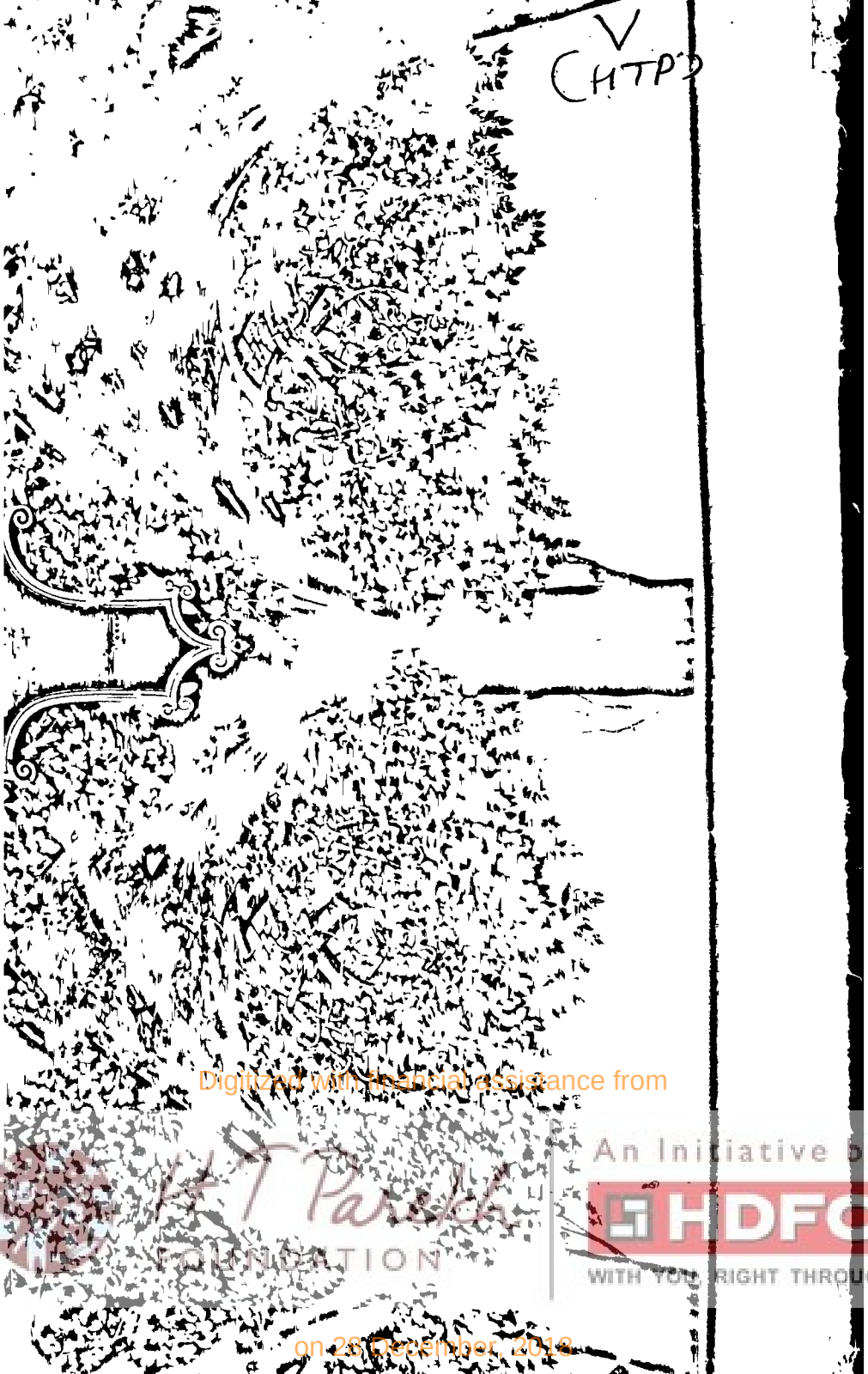

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